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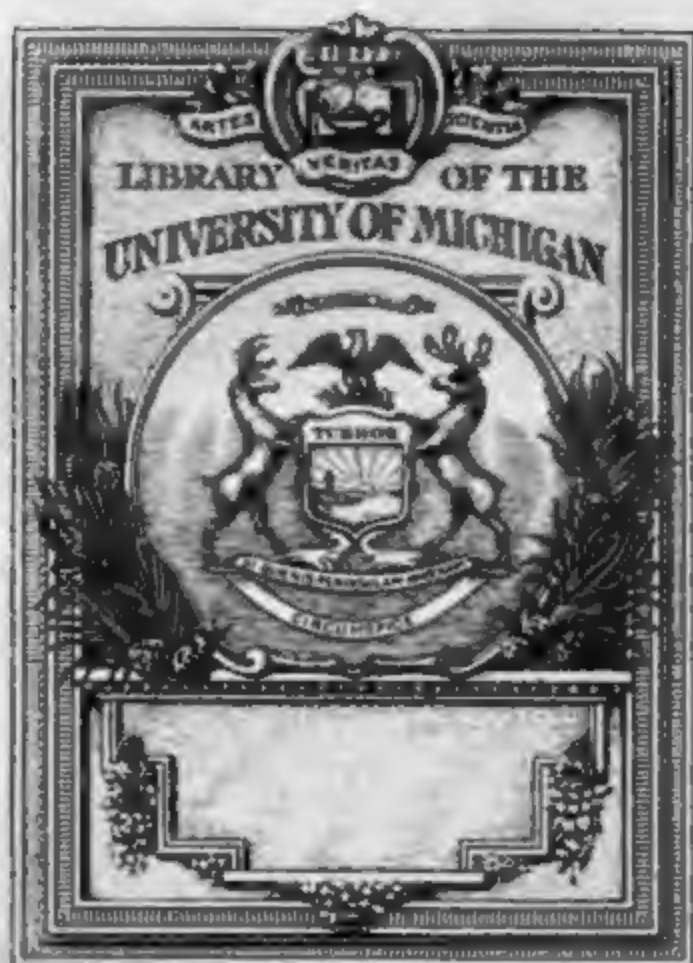
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THE
Eclectic Review.

MDCCCXXIV.

From June
DECEMBER—JULY.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXI.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγου, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρικὴν καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα κερταί παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσεων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνη μετὰ εὐσεβούς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδασκοῖα, τούτο συμπᾶσι το ἘΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ Φιλοσοφίαν φημι.

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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JANUARY, 1824.

Art. I. 1. *Notes, during a Visit to Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem.* By Sir Frederick Henniker, Bart. 8vo. pp. 340. (Plates.) Price 12s. London. 1823.

2. *Travels in Egypt and Nubia, Syria and Asia Minor, during the Years 1817 and 1818.* By the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, and James Mangles, Commanders in the Royal Navy. *Printed for private Distribution.* 8vo. London. 1823.

YOUNG ENGLAND is running to look at old Egypt, the sleeping beauty of two thousand years ago, upon whom Time, the great enchanter, turned the key, when we, a nation of yesterday, were a mere embryo,—our ancestry scattered over the wilds and woods of Germany, or sweeping the Northern seas. All her caverns, and temples, and pyramids have been shut and sealed during great part of this long interval; and now, behold the charm is dissolved, and the whole of their furniture—gods, mummies, and amulets, are found as they were left, the very colours of the paintings as fresh as ever! Why, what is Pompeii to this spectacle? That is only an exhumated city; but here is a whole country brought to light, after having been invisible to Europeans for nearly a score of centuries. Poor Burckhardt has the merit of having led the way into Nubia; but Mr. Banks, who travelled in 1815, is believed to have been the first Englishman that ever succeeded in gaining the Second Cataract. In 1816, M. Drovetti, the *ci-devant* French consul in Egypt, together with his two agents, Rifaud and Cailliaud, accomplished the same enterprise. They were speedily followed by Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni, Captains Irby and Mangles, the Earl of Belmore and Dr. Richardson, and, in 1820, by Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, who out-ventured them all. Mr. Legh, who preceded Mr. Banks, ascended the Nile no further than Ibrim; Mr. Hamilton, Colonel Leake, and Mr. Hayes, no further than Deboud. Norden, who travelled eighty years ago, could only reach Derry; and Po-

cocke, who passed Norden on the Nile, went no higher than Philæ. That island was also Denon's *ne plus ultra*. But now, Egypt and Nubia, as well as Syria, are over-run with Englishmen, and we wait for fresh literary arrivals from the Cataracts or the Oases, as almost as much matters of course as a mail from Hamburgh. When Captains Irby and Mangles returned to Cairo, they found Mr. Jolliffe recently arrived from making 'the tour of Palestine,' and Colonel Stratton, Captain Bennet, and Mr. Fuller had just set off for Assuan. Sir Frederick Henniker took the trip to Ebsambal in 1820; and his volume forms at present nearly the latest account of travels performed by Englishmen in those parts. He writes in a singularly dashing, rattling, baronet-like style, very light and lively, but sometimes tinged with too much flippancy; and the extreme brevity of the narrative is almost as tiresome as the prolixity of more phlegmatic travellers: it is like conversing with a man who talks in an under-tone, and ekes out half his sentences with shrugs, and winks, and inuendoes. The worst fault, however, is, that Sir Frederick's wit is sometimes spiced with profaneness.

The volume for which we are indebted to Captains Irby and Mangles, does not come fairly within our province as Reviewers, it being printed only for private distribution; but we are glad to have an opportunity of laying before our readers the substance of its interesting contents. We shall feel under no temptation to criticise the authorship of a work, which conveys, in the most unaffected manner, so much solid and novel information. The names of these enterprising fellow-travellers will be familiar to the readers of Belzoni and Dr. Richardson. The former, indeed, was very deeply indebted to their active assistance, in following up the discoveries which have obtained him so much credit. They set out from Europe in Aug. 1816, simply with the intention of making a tour on the Continent. Not being literary men, they were not furnished with the means of turning to the best account, their travels in the East, when curiosity at first, and an increasing admiration of antiquities as they advanced, led them on so far beyond their original intention. But their newly acquired taste seems to have stimulated their diligence in obtaining information as they went: and their excellent tact, aided by the hints and instructions of some more experienced scholars and antiquaries whom they fell in with, has enabled them to supply, if not a very learned, yet, a competent and highly interesting account of the countries they visited, and, in particular, to make some acceptable additions to our knowledge of the topography of the Holy Land. The volume consists of six Letters. Letter I. is occupied with

Egypt and Nubia. II. Journey from Cairo to Antioch through the coast of Palestine. III. Syria. IV. The Holy Land. V. The Dead Sea and surrounding country. VI. Asia Minor.

The first Letter is a very entertaining narrative of the Voyage to the Second Cataract, which our Authors undertook in company with Messrs Beechey and Belzoni: their principal object was, to open the great Temple of Ebsambal, the model of which has since been exhibited in this country. This part of the volume possesses the least share of originality, owing to the details having been already given to the public by Mr. Belzoni* ; and Dr. Richardson's admirable "Travels in Egypt," &c. have not left much room for novelty in describing the same route. The narrative begins, where the French army stopped, at Philæ. The party ascended the Nile to Elpha, the last habitable place to which the Nubian boats ascend, intending to prosecute their course beyond the Second Cataract on asses and camels : but they were deceived and thwarted by the natives. The landscape at this point is well described : an interesting lithographic sketch illustrates the text, which we regret that we cannot give.

' The spot from whence we surveyed the (second) cataract was a projecting cliff, about two hundred feet high, with a perpendicular precipice down to the river side: from this place, which is on the western bank, you look down on the cataract to great advantage. It presents a fine coup d'œil. The river here runs E.N.E. and W.S.W. In America, this would be called a *rapid*, there being no fall visible ; only an immense cluster of innumerable black rocks, with the Nile running in all directions with great rapidity, and much noise between them : they fill up the whole breadth of the river, which may be about two miles wide ; and they extend as far as the eye can reach, altogether making a space of about ten miles of rapids,—three below the rock on which we stood, and seven above. The scenery is here remarkably wild, there being no human habitation visible excepting a fisherman's hut on one of the islands, and the village of Elpha on the opposite side of the river in the distance. Some of the rocks have beds of yellow sand on them, and most of the islands have small trees and shrubs growing in the crevices. The verdure of these, contrasted with the sand and black rocks, produces a fine effect. In front and on both sides, the view is bounded by the desert : to the southward are the tops of two high mountains rearing their heads above the hills, and apparently seventy or eighty miles distant. The western bank of the river is richly covered with trees and shrubs ; and it is curious to observe, immediately beyond the green margin, the barren desert without the least vestige of verdure.'

* See Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. XV. p. 497.

Ebsambal was the highest point to which Sir F. Henniker ascended. At his arrival, the sand had again covered up the door-way of the Temple, and the natives represented that it would be a labour of thirty men and twelve days, to effect an entrance.

‘ To prove that they are not to be believed,’ he says, ‘ I forced in a pole ; round this I wound a sheet, and having spread another upon the surface of the sand to prevent it from flowing down upon us, we succeeded, after seven hours’ exertion, in constructing a kind of wind-sail or chimney. By means of this I entered.’

Having amused himself for four hours with inspecting the interior, he began to think of making his escape, which was not so easy as entering. He had to work against the stream, for, wherever he forced his knee, the sand from above, being undermined, poured down ‘ as subtle as quicksilver.’ At length, his dragoman came forward, and with great exertion managed to drag him through. Sir Frederick now resolved to turn his boat northward, well contented to finish his journey in this part, ‘ with having seen the noblest monument of antiquity ‘ that is to be found on the banks of the Nile.’ ‘ There is no ‘ temple of either Thebes, Dendera, or Philæ, that can be put ‘ in competition with it.’

Captains Irby and Mangles, in returning, visited the Temples of Derry, Amada, Sabour, Offidena, Dekki, Garbe Girshe, Garbe Dendour, Kalapsche, and Daboud ; all which, besides the two small temples of Teffa, and extensive ruins at Hindaw, lie on the banks between Ebsambal and Philæ. Sir Frederick enumerates, in the reversed order in which he visited them, and with the arbitrary variation of orthography which is so perplexing, yet perhaps unavoidable, the temples at Debood, Kardassy, Kalesschy, Dondour, Gwersh-Hassan, Dakky, Korty, Maharrag, Sabouah, and Dehr. Several of these appear to have been used as Christian churches. The interior of the sanctuary of the temple at Armada,

‘ is daubed over with plaster, and modern Greek paintings of the twelve apostles, saints, &c. Underneath this plaster, however, the ancient Egyptian figures and hieroglyphics, &c., in bas relief, appear: they have been executed in a very superior style, and the colouring has been rich beyond description. Some modern sun-burnt-brick ruins attached to the Temple, may have been additions by the Greeks.’ *Irby and Mangles. p. 94.*

The Greek Christians are supposed also to have made a chapel of the small unfinished temple at Offidena. On the walls of a fragment of some detached building here, are

three figures in intaglio, 'evidently not Egyptian,' and either of ancient Greek or Roman workmanship.

Philæ is the easternmost of a groupe of islets and granite rocks composing the first cataract, which, according to Sir Frederick Henniker, is 'not more formidable than London bridge.' 'The surface of the stream, which has hitherto been rippled to the extent of fifty yards, now becomes smooth. I ask, where are the cataracts? and am informed that we have passed them.' Both of these Writers, on taking leave of Nubia, offer some general remarks, of which we shall transcribe the most important and characteristic.

Immediately beyond the First Cataract, the Mockatem and Lybian chains of mountains close upon the Nile, so as to leave only a narrow strip of cultivated land on either side. The ancients, to preserve the soil from being washed away by the rapid course of the river, constructed immense piers of huge masses of stone, reaching into the river, from the foot of the mountain, or the limit of the Nile's rising, to the point of the lowest ebb.

'These piers are invariably built at right angles with the stream, and are generally about fifteen feet wide. As they are very numerous, and as the labour and expense of their construction must have been prodigious, some idea may thence be formed of the importance attached to them. From the number of temples, and from the fine plains of loamy soil, now generally covered with a surface of sand a foot thick, which makes them look like the rest of the desert, there is every reason to suppose that this country was once both populous and flourishing. At the time of the height of Egyptian power, it was considered as an integral part of the state: this is evident from the figures and devices in the temples having every resemblance to those of Egypt. Of the land of Nubia which might be cultivated, I do not suppose one fourth is made use of: this indifference to agricultural pursuits proceeds from the despotic system of the Government. The consequence is, that the date-palm, the fruit of which ripens without any human aid, and which pays no duty, is here more encouraged than any other production: and dates may safely be called the staple of the country. The doura (the *holcus arundinaceus* of Linnæus) is the only grain to be met with: it makes very good bread, but they grow barely sufficient for their own subsistence: indeed, it is so prized, that they frequently preferred it to money, in payment for the articles we purchased. The *miri*, or land-tax, is paid at the rate of ten dollars per sackey (water-wheel): consequently, every sackey which the Nubians build, becomes an additional inducement to the Turks to come into their country, and it is only the scantiness of the produce which keeps the Pasha from quartering his troops on them. This the crafty natives are well aware of, and they take care to put no temptation in his way. The duty, is paid not in cash, but in doura.

‘ The Nubians are a very distinct race from the Arabs. Their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban ; sometimes they go uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off the *evil eye*, or some other apprehended ills. These charms consist of some words written on a scrap of paper sewed up in leather, and are worn mostly on the right arm over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw, had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. Few of them smoke ; instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and the gum : the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but, being bred up in such principles, do not think there is any harm in being so. The opprobrious terms *harame*, *cadab*, (thief, liar,) are not considered as abusive with them, as they have no notions of honesty, and cannot keep from pilfering. We detected our sailors at this work almost daily, but they always made a joke of it.

‘ There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes. The natives of Elpha are tall and good-looking ; the people of Derry are hideous and deformed ; the tribe at Amada are small, but handsome and well-made. They are considerably darker than the Arabs. They are great boasters, but do not appear to have any firmness ; and they have a great aversion to fire-arms. They evince much outward show of religion, praying four or five times a day ; and to shew their piety, they leave the sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their cashiefs, to whom are referred all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons : they mostly carry a dagger on the left arm, a long pike and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons provided them : this, they imagine, shews their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse. They adhere together, and no bribes can separate them : we never met with an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or when any thing was revealed to us. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. The only manufacture they have, has been pointed out to them by necessity, and consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country : their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

‘ Their women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs : they are not ill-looking, are generally well-made, and have good figures. They wear a brown garment reaching down to the ankles ; it is thrown over the right shoulder, and comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare. It has not an ungraceful appearance. They are very partial to rings and bracelets ; the former are frequently worn at the nose ; the latter are made of one piece of brown glass, which being forced on as small as possible, often causes much pain. They always go bare-footed. Young girls have

a covering round their loins made of strips of leather hanging down and ornamented with cowry-shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the mens', and greased with oil.

'The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases. They are all marked with one, and sometimes two scars on the spine of the back, where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease which attacks them when young. This mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering; and experience has doubtless shewn it to be often successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part, which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand on the wound, which soon assuaged the pain.'

Irby and Mangles. pp. 110—16.

We add a few additional touches from Sir Frederick's chapter on the Nubian, suppressing some of his wit, and premising, that his assertions have an air of roundness and looseness about them, which makes one suspect that he is less anxious to be minutely correct, than to say a good thing. For example, he tells us, that the Nubian is entirely free from fat, and that 'this is the more fortunate, as he is naked, and a publican or a coachman would make but an inelegant figure in a state of nudity.' A little further on, we find that these naked figures wear shirts, and their women, we have seen, wear the hyke. He says, the Nubian is 'bolder than the Arab, which is owing to his freedom; at least, it is but lately that Nubia has been subdued.'

'The fellahs, when I have been shooting, have run away eight or ten together; but the Nubian, though alone, has unslung his spear, and maintained his ground. The Arab is so completely in dread of the Pasha, that he never carries his natural propensities beyond robbery; but the Nubian does not hesitate to commit murder. Three men at the Cataracts, killed a traveller whom they asked to supper; a breach of hospitality unknown among the Bedouins or freebooters of the desert.' p. 162.

Thus it should seem that even the government of a Turkish pasha may be a political benefit to a country, when the alternative is, bad laws or none. It is far better, that there should be only one man in a country who dares commit murder, than that all should do it; better one tyrant, than a nation of lawless brigands. And Mahommed Ali is a very proper person to deal with such subjects. In passing a village, our Author observed several women in a line, each carrying a platter, who, he found on inquiry, were going to assist at a *ululu* or wake: the widow in this case being too poor to treat her friends, every one who went to weep, carried a plate of provisions to the pic-

nic. Among the Nubian amusements, a high rank is assigned to rope-dancers and story-tellers.

‘Of the former,’ says Sir F., ‘I saw a strolling company at Dehr, and of the latter there is one at every village: he is the oracle of the *conversazione*, and goes about like a circulating library. Frequently, when we moored for the evening, one of these entertainers used to come on board to amuse the crew. The most popular subject is, a history of the adventures and miracles of Mohammed. It is by no means uncommon to see a crowd collected round one of these historians in the open spaces in Cairo and other towns, like round a ballad-singer in London. Whenever the sailors were called upon to use their oars, the reiss was obliged to give out a song, which he did, line by line, and the crew joined in chorus *con amore*. All animals are inspired by music, and even these discordant attempts have their effect, though they are sad variations from the evening song on board a Sicilian *sparonaro*. They sometimes sing to the air of “Marlbrook,” and “Life let us cherish,” (these airs are the legacy of the French,) which, though they seldom fail, are not so undeniable an appeal to my generosity as “God save the King.” Surely, the man imprisoned as it were in a strange land, like the unfortunate Richard, must either have no music in his soul, or no becksheesh in his pocket, who could listen unmoved to an air that reminds him of his childhood and of home.’ pp. 168, 9.

The antiquities of Egypt have been more frequently described, and we shall not attempt to enumerate them. Every day is bringing to light fresh treasures. The number of regal tombs at Thebes is stated to be forty, of which twenty-four still remain ‘to reward the lucky adventurer.’ ‘The whole of ancient Thebes,’ says our rattling Baronet, ‘is the private property of the English and French consuls.’

‘A line of demarcation is drawn through every temple, and these buildings, that have hitherto withstood the attacks of *barbarians*, will not resist the speculation of civilised cupidity, virtuosi and antiquarians’ (antiquaries). p. 139.

We have nothing to say in praise of the sordid, money-getting spirit in which the business of antiquity-hunting has been carried on by certain individuals; but, if the removal of these works of ancient art be sacrilege, Sir Frederick must come in for his share of reprobation, in proof of which we cite his adventure at Sheekh Eredy, between Siout and Girgeh.

‘The path leading up the neighbouring mountain is long, steep, and broiling. About half way towards the summit is a large quarry or grotto. A few steps onward, the path turns down into the heart of the mountain: it presents a romantic crater, in the hollow of which is the cell of Saint Eredy. Saint Eredy is held in great veneration by the Arabs, and, in consequence of repeated pilgrimages, the rugged

rocks have been worn into a tolerable path; but the length and difficulty of it are still sufficient to try the Mussulman's faith.....I climbed to the very summit of the mountain; the Rockham, large vulture, flying round in every direction, and the surface covered with chrysal. Here is at once the scene of Sinbad's valley of diamonds and the rock-bird. I am as pleased as if I was reading the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and, like a child too, load myself with chrysal till my handkerchief and pockets burst. The Rockham is encouraged in every village to carry off dead animals—the Arabian tales were written by a Greek. I entered at the top of the ravine which conducts to the burial place of Saint Eredy. There are several perpendicular breaks in it, of from ten to eighty feet: a torrent would perhaps render it nearly comparable to Terni. To the South of the most eastern of these falls, but considerably more elevated, is a low natural cave or grotto, at the entrance of which stand three large pillars of chrysal. One of them is detached—I hastened to my boat, and procured eight men with poles, mats, and all the ropes that Mr. Grey's boat and my own could furnish. These eight stupid fellahs, notwithstanding my signs, and prayers, *and curses*, roll the pillar towards the ravine, and are unable to stop it. It leaped the first cataract: it was intended that it should break, but it took fairly a somerset, and was no more hurt than ——— was when he fell only on his head. The paltry Arabs cry out *hay-lay-essah*, God help us, but, wanting more assistance, they invoke Saint Eredy by name, but he wo'n't come when they call him. They roll it onward to the second precipice; it touches various crags in its descent; rays of sparkling particles flew in every direction, and, glittering in the sun, appeared like a shower of diamonds,—a miniature avalanche of brilliants. The body fell upon the edge of a rock; it shivered, and I left it in despair. The Arabs were now contented; there was no treasure concealed in it. Two of them followed me, bearing one fragment, and four of them labouring under another. The lesser fragment made its escape out of their hands, and, taking the short path of the mountain, arrived at the bottom piecemeal. The larger one is safe on board.' pp. 107—110.

Unfortunately, this has again been broken in its way to England, and the largest fragment is now only four feet in circumference, and rather more than one hundred weight.

At Assouan (Syene) Captains Irby and Mangles visited the ancient granite quarries. They found in one part, an immense granite basin, 17 feet long by 7 wide and 3 deep, hewn out in the rough, and narrower at the bottom than at the top: for what purpose it was intended, it is hard to conjecture; *not*, we should imagine, 'for a bath,' with the Nile so near at hand.

'Here,' they add, 'we had an opportunity of noticing the manner in which the ancients used to cut the prodigious masses which one meets with throughout Egypt. It appears that, when they wanted to detach a mass, they cut niches in a right line throughout the piece

they intended removing : these niches were about two feet apart, five or six inches long, and about three deep by two and a half broad. As soon as they were finished, the block was separated by some violent blow or concussion. We met in all directions, specimens of the progress of their work : some masses were but half detached, others wholly separated ; here we saw an obelisk in the rough, and there a column. The whole was an interesting scene. The ancient road, regularly paved with granite, is still plainly to be seen, though the sand covers a great part. In the vacancies between the hills are causeways, some of considerable length, to connect the elevated parts one with the other, and thus keep a communication open with the several quarries ; all these roads leading to two principal ones, which conduct to Assouan.' pp. 119, 20.

An interesting question suggests itself, Who were the original workers of these stupendous quarries? A column found here by Mr. Belzoni, bears an inscription to this effect ; that, in the reigns of the Emperors Severus and Caracalla, nine quarries were discovered in this mountain, and a vast number of statues and columns taken out of them by Aquila prefect of Egypt. It excites considerable scepticism as to the existence of a high degree of native art among the Egyptians, that, in so many instances, we can trace their monuments to foreign conquerors. The strongest proof of antiquity in any of these works, is the unscientific rudeness betrayed in them. For instance, when we find their architects introducing the *figure* of the arch, but ignorant of the principle of its construction, we have *data* of an unequivocal kind for assigning to works in which such proofs of ignorance occur, a remote origin.

At Arabat Matfooner, about six miles inland, an excavation has been lately made in search of a temple described by Hamilton, which has been covered with sand within the last twenty years.

‘ You will hardly imagine,’ says Sir F. H., ‘ that they are looking for a building, over part of the roof of which I paced fifty-four long steps, on stones that have never yet been displaced, though there are signs of destruction at either end. This roof alone occupies nearly as much space as the neighbouring village. Some small chambers in which the colour of the painting is so well preserved, that doubts immediately arise as to the length of time that it has been done—the best works even of the Venetian school betray their age, but the colours here, which we are told were in existence two thousand years before the time of Titian, are at this moment as fresh as if they had not been laid on an hour—arched chambers thirty-three feet in length, the ceiling, and probably the sides, covered with hieroglyphics as carefully as we should paper a room, nearly choke full of sand—the stones of which this fabric is built, measure in some cases above twenty-two feet in length ; the span of the arch is cut in a single stone ;

a portico is still visible, part of the roof has tried to fall in, but is prevented by the sand—here also are chambers innumerable—each individual part is of exquisite workmanship, but badly put together—great labour and irregularity. Perhaps the object most remarkable at this place is a chamber (or set of chambers) in which the Egyptians have attempted to *build* an arch—it affords at once a proof of their intention and their inability. The span of *the arch* is cut in two stones, each of which bears an equal segment of the circle: these placed together would naturally have fallen—they are upheld by a pillar placed at the point of contact. It has been doubted whether the Egyptians were acquainted with the principle of the arch; that they were not at the time of building this, is evident; and it may be presumed that they never were so, because they did not dislike arches, but have frequently cut them where sufficient space has been afforded by the live rock, and, because that in every artificial roof they have been obliged to put a prop to support each stone, and hence the number of pillars in the temples. If those who raised the Pyramids, and built Thebes, and elevated the obelisks of Loug sor, had been acquainted with the principle of the arch, they would have thrown bridges across the Nile, and have erected to Isis and Osiris, domes more magnificent than those of St. Peter's and St. Paul's.'

pp. 110—12.

Of the three distinct descriptions of monuments found in this most interesting country,—the excavations, the pyramids, and the temples, the first, which bear the closest affinity to the Hindoo temples, are identified with polytheism, serpent-worship, priestcraft, and hieroglyphics. We apprehend that they are of extremely various dates: the best voucher for their antiquity is Ezek. viii. 8. The pyramids are, in all probability, the memorials of a foreign dynasty; they appear disconnected with idol worship, or with the priestcraft of the Egyptian literati, and are probably older than at least the more elaborate excavations. For it seems scarcely credible, that the cost and trouble of rearing these brick mountains for royal sepulchres, should have been incurred *after* the fashion had been set of the more commodious and elegant mode of turning a mountain into a necropolis. To these a date has been with plausibility assigned, extending from 1050 to 800 B. C. The temples we may safely refer to a more modern era. Many of them bear ~~the~~ the date of the Greek sovereigns; and others have been repaired, if not constructed by the Romans. With regard to these granite quarries, we should suspect that foreign artists were the first who worked them; not the aboriginal Egyptians. 'I confess,' says Captain Mangles, 'I was much perplexed to think how the Egyptians could have cut, hollowed, and polished such immense blocks of stone without the use of iron, a metal they are said to have been ignorant of; the niches,

‘therefore, which I mentioned above, must have been cut, if not with iron, with brass.’ But this explanation rests on mere conjecture: it is more reasonable to suppose that a nation ignorant of iron, could not have supplied the artificers. ‘We examined,’ it is added, ‘the construction of numerous mummy cases, and boxes containing the sacred emblems of the Egyptians; they were invariably fastened with *wooden* pegs, no nail of any description being visible.’

In their researches throughout the hundred-gated city, Captains Irby and Mangles looked in vain for the remains of either walls or gates. They suggest it as by no means improbable, ‘that it was the numerous porticos, pylons, &c. of the Theban temples, that gave to her the boasted reputation of a hundred gates,’ rather than any outlets to the city that ever existed. A characteristic specimen of the *accuracy* of the French savans, is mentioned in connexion with the circular astronomical table found on the cieling of the Temple of Isis at Tentyra,—‘a monument of the same kind as the Isiac table at Turin.’

‘It was in the cieling of the other half of this chamber, that Mr. Ruppell discovered a complete lunar system, which had totally escaped Denon and all the French savans. Mr. R. took an exact copy of this interesting tablet, clearly making it to contain twelve moons and a bit of another, which no doubt was meant for the odd five days, as the twelve make three hundred and sixty. As this throws an additional light on the Egyptian mode of calculating the year, it is a matter of no small interest, and reflects the more credit on Mr. Ruppell, as so many travellers have examined this chamber, and this circumstance never occurred to them. In the great French work, *they have put down fourteen or fifteen moons, never having taken the trouble to count them.*’ p. 152.

We must take leave of Egypt, and, for the present, of Sir Frederick Henniker, who bids adieu to ‘the least romantic but most useful of rivers,’ as he terms the Nile, seemingly in a fit of ennui and satiety. ‘There is,’ he says, ‘scarcely one spot on its banks that would attract the attention of an artist, nor an object of antiquity comparable to the Parthenon and Coliseum,’—notwithstanding that he was lost in admiration at Dendera, confessing that very few buildings afford as much delight as its temple, and still more enraptured at Ebsambal. The disparaging and indeed unsuitable comparison did not then occur to him. But now, Egypt is a bore, and the plague is beginning to shew itself at Cairo, which naturally enough increases our Baronet’s eagerness to make his escape. He accepts the offer of a passage to Tor in his way to Mount Sinai. Very op-

posite is the feeling with regard to Egypt, expressed by Capt. Mangles.

‘Certainly, to an amateur of the picturesque, the ruins of Syria must have a decided advantage over those of Egypt, where an arid climate prevents the appearance of the least spot of verdure on a ruined fabric, be it ever so old. The traveller is, however, highly recompensed for this deficiency, by the comparatively high state of preservation in which he finds the Egyptian monuments, notwithstanding their superior antiquity; and I really believe that he who has once seen Egypt, will never feel equally interested in any other country. It is this feeling that has brought Mr. Banks back to the Nile, after having explored Greece, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago; and he is now gone a second time to Thebes.’ p. 182.

Palestine has little to offer to the traveller in the shape of ancient monuments: the interest of the country rests almost entirely on historical associations. The slow hand of Time has been anticipated by the devastations of holy and unholy wars, and Crusaders have committed scarcely less ravages than the Moslems. Captains Irby and Mangles left Cairo on the 1st of October 1817; their plan was, to cross the desert on camels to Gaza, to visit the whole sea-coast up to Latachia, and thence to cross the mountains to Aleppo. The Letter which details this route, contains the least novelty of information. The country between Gaza and Jaffa has been fully described in the works of Dr. Richardson and Ali Bey. Between Jaffa and Tyre, the coast presents few stations of remarkable interest, and Pococke, Maundrell, Clarke, and Buckingham, have left little to be supplied with respect to these. The sites of some ancient towns still remain to be identified; in particular, those of Eleutheropolis, Ekron, Apollonica, Antipatris, and Anthedon. But we find nothing in the present volume, adapted to throw much fresh light on the topography of this part of Palestine.

Our fellow-travellers proceeded along the coast as high as Tripoli, which they reached on the 18th day after leaving Gaza. They describe it as the neatest town they had seen in Syria: it is seated at the foot of the mountains, at some distance from the sea-shore. The port, an indifferent one, is nearly an hour’s distance from the town, and all the way there are square towers, apparently of the time of the Crusades. The village of Eden, in the neighbourhood of which are the representatives of the ancient Cedars, is about ten hours from Tripoli: it is ‘delightfully situated, by the side of a rich and highly cultivated valley,’ and contains between four and five hundred families, who annually descend, however, on the approach of winter, to a village only an hour’s distance from Tripoli, to pre-

vent their being imprisoned in their mountain home by the snows. Eden is still called by the natives Aden. We transcribe the account of our Author's visit to the Cedars.

‘ Early on Friday morning, we set out by moonlight for the Cedars, and arrived a little after day-light. The ascent from Eden is but little; the distance, allowing for the windings of the road, which is very rugged, and passes over occasional hill and dale, may be about five miles. On the right, higher up the mountain, is a larger and deeper vale than that of Eden, with the village of Beshiri in the bottom: this valley is very rich and picturesque. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, and is watered by a winding stream. It reminded us of the vale of the Dive in Savoy, and its “ Pont de Chevres.” The famous Cedars of Lebanon are situated on a small eminence, in a valley at the foot of the highest part of the mountain. The land on the mountain's side has a sterile aspect, and the trees are remarkable by being altogether in one clump. From this spot, the Cedars are the only trees to be seen in Lebanon. There may be about fifty of them, but their present appearance ill corresponds to the character given of them in Scripture. There did not appear to be one tree among the whole, which had much merit, either for dimensions or beauty; the largest among them would appear to be the junction of four or five trunks in one tree. According to Maundrell, this is twelve yards in girth; but we are much more inclined to agree with Volney than with Maundrell, in the description which these travellers have respectively given of the Cedars of Lebanon. Numerous names carved on the trunks of the greater trees, some of which are as far back as 1640, bear testimony to the curiosity of individuals to visit this interesting spot, which is nearly surrounded by the barren chain of Lebanon, in the form of an amphitheatre of about thirty miles circuit, the opening being towards the sea. We thought the *tout ensemble* more represented the Apennines at the back of Genoa, than any other mountain scenery we had witnessed.’ pp. 209, 10.

We must confess that we are somewhat surprised at the respectful reference made to Volney's authority in more than one instance by these gentlemen; a traveller whose veracity is as suspicious as his accuracy. In the present instance, we are led to suspect that the Writer speaks from a very vague recollection of the description given by either Volney or Maundrell. The former contents himself with a sneer at the boasted cedars — ‘ four or five large trees, the only ones remaining, and which have nothing in them particular, are not worth,’ he says, ‘ the trouble you must take in climbing the precipices which lead to them.’ This misrepresentation is in direct disagreement with the account given by the present Travellers. Maundrell says: ‘ The noble trees grow amongst the snow near the highest part of Lebanon, and are remarkable as well for their own age and largeness, as for those frequent allusions made to them in the

word of God. Here are some of them very old, and of a prodigious bulk, and others younger of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up *only sixteen*, and the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards sixth inches in girth, and yet sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At above five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree.' This was in 1696. Pococke, one of the most learned and accurate travellers, describes them (in 1738) with greater minuteness. 'The cedars,' he says, 'form a grove about a mile in circumference, which consists of some large cedars that are near to one another, a great number of young cedars, and some pines. The great cedars, at some distance, look like very large spreading oaks; the bodies of the trees are short, dividing at bottom into three or four, some of which growing up together for about ten feet, appear something like those Gothic columns which seem to be composed of several pillars. Higher up they begin to spread horizontally. One that had the roundest body, though not the largest, measured 24 feet in circumference; and another, with a sort of triple body as described above, and of a triangular figure, measured 12 feet on each side. The young cedars are not easily known from pines: I observed they bear a greater quantity of fruit than the large ones. The wood does not differ from white deal in appearance, nor does it seem to be harder: it has a fine smell, but not so fragrant as the juniper of America, which is commonly called Cedar; and it also falls short of it in beauty. I took a piece of the wood from a great tree that was blown down by the wind, and left there to rot: there are *fifteen* large ones standing.' This fallen tree makes up precisely Maundrell's sixteen, which shews the accuracy of that most honest Traveller. 'I observed,' adds Pococke, 'that cypress are the only trees that grow towards the top, which, being nipped by the cold, do not grow spirally, but like small oaks; and it may be concluded that this tree bears cold better than any other*.' Possibly, the trees in question are of the species of cypress termed white cedar (*Cupressus thyoides*.) or Arbor-vitæ-leaved cypress. Some species of cypress, according to Pliny, was indigenous to Mount Ida, and grew on its highest point, though covered with snow; and some of the mountains in Persia are covered with cypress trees. The cedars grow in a plain between the highest parts of Mount Lebanon, on which the cypress, it seems, is found.

* "A Description of the East," &c. B. II. c. 5.

It is strange that no other traveller should have noticed this; especially as the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus is a sufficient voucher for the fact that both species were indigenous to these parts: "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress-tree upon the mountains of Hermon." (ch. xxiv. 13.) Mr. Jolliffe, who visited them in 1817, describes the trees as spread over a knoll of between three and four acres at a place called *Areze**. Mr. Kinneir, who visited them in 1813, says: 'The once celebrated cedars are now only to be found in one particular spot of the great mountainous range which bears the name of Libanus, and that in so scanty a number as not to exceed *four or five hundred*.† Burckhardt thus describes them in 1810.

' They stand on uneven ground, and form a small wood. Of the oldest and best looking trees, I counted *eleven or twelve*; twenty-five were very large ones; about fifty of middling size; and more than three hundred smaller and young ones. The oldest trees are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, or even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the other were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew Gardens. The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers and other persons who have visited them. I saw a date of the seventeenth century. The trunks of the oldest trees seem to be *quite dead*; the wood is of a gray tint. I took off a piece of one of them, but it was afterwards stolen.' "Travels in Syria." p. 19.

Lastly, Dr. Richardson, in 1818, thus describes the spot.

' From the towering height of this snow-covered mountain, we beheld the sea with clouds hanging over it; the irregular mountain foreground, that concealed the plains of Tripoli, and seemed to stretch on to the ocean; the delightful village of Eden and numerous other villages that covered the sides, or occupied the base, of a deep and fertile ravine, with a profusion of walnut and mulberry trees; all of which, seen from the summit of the far-famed Lebanon, formed a most enchanting prospect, which we quit with reluctance. The descent is rather precipitous, and winds, by a long circuitous direction, down the side of the mountain. In a few minutes we came in sight of the far-famed cedars that lay down before us on our right. The natives call them *Arselibân*. At first, they appeared like a dark spot on the base of the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of dwarfish shrubs that possessed neither dignity nor beauty, nor any thing that entitled them to a visit, but the name. In about an hour and a half

* Eclectic Review. Vol. XIII. p. 170.

† "Journey through Asia Minor." p. 172.

we reached them. They are large, and tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that we had seen. There are in this clump two generations of trees; the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. We measured one of them, which we afterwards saw was not the largest in the clump, and found it thirty-two feet in circumference. Seven of these trees have a particularly ancient appearance; the rest are younger, but equally tall, though, for want of space, their branches are not so spreading. The clump is so small, that a person may walk round it in half an hour. The old cedars are not found in any other part of Lebanon. Young trees are occasionally met with; they are very productive, and cast many seeds annually.' *Travels along the Mediterranean*. Vol. II. pp. 512, 13.

It seems from this account, that, of the sixteen patriarchs mentioned by Maundrell and Pococke, seven only survive; and probably, in less than a century, not one of these sylvan monuments will be standing. Volney, it is charitable to suppose, saw them only from a great distance, when they might have the appearance he describes, as they had at first to Dr. Richardson: one would think he could not have visited the spot. For the representation given by Captain Mangles, we cannot account; it is so incorrect in many respects, and the reference to Volney casts suspicion on the whole. Of one thing we can assure these gentlemen, that the Eden of Lebanon, though, in all probability, the same that is referred to by Ezekiel, (ch. xxxi. 8, 9.) is *not* the same Eden as that from which our first parents were expelled.

We have possibly bestowed more than proportionate attention on this subject; for, after all, the only fact of any importance in connexion with Scripture illustration, is that of the cedar's being indigenous to the mountains of Lebanon. This being incontestible, whether the cedars at present to be found there are older or younger, is a point of little moment. No one imagines, we presume, that there is any thing miraculous in their preservation, or that these old cedars were standing in King Solomon's days. The oldest cedars in this kingdom date not above a hundred and fifty years back: they are supposed to reach their maturity in less than three centuries. There can be little doubt, that the mountains of Libanus were formerly clothed with far nobler specimens of this majestic tree than any which are at present to be seen there. But now, "Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth." The ax has been busy there during nearly three thousand years, and the torch of war has made still wider desolation. As a specimen of the discrepancies in travellers' stories, the differing accounts are not a little curious.

Captains Irby and Mangles visited Balbec, and then returned to Tripoli, whence they started for Aleppo. They passed through Latachia, the ancient Laodicea, where there appear to be some interesting antiquities, and in the neighbourhood some sepulchral caves; but, 'as they have no paintings,' say our Travellers, 'we did not think it worth while to visit them.' A strange reason, were it not that they were fresh from Nubia. Here again we are provokingly referred to the romancing Frenchman for further information. The banks of the Orontes are described as far exceeding in beauty, the expectation of the Travellers.

'We now began to follow the banks of the river, and were astonished at the beauty of the scenery, far surpassing any thing we expected to see in Syria, and indeed, any thing we had witnessed even in Switzerland, though we walked nine hundred miles in that country, and saw most of its beauty. The river, from the time we began to trace its banks, ran continually between two high hills, winding and turning incessantly: at times the road led along precipices in the rocks, looking down perpendicularly on the river. The luxuriant variety of foliage was prodigious, and the rich green myrtle, which was very plentiful, contrasted with the colour of the road, the soil of which was a dark red gravel, made us imagine we were riding through pleasure-grounds. The laurel, laurustinus, bay-tree, fig-tree, wild vine, plane-tree, English sycamore, arbutus, both common and andrachne, dwarf oak, &c. were scattered in all directions. At times the road was overhung with rocks covered with ivy; the mouths of caverns also presented themselves, and gave a wildness to the scene; and the perpendicular cliffs jutted into the river upwards of three hundred feet high, forming corners round which the waters ran in a most romantic manner. We descended at times into plains cultivated with mulberry plantations and vines, and prettily studded with picturesque cottages. The occasional shallows of the river keeping up a perpetual roaring, completed the beauty of this scene, which lasted about two hours, when we entered the plain of Suadeah (Seleucia,) where the river becomes of a greater breadth, and runs in as straight a line as a canal.' pp. 225, 6.

The Authors express their regret at not having been able to visit the ruins of the city and groves of Daphne, for want of a guide, which it was impossible to procure. Pococke says: 'The place called Battelma, about five miles south of Antioch, must have been Daphne, about which there are several fountains: the palace of Daphne is placed, in the Jerusalem Itinerary, five miles from Antioch in the way to Latachia.' Battelma, our Travellers do not mention: they probably left it to their right, as Pococke mentions a road different from that which he took, which goes over the eastern side of Mount Cassius, and to the west of a village called *Ordou*, and soon

after joins the other road. If Pococke's *Ordou* be Captain M.'s *Louräee*, (no violent conjecture,) this must have been their route. At Aleppo, they found Mr. Banks, then on his way to re-visit Nubia. He paid our Travellers the compliment to say, he wished they might travel together, 'as he heard we were the only travellers he had met with, who go after is method.' What this method is, we regret that our Authors have not thought proper to explain. They had entertained an idea of visiting Bagdad and Babylon, as had Mr. Banks; but a letter shewn them by the Dutch consul, assured them that 'there is nothing whatever to be seen' there, and, strange to say, on this assurance, they contentedly gave up the plan. There are not paintings, or temples, or pyramids, assuredly; yet, we should have imagined that Mr. Banks might have found work there, and that the banks of the Tigris had been worth seeing.

At Hamah, they witnessed a melancholy scene, a specimen of the Turkish slave-trade. Eleven Georgian girls, the remnant of between forty and fifty who had been kidnapped, were brought in to be sold to such wealthy Turks as could afford to bid high enough. They were mostly between fifteen and twenty years of age; two were about twelve; 'all exceedingly pretty, with black sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, long black hair, and very fair complexion, giving a very strong contradiction to what Volney writes of the Georgian and Circassian women.' One of these poor girls had no lower a price put upon her than £252. 'They were all taken out four different times, and conducted through the town to the rich Turkish houses, to be viewed and bid for, the same as any other merchandise.' In this manner, they had been exposed for sale at all the principal towns as they came along; they had been conducted on horseback, but their diet was of a piece with their brutal treatment in other respects. They were now destined for Damascus.

Palmyra, our Travellers represent as much less worth seeing than Balbec, and altogether 'hardly worthy of the time, expense, anxiety, and fatiguing journey through the wilderness,' they had incurred in order to visit it. The plates of Wood and Dawkins, they complain, 'have done *but too much justice* to the originals.'

'Great was our disappointment, when, on a minute examination, we found that there was not a single column, pediment, architrave, portal, frieze, or any architectural remnant worthy of admiration. None of the columns exceeded in diameter four feet, or in height forty feet. Taken as a *tout ensemble*, these ruins are certainly more remarkable, by reason of their extent, (being nearly a mile and a

half in length,) than any we have witnessed; and, exclusive of the Arab village of Tadmor, which occupies the peristyle court of the Temple of the Sun, and the Turkish burying-place, there are no obstructions whatever to the antiquities. Take any part of the ruins separately, and they excite but little interest.' p. 270.

The tombs, however, were found very interesting, and differed in their construction from any thing they had seen, consisting of a number of square towers, three, four, and five stories high.

' There are generally five sepulchral chambers one over the other, and on each side are eight recesses, each divided into four or five parts for the reception of corpses; the lower chamber, in some instances, fronts an excavation in the side of the hill contiguous to it. The best of these lower apartments which we saw are very handsome, the sides being ornamented with sculpture and fluted Corinthian pilasters, though the walls were plain white stucco, without any figures or emblematical representation. The cieling, on which the paint is still very perfect, is ornamented, like that of the peristyle court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, with the heads of different heathen deities, and disposed in diamond-shaped divisions. We were much interested by the remains of some of the mummies and mummy cloths, which appear to have been preserved very much after the manner of the Egyptians, only that the gum had lost all that odour, resembling frankincense, which we noticed in Egypt. We found a hand in tolerable preservation. But after all, you must not imagine that these sepulchres are in any way so interesting as those of Egypt. You here look in vain for those beautiful paintings, &c. which so well portray the manners and customs of the ancients. We observed the marble folding-doors, still erect, of some of the grander tombs situated in the town; these latter are much dilapidated: the doors were carved in pannels, but ill executed and unpolished.—We agree with Mr. Bankes, that many of the small square rows of columns which Wood and Dawkins suppose to have inclosed temples, were no other than the open court of private edifices which inclosed fountains.' pp. 271, 2.

For an account of Damascus, we are briefly referred to Maundrell; a good example for travellers who have really nothing new to tell us. From Damascus, Captains Irby and Mangles proceeded to Jerusalem.

At Om Keis (or Oom Kais), by Mr. Buckingham supposed to be Gamala, but by Mr. Bankes, as well as by Seetzen, concluded to be Gadara,* the party were kindly received by the

* In an article written *against* Mr. Buckingham in the Quarterly Review, No. lii., his reasons for supposing Oomkais to be Gamala, are treated with haughty contempt; the Reviewer attributing them

Shiekh of the natives, who *inhabit the ancient sepulchres*. ‘The tomb we lodged in,’ says Capt. M., ‘was capable of containing between twenty and thirty people: it was of an oblong form; and the cattle, &c. occupied one end, while the proprietor and his family lodged in the other.’ In exploring the ruins of the ancient Scythopolis, (Bisan, Bethsan,) they found several skulls in a concealed vomitory of the theatre, in one of which ‘a viper was basking, with his body twisted between the eyes.’ In a plain to the west of the ruined modern village of ‘Tabathat Fahkil,’ they noticed the ruins of a square building, with a semi-circular end, which appears to have been surrounded with columns; and on the East and South sides of the hill are considerable ruins of some ancient city of great extent.

‘The situation is beautiful, being on the side of a ravine, with a picturesque stream running at the bottom. As this place appears to be as ancient as the ruins of Scythopolis, and full two thirds of its size, it appears unaccountable that history should not mention a place so near “the principal city of the Decapolis” (Gadara) as this is. We searched for inscriptions, but in vain. The ruins of a fine temple are situated near the water side, and among the columns are discovered the three orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.—The river passing to the South, finally communicates with the Jordan.’ p. 304.

to ‘obliquity of intellect,’ and suppressing Mr. B.’s arguments. D’Anville, following Pliny, places Gadara on the Hieromax, and says that it is now called *Kedar*. From Capt. Mangles’s account, the site in question is at some distance from the plain of the Yarmack, and between Om Keis and Kedar there seems no traceable resemblance. He notices ‘a small ancient site’ on the banks of the river, but says: It contains ‘nothing of interest: the map marks it *Amatha*.’ That Oom Kais is in “the country of the Gadarenes,” there is no question. Mr. Buckingham notices the circumstance, though the Reviewer represents him as ignorant of the fact. In the opinion, that it is the site of Gamala, Mr. B. is not singular. Burckhardt says, ‘I am doubtful to what ancient city the ruins of Om Keis are to be ascribed.’ On which his Editor has this note: ‘It was probably *Gamala*, which Josephus describes as standing upon a mountain bordered by precipices.’ Pliny and Jerome are both cited as authorities for the different position of Gadara. The former says: *Gadara Hieromiace præterfluente*. Jerome describes it as *urbs trans Jordanem contra Scythopolin et Liberiadem ad orientalem plagam, sita in monte ad cujus radices aquæ calidæ erumpunt, balneis super ædificatis*. El Hossn, Mr. Bankes’s Gamala, Burckhardt conjectures to be ‘the remains of Regaba or Argob.’ Amatha is supposed to have been Szalt. May not Gadara be, after all, the ‘ancient site’ on the Yarmack?

Some excavations in the side of the hills at a short distance are supposed to be the *necropolis* of the city. It is a singular omission on the part of the Writer, that the name of the stream is not mentioned: possibly they were not able to ascertain it. It seems to correspond to the *Wady Yabes* of Burckhardt, in which we seem to have a nearer approach to the *Jabbok* of Scripture, than in Yarmack (Jarmouk) or in Zerka. We know not on what authority the Zerka is usually identified with the Jabbok: that the Hieromax may be the Jabbok, is merely a conjecture of Pococke's. It is now called *Sheriat el Mand-hour*. Burckhardt mentions ruins at Beit el Ras, which he was told were of large extent, but did not visit, an hour and a half out of the road between Erbad and Om Keis; and one hour and a half to the N. E. of Hebras, are the ruins of the ancient Abila, one of the towns of the Decapolis. Neither of these places appears to answer to the situation of the city described by Captain Mangles. If the stream they mention be the Yabes, and our etymological conjecture be admissible, we should be tempted to believe, that the nameless city they discovered, was no other than Pella itself, which D'Anville places on the Jabbok.

Djerash, supposed to be Geraza, our Travellers hold to be a much finer mass of ruins than Palmyra. It has been built on two sides of a valley, with a fine stream running through it. It is so fully described by Burckhardt, that we shall not stop to notice the remarks of our Authors. Its position does not at all agree with that given to Gerasa by D'Anville from the ancient authorities, who places it to the N. E. of the lake of Tiberias, forty miles to the N. W. of this site. But the modern name is considered as sufficient to identify it; although Capt. Mangles says, 'nothing but the similarity of names' would lead one to suppose that the ruins at Djerash are Geraza.' Where the modern name answers to the old Hebrew name, the greatest stress, we think, may be laid on such resemblance; but the Roman names have been in so few instances adopted and preserved by the natives, (and in those instances, it has, for the most part been a new settlement, that has retained its name, as at Cesarea, rather than a mere change of appellation,) that we should be inclined to consider a coincidence between the Arabic and the classical names, unsupported by authorities, as merely accidental. If the Essa of Josephus be Gerasa, it would be difficult to reconcile its ancient with its modern appellation. It is quite evident, that any decision would be at present quite premature, with regard to the real situation of the ancient cities of the Decapolis. Szalt, which has been thought to be the ancient Amathus,

Capt. Mangles supposes to be Machærus, where John the Baptist was beheaded. For this conjecture, we are probably indebted to their companion Mr. Bankes; but we wish some reason had been assigned. We are sometimes sadly perplexed with our worthy Captain's orthography. Having, however, only his ear to guide him, it is not surprising that he should have come no nearer to the original. Thus *Kaluat* (castle) *el Rabbad* is written *Callah-el-Rubbat*; *Djenne* is spelt *Eugen*; *Djelaad* and *Djelaoud* (Gilead), are written *Githad Gilhood*; but what *Kaffer Baiter* and *Bait Forage* mean, we cannot conjecture. The last-mentioned would seem to promise good accommodation for man and horse. A considerable tract is assigned in the map, to the *Benesuckher* Arabs, and the name occurs perpetually in the text. It was some time before we recognised them as the tribe mentioned by Dr. Richardson, bearing the name of Ben Issachar, or, as Burckhardt spells it, Beni Szakher. It would have been easy, by means of Burckhardt and other authorities, to avoid these needless and perplexing variations.

At Jerusalem, our Travellers spent a month, but they have nothing to say about it: they refer us to Maundrell, through whose spectacles they looked at every thing. They represent the water of the Dead Sea to be 'as bitter and as buoyant as people have reported.'

'Those of our people who could not swim, floated on its surface like corks. On dipping the head in, the eyes smarted dreadfully, and we were much surprised to observe, on coming out of the lake, that the water did not evaporate from the body as is the case on emerging from fresh water, but adhered to the skin, and was greasy to the touch.' p. 330.

The tour to Petra and round the Dead Sea, which occupies the fifth Letter, is in some respects the most interesting portion of the volume. It was the most adventurous expedition, and the travellers were fully repaid for their enterprise. Two Europeans only had ever been at either Kerek or Wady Mousa,—Sheikh Ibrahim (Burckhardt) and Mr. Seetzen; and these were both dead. The party consisted of Mr. Legh with his attendants, Mr. Bankes with his, and Captains Irby and Mangles, mustering altogether eleven persons. So bad a character do the wandering tribes of the desert bear, that they were unable to obtain from any of the public authorities, either assistance or firmaun extending to this route. On entering the great plain at the end of the Dead Sea, they found the soil sandy, and perfectly barren. Even the wood which the Lake had thrown up at high-water-mark, was so impregnated with

salt, that it would not burn. Exclusive of the saline appearance left by the retiring waters, several large fragments of clear rock-salt were found lying about; and the sand-hill on the right of their track, was found composed partly of salt and partly of hardened sand.

‘ In many instances, the salt was hanging from cliffs in clear perpendicular points like icicles, and we observed numerous strata of that material of considerable thickness, having very little sand mixed with it. Strabo mentions that to the southward of the Dead Sea there are towns and cities built entirely of salt; and although such an account seems strange, yet, when we contemplated the scene before us, it did not seem improbable.’

Leaving the salt hill, their track led for an hour and a half across the barren flats of the back-water, ‘ now left dry by the effects of evaporation,’* intersected by drains, some wet, and others dry. They then entered on a very prettily wooded country, covered with a rich variety of remarkable wild plants. Among the trees, they noticed various species of the acacia, the dwarf mimosa, the ‘ *doom*,’ the tamarisk, the ‘ *oschar*,’ and one ‘ curious tree’ the fruit of which resembled the currant in its growth, but with the colour of the plum: ‘ it has a pleasant, though strong aromatic taste, exactly resembling mustard, and, if taken in any quantity, produces a similar irritability in the nose and eyes to that which is caused by mustard.’ The leaves have the same pungent flavour as the fruit, but not so strong. The Authors suggest, that this, rather than the mustard-plant of the North, may be the tree alluded to in our Saviour’s parable; this being really a tree, the plant an annual not growing above five or six feet high. But it is clear, that the plant to which our Lord alludes as raised from the smallest of seeds, was *not* a tree, but “ the greatest of herbs” (*λαχαισι*), only becoming a tree (*δενδρον*), or plant (*frutex arborescens*, Schil.), at its utmost growth. After crossing the Houssan, they proceeded along the foot of mountains, bounding the plains on the East. Their track, which was rugged and barren in the extreme, was strewn with innumerable fragments of red and grey granite, grey, red, and black porphyry, serpentine, black basalt, breccia, and many other species, all from the neighbouring mountains; they are, however, said to be composed chiefly of sand-stone and bad marble. In refreshing

* They afterwards had an opportunity of observing the effect of the evaporation, arising from the Lake ‘ in broad transparent columns of vapour, not unlike water-spouts in appearance, but very much larger.’ (p. 447.)

contrast to this barren scene, they found the Wady el Derrah covered in profusion with the palm, acacia, aspine, and oleander in full flower and beauty, perfuming the whole place. The same rich vegetation clothed the banks of the river Souff Saffa. (qy. *Szafszaj*?) Kerek or Karrak—a common name, says Burckhardt, in Syria—contains, according to that Traveller, about 400 Turkish and 150 Christian families; the latter, descendants chiefly of refugees from Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Beit Djade. Our Authors suppose the numbers to be about equal. The Christians are on very good terms with the Turks, and appear to enjoy equal freedom. Within the castle, apparently of Mahomedan architecture, is a Christian church, ill constructed of small stones, with small narrow windows, a circular end, and arched front, like ‘the house of St. Peter’ at Tiberias. As Godfrey of Boulogne took Kerek, (calling it *Mons Regalis*,) the church is probably referrible to the days of the Crusaders. On the walls, there is an imperfect inscription in Gothic letters. The Christians are Greeks, the least observant of religious duties of any of that Church in Syria; and the place (under the name of Petras) is the see of a Greek bishop, who, of course, is a non-resident, living at Jerusalem, but visiting his diocese every five or six years. About a mile to the S.W. of the castle is a source, the name of which is a memorial of the occupation of this country by the Crusaders: it is called *Ain-el-Frangee*, or the Franks’ Fountain.

Soon after leaving Kerek, they entered on a country of fine downs, interspersed with sites of towns on every eminence or spot convenient for the construction of one; and, as all the land is capable of cultivation, there can be little doubt that this now deserted country once presented a picture of fertility and prosperity. The Arabs reported to Volney, that, to the S.E. of the Lake Asphaltes, within three days’ journey, there were upwards of 800 ruined towns absolutely deserted. Capt. Mangles thinks, that this must be the quarter alluded to by the Arabs, and that the statement was at least founded on fact.

In descending into the Wady-el-Hussein, the Travellers observed on their right, a great quantity of lava and black volcanic stone, which seemed to have issued from the neighbouring ridge. Further on, three dark volcanic eminences were distinguishable from the sand; and the lava that had streamed from them, formed ‘a sort of island in the plain;’ while on the right of the road, was another volcanic mount, covered with scorïæ of a reddish colour, and extremely light. At Shobek is a church, the interior of which is in the pure Gothic style; the exterior has more of the Oriental. A Latin in-

scription in the architrave of the principal door, leaves no doubt that this was another of the works of the 'Frank kings' of Jerusalem. Shobek, with the great district surrounding it, is under the dominion of the shiekh Mahommed Abou Raschid. To this spirited young chief the Travellers were entirely indebted for being able to make their way to Wady Mousa, in spite of the determined opposition of the inhabitants of the village, who conceded the point at last with an ill grace, clearly through dread of the stronger party. Some hundred yards below the head of the stream, begin the outskirts of the vast Necropolis of Petra. The description of this most singular and interesting site is much too long to transcribe; but we must make room for a few extracts. The most remarkable tombs stand near the road, which follows the course of the brook. The first of these is cut in a mass of whitish rock, in some measure insulated.

'The centre represents a square tower with pilasters at the corner, and with several successive bands of frieze and entablature above; two low wings project from it at right angles, and present each of them a recess in the manner of a portico, which consists of two columns whose capitals have an affinity with the Doric order, between corresponding antæ; there are, however, no triglyphs above. Three sides of a square area, are thus enclosed; the fourth has been shut in by a low wall and two colossal lions on each side; all much decayed. The interior has been a place of sepulture for several bodies.'

The taste which prevails in the decoration of most of the façades of these excavations, is fantastical in the extreme; they are loaded with ornaments, in the Roman manner, but in 'bad taste,' displaying an 'unmeaning richness and littleness of conception.' In one instance, upon a plain front without any other decoration than a single moulding, are set, in a recess, four tall and taper pyramids. The effect is singular and surprising, but combining too little with the rest of the elevation to be good. 'Our attention,' says Capt. M. 'was the more attracted by this monument, as it presents, perhaps, the only existing example of pyramids so applied; though we read of them as placed in a similar manner on the summit of the tombs of the Maccabees and of the Queen of Adiabene, both in the neighbouring province of Palestine.' As the sides of the valley become more precipitous and rugged, the large and lofty towers which are represented in relief on the lower part of the precipice, are formed, higher up, by the rock being cut down on all sides. The greater number of them present themselves to the high road, but others stand back in the wild

nooks and recesses of the mountain. Such quadrangular towers, our Travellers remark to have been a fashionable form of sepulchre in several inland districts of the East: they abound at Palmyra, and are seen in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but there, the details and ornaments betray an imitation of Roman architecture, while at Petra they bear the marks of a peculiar and indigenous style. 'Their sides have generally a slight degree of that inclination towards each other, which is one of the characteristics of Egyptian edifices, and they are crowned with the Egyptian torus and concave frieze.' Chateaubriand has remarked on the manifest alliance of the Egyptian and the Grecian taste in the tombs at Jerusalem. 'From this alliance resulted,' he says, 'a heterogeneous kind of monuments, forming, as it were, the link between the Pyramids and the Parthenon.' Among this multitude of tombs, two only contained inscriptions: the characters of these, Mr. Banks detected to be exactly similar to those which he had seen scratched on the rocks about the foot of Mount Sinai, and they are supposed to be some form of the Syriac. It was the eastern approach to Petra which the Travellers were pursuing. As they advanced,

'the natural features of the defile grew more and more imposing at every step, and the excavations and sculpture more frequent on both sides, till it presented at last a continued street of tombs, beyond which the rocks, gradually approaching each other, seemed all at once to close without any outlet. There is, however, one frightful chasm for the passage of the stream, which furnishes, as it did anciently, the only avenue to Petra on this side. It is impossible to conceive any thing more awful or sublime than such an approach. The width is not more than just sufficient for the passage of two horsemen abreast; the sides are in all parts perpendicular, varying from four hundred to seven hundred feet in height; and they often overhang to such a degree, that, without their absolutely meeting, the sky is intercepted and completely shut out for one hundred yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern. The screaming of the eagles, hawks, and owls who were soaring above our heads in considerable numbers, seemingly annoyed at any one approaching their lonely habitation, added much to the singularity of this scene. The tamarisk, the wild fig, and the oleander grow luxuriantly about the road, rendering the passages often difficult: in some places, they hang down most beautifully from the cliffs and crevices where they had taken root. The caper plant was also in luxuriant growth, the continued shade furnishing them with moisture.

'Very near the entrance into this romantic pass, a bold arch is thrown across at a great height, connecting the opposite sides of the cliff. Whether this was part of an upper road upon the summit of the mountain, or whether it be a portion of an aqueduct, which seems less probable, we had no opportunity of examining; but, as the tra-

veller passes under it, its appearance is most surprising, hanging thus above his head betwixt two rugged masses apparently inaccessible. The ravine, without changing much its general direction, presents so many elbows and windings in its course, that the eye can seldom penetrate forward beyond a few paces, and is often puzzled to distinguish in what direction the passage will open, so completely does it appear obstructed. . . . We followed this sort of half-subterranean passage for the space of nearly two miles, the sides increasing in height as the path continually descended, while the tops of the precipices retained their former level. Where they are at the highest, a beam of stronger light breaks in at the close of the dark perspective, and opens to view, half seen at first through the tall narrow opening, columns, statues, and cornices of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints or weather-stains of age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour, which was warmed, at the moment we came in sight of them, with the full light of the morning sun. The dark green of the shrubs that grow in this perpetual shade, and the sombre appearance of the passage whence we were about to issue, formed a fine contrast with the glowing colour of this edifice. We know not with what to compare this scene: perhaps there is nothing in the world that resembles it. Only a portion of a very extensive architectural elevation is seen at first; but it has been so contrived, that a statue with expanded wings, perhaps of victory, just fills the centre of the aperture in front, which being closed below by the sides of the rock folding over each other, gives to the figure the appearance of being suspended in the air at a considerable height; the ruggedness of the cliffs below setting off the sculpture to the highest advantage. The rest of the design opened gradually as we advanced, till the narrow defile, which had continued thus far without any increase of breadth, spreads on both sides into an open area of a moderate size, whose sides are by nature inaccessible, and present the same awful and romantic features as the avenues which lead to it: this opening gives admission to a great body of light from the eastward. The position is one of the most beautiful that could be imagined for the front of a great temple, the richness and exquisite finish of whose decorations offer a most remarkable contrast to the savage scenery. No part is built, the whole being purely a work of excavation; and its minutest embellishments, wherever the hand of man has not purposely effaced them, are so perfect, that it may be doubted whether any work of the ancients, excepting, perhaps, some on the banks of the Nile, have come down to our time so little injured by the lapse of age. There is, in fact, scarcely a building of forty years' standing in England, so well preserved in the greater part of its architectural decorations.

' The area before the temple is about 50 yards in width, and about three times as long. It terminates to the S. in a wild precipitous cliff. The defile assumes for about 300 yards, the same features which characterize the eastern approach, with an infinite variety of tombs, both Arabian and Roman, on either side. This pass conducts (in a N. W. direction) to the theatre: and here, the ruins of the city

burst on the view in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side, by barren, craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys like those we had passed, branch out in all directions.'

Those which they examined, were found to end precipitously, and there is no getting out of them, except, in one instance, by climbing the precipice.

'The sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented altogether, the most singular scene we had ever beheld: and we must despair to give the reader an idea of the singular effect of rocks tinted with the most extraordinary hues, whose summits present us with nature in her most savage and romantic form, while their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, and pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface.'

pp. 414—423.

There can be no doubt that this extraordinary spot is, as Burckhardt supposed, the Petra of Pliny and Strabo, the capital of the Nabataei; notwithstanding that the Greek Church has transferred the name of Battra, with its metropolitan honours, to Kerek, which Burckhardt concludes to be the Charax of Pliny. Thus, the very existence of the real Petra, has been hitherto blotted out from memory. One of the most remarkable of the excavations has evidently served as a Christian church. Near an angle in the walls, is 'an inscription in red paint, recording the date of its consecration'—what date, or in what character, is not mentioned. Two days, from day-break to dusk, were spent by our Travellers upon these ruins; but they could not in that time half explore them. At a considerable distance, a temple was descried, larger apparently than that which fronts the eastern approach; they were unable to discover the path to it. There was enough, in short, to have employed the party four days more at least, but nothing could be obtained from the Arabs a further respite. Burckhardt's survey was still more hasty, as he owed his safety to passing for a Moslem; in which character he did not scruple to sacrifice a goat to Haroun (Aaron), in sight of the Prophet's tomb, which overlooks the city. It serves to identify the site, that Josephus expressly mentions the place of Aaron's decease being near the metropolis of Arabia Petræa; and Eusebius says, that the tomb of Aaron was shewn near Petra. The Travellers, therefore, could have no doubt that it was Mount Hor, whose rugged pinnacle towered up before them, adding another picturesque and interesting feature to this extraordinary scene. The tomb itself; which is accessible only by means of a steep ascent partly artificial—in some places, flights of rude steps or

niches being formed in the rock—is enclosed in a small modern building, not differing from the general appearance of the tombs of Mahomedan saints. Here, a decrepid old-shiekh has resided for forty years, occasionally enduring the fatigue of descending and re-ascending the mountain. Not aware that his visitors were Christians, he furnished them with a lamp of butter to explore the vault or grotto beneath. Towards the further end, lie two corresponding leaves of an iron grating, which formerly prevented all nearer approach to the tomb: these have been thrown down, and the Travellers advanced so far as to touch the ragged pall which covers the hallowed spot. The tomb is patched together out of fragments of stone and marble. Rags and shreds of yarn, with glass beads and paras, have been left as votive offerings by the Arabs.

‘No where,’ says the Writer, ‘is the extraordinary colouring of these mountains more striking than in the road to the Tomb of Aaron. The rock sometimes presented a deep, sometimes a paler blue, and sometimes was occasionally streaked with red, or shaded off to lilac or purple; sometimes a salmon colour was veined in waved lines and circles with crimson and even scarlet, so as to resemble exactly the colour of raw meat; in other places, there are livid stripes of yellow or bright orange; and in some parts all the different colours were ranged side by side in parallel strata; there are portions also with paler tints, and some quite white, but these last seem to be soft, and not good for preserving the sculpture. It is this wonderful variety of colours observable throughout the whole range of mountains, that gives to Petra one of its most characteristic beauties: the façades of the tombs, tastefully as they are sculptured, owe much of their imposing appearance to this infinite diversity of hues in the stone.’

pp. 494, 5.

Such a scene might have furnished the Author of *Rasselas* with a fine model for his happy valley. The Arabian Nights scarcely afford a picture equal in richness to this fantastic city in the rocks,—the monument and mausoleum of a once mighty and now forgotten nation. Thus strikingly is the oracle fulfilled: “Edom shall be a desolation*.”

We find that we must very briefly give the sequel of the journey. The party, in returning, made an excursion from Kerek, for the purpose of examining the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, of which a sketch is given. They searched for the shells mentioned by Seetzen, as proving that there are living creatures in the Lake, but found none, excepting snail-shells and a small spiral species, invariably empty. Dead

* Jer. xlix. 17.

locusts were found in very great numbers, which had not become putrid, nor had they any smell as when cast up by any other sea, being completely penetrated and incrustated with salt; and they had lost their colour. That this Lake is not impassable, however, by living thing, as the ancients fabled, the party had ocular evidence in a pair of Egyptian geese, and afterwards a flight of pigeons, who passed over it. The want of vegetable matter and of fresh water, is a sufficient reason why so few living things are to be seen on the Lake. Lumps of nitre and fine sulphur were picked up on the coast, but these had evidently been brought down from the cliffs. The salt deposited in the shallows and small pools by the receding waters, is in many instances as fine and well bleached as in regular salt-pans. The Travellers were surprised to notice for the first time near the beach, the oskar plant grown to the stature of a tree; its trunk measuring, in some instances, two or more feet in circumference, and the boughs at least fifteen feet high,—a size which far exceeded that of any they saw in Nubia.

‘There is very little doubt,’ says Captain M., ‘of this being the fruit of the Dead Sea, so often noticed by the ancients as appearing juicy and delicious to the eye, while within it is hollow, or filled with something grating and disagreeable in the mouth. The natives make use of the filaments which are enclosed in the fruit, and which somewhat resemble the down of a thistle, as a stuffing for their cushions; and they likewise twist them, like thin rope, into matches for their guns, which, they assured us, required no application of sulphur to render them combustible.’ p. 450.

From Kerek, proceeding in a N. N. E. direction, the Travellers came in two hours to Rabba; (Rabbath Moab, afterwards Areopolis;) the ruins are inconsiderable. A mile and a half further, are the ruins of Beit Kerm, supposed to be Carnaim. The Wady Modjeb is considered to be the ancient Arnon, the boundary of the Moabites and the Amorites. The Baal Meon or Maon of Scripture, still bears the name of Maan. At Oom i Rasass, (Mother of Stones,) they found very extensive ruins, ‘evidently Christian,’ but not otherwise remarkable. At Heshbon, they passed a night, but had not time to search for the pools. They spent nearly a day in examining the ruins of Rabbath Ammon (Philadelphia), now called Amman: these Burckhardt has fully described. After re-visiting Djerash, they returned to Tiberias, and hence proceeded, through Nazareth, to Acre, where they embarked for Constantinople.

The journey through Asia Minor, which they performed in the fall of the same year, occupies the concluding Letter; but we the less regret our inability to spare room for noticing it, as

it adds very little to our information, and is by far the least interesting portion of the volume. This, however, is not the fault of the Writer, to whom, in parting, we beg to offer the tribute of our warmest thanks and applause for his unaffected and intelligent narrative of travels distinguished by no ordinary degree of enterprise, and awakening, from the countries to which they relate, the highest interest. Every opportunity is taken of illustrating the text of Scripture.

We ought now to take up Sir Frederick Henniker, whom we left in the Desert on his way to Mount Sinai; but he must excuse us. Burckhardt and Mr. Fazakerley have told us all the little that is to be said of those parts,—less facetiously indeed, but more accurately. As he draws near to Holy Land, his jokes, moreover, become more annoying, and his flippancy more palpable. He tells us, that the Red Sea is as blue as either the Black Sea or the White Sea, ('as the Mediterranean' is called by the Turks,) and talks learnedly of the large assortment of derivations in Quaresmius; ignorant, apparently, that the appellative of the Sea is a translation of *Edom*, that it is in fact the Idumean Sea. He speaks of the 'honey-dew' now termed manna, as if he imagined it to be the same as that which the Jews subsisted on—whether not recollecting or disbelieving the Mosaic account, which is irreconcilable with such a notion, we presume not to determine. At Jerusalem, he learnedly tells us, that the town was formerly *smaller* than it is at present, because the *hill* of Calvary is now within the town, and there is a burial-place at either end. For the first piece of information, he cites *Chateaubriand*: the last is an original reason of his own, which proves both Josephus and Eusebius to be quite mistaken. He finds fault with the mixed architecture of the Jewish monuments, but thinks there is nothing so disagreeable in these combinations, as in the *deviations* from architecture by Mr. Nash*—in which he may be right. He refers to Quaresmius, Maundrell, and Chateaubriand for the best accounts of Jerusalem; ignorant, apparently, of Pococke's Travels, which contain a description superior to either, and, for sufficiently obvious reasons, *not* referring to Drs. Richardson and Clarke, who have thrown more light on the topography of Jerusalem than all preceding travellers put together. He finds at Lebanon 'a clump of trees,' seven old ones, the largest only 18½ feet in girth, the others appearing like young fir trees. Our readers, on comparing this with the authorities cited above, will determine for themselves whether the Baronet.

* Vide Regent-street, &c. &c.

never was there, or whether ———. Finally, he sums up some grave reflections on the Arabs and ‘that Utopian blessing, liberty,’ with pronouncing happiness to be ideal, and pleasure comparative: ‘every race of man, and every rank of life, have an equal share.’ See the wisdom that is acquired by travelling! Who was the Quarterly Reviewer who lauded this volume, and affected to ridicule Dr. Richardson? We blush for the craft.

Art. II. *Les Hermites en Prison.* Par E. Jouy et A. Jay. Pour faire suite aux Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Français au Commencement du xix^{me} Siècle, par E. Jouy, Membre de l’Institut. Troisième Edition. 2 Tomes. Paris, 1823.

M. JOUY is known to the world of letters by his tragedy of Sylla, and two lighter works, called “L’Hermite de la Chausseè d’Antin,” and “L’Hermite en Provence.” The two volumes now in our hands, to which M. Jay has made a few slender contributions, are a series of prison reflections, written with extreme good humour, and well enough adapted for that class of the reading community who seek neither for new facts nor new remarks in a new book, but require merely that what has been said over and over again, should be hashed up in an agreeable and palatable way. Before we pronounce any opinion concerning the literary merits of the Hermits in Prison, we must be permitted briefly to advert to the circumstances which led to the incarceration of these two gentlemen.

We entertain serious doubts as to the policy of prosecutions for the political offences called libels. The great problem in these cases, is, how to discriminate between writings which are accompanied with honest intentions, and those which have no other object than that of producing discontent, by vilifying and degrading the Government. And it often happens, that it becomes impossible to class them according to their distinct and proper categories. Compositions, of which the actual tendency is seditious, have often proceeded from the purest and most upright intention. Overheated zeal, an irritable, though virtuous temperament of mind, controversial asperity, and many other impulses equally common, may occasionally carry the author beyond the limits which his own good sense and candour first assigned to him, and bring a piece of writing, conceived in a spirit of benevolence, or dictated by a laudable indignation of oppression, within the scope of penal animadversion. The contrary case may also happen. An astute and cold-blooded libeller, with the worst intentions, may proceed so cautiously and covertly, with so nice an adjustment of words,

and so profound a dissimulation of language, as to produce an effect still more detrimental, but with perfect immunity from punishment. Another difficulty is, where to fix the lines of demarcation between honest discussion and criminal licentiousness. The aggrieved party in these questions is the Government itself, which has a natural bias to confound the distinction, and to consider even the fairest discussion as licentious. It is no answer to say, that when the Government prosecutes, the defendant is secured by the legal means of defence, and the institutions by which his civil liberty is protected. The influence necessarily attaching to all governments, must render the scale uneven. When a government, for instance, is unusually and artificially strong,—when, from some change of dynasty, or some recent and bitter experience of the evils incident to a former state of affairs, a violent *re-action* takes place,—when the minds of men are forced out of that sober and dispassionate current of thinking, which flows in peaceful and undisturbed times,—when all who expect advancement, or dread molestation, look to the new order of things, and finding it their interest, teach themselves that it is also their duty to support it,—and when it is at least ten to one, that those who are to be the judges of the obnoxious writing, participate, more or less, in the same passions, or frame the same calculations ;—in such a combination of circumstances, it is likely that the most innocent discussion, or the calmest historical statement, might be selected for prosecution. It might at the same time happen, that the institutions formed for the protection of the accused party, should be wholly inefficient for the purpose.

In England, the trial by jury is an old machine, not at all the worse for wear, but deriving from daily use a facility of operation not known in countries where its introduction is recent. It is adapted to English ideas, to English habits. It has grown up with all the domestic endearments, the private charities, the public affections which endear us to our soil. It is like the oak of our land, of slow growth, but of deep root. The storm of power has sometimes shaken, but nothing can uproot it. Transplanted into France, it has shewn itself to be a sickly shrub, and certainly not a thriving one under French culture. The jury-list is made out by the prefects ; the first accusation proceeds from the gendarmerie or police, and a set of officers belonging to that police ; whilst the last refuge of innocence, the jury themselves, give their verdict, not unanimously, but by the majority of opinions. In France too, even when the jury have pronounced a verdict, and that verdict is an acquittal, innocence is by no means presumed. The crown officers, as in M. Jay's case, have the right of appeal to the

Cour Royale; and, in many instances, as in his, the decision of the jury, though in favour of liberty, *in favore libertatis*, to use the consecrated phrase of our own law, is annulled, and the accused is sentenced to the penalty denounced by the penal code against him.

With regard to the process against libels in France, there is another machinery of a secret but more dangerous kind, a sort of previous inquisition, not recognised by the law, nor permitted by the constitution, but notoriously influencing the proceedings against the accused author. The previous censorship having been repealed, it was thought expedient to substitute a chamber of ministerial police, to effect the same object. This conclave of examiners sit in judgement upon the daily productions of the press; and in its immediate consequences, as well as its ultimate tendency, it is a sort of *index expurgatorius*, like that which exists in countries that are cursed with the Inquisition. From this dark and mysterious council, issue anonymous reports, in which every work that gives offence, is marked, commented on, and criminated. These persons make a merit of pouncing upon a poor author or his work, which probably would never have been read, but for the process which has brought it into notoriety; and they are paid in a ratio to their vigilance and activity. The reports are then sent, under the name and with the seal of the Minister of the Interior, to the law-officer, accompanied with strenuous recommendations to prosecute the offending party to condemnation.

M. Jouy, in conjunction with M. Jay, was the editor of a biographical work which had already reached several volumes. It was called *Biographie des Contemporains*. In the proceedings against M. Jouy, the first report of this secret conclave contains the following expressions. ‘ I have pointed out the seventh volume of this Biography, as containing several passages absolutely seditious. It has circulated four months with impunity, having only been informed against last April. You see then, we are pressed for time, if it is to be laid hold of. Why not do so at once? Why let it circulate, when it may be suppressed? It is a work of falsehood, treason, iniquity, conducted by the most disaffected writers of the age.’ Another report of the same examiner has these remarkable passages. ‘ I have often marked this seditious Biography, the plan of which is invariably to outrage loyalty, and to panegyryze rebellion. It might have been suppressed on the appearance of the first number in November, 1820. We were discouraged, I think, by the fear of a scandalous acquittal, (*absolution scandaleuse*,) these cases then coming before a sort of procedure always uncertain, often erroneous. At present, this inconvenience does

‘ not exist. The law is stronger, and the tribunals are more
 ‘ independent. Why not take advantage of them (*pourquoi*
 ‘ *n’en profiterait-on pas*) to restrain these authors ?’ &c. &c. &c.
 These reports were addressed to the Procureur du Roi by the
 chief of the police, who concludes in these words. ‘ You will
 ‘ no doubt judge it right to order proceedings against the au-
 ‘ thors, who appear to me to be within article 2 of the law of
 ‘ 25 March last.’ These *recommendations* of the chief of the
 police are backed by those of the *Chancellerie*, the first com-
 missary of which thus writes to the Procureur du Roi. ‘ I beg
 ‘ you to give me an account of your having thought it right to
 ‘ proceed against the authors and printers of this work.’ When
 the proceedings commenced, the law officer informs the chief
 of the police of it. The latter thus expresses his gratitude for
 the communication. ‘ I beg you to accept my thanks. I have
 ‘ received your communication *with much interest*: it gives me a
 ‘ new proof of the zealousness of your efforts.’

In spite, however, of the ardour of the police, out of twenty
 passages marked by the examiner, four only were selected
 (from a work which had reached its ninth octavo volume) for
 public prosecution. The chamber of council afterwards re-
 duced them to two. These two articles were parts of biogra-
 phical notices of Boyer Fonfrède, and the two brothers,
 Faucher, shot at Bourdeaux, by the sentence of a military tri-
 bunal, immediately after the first restoration of Louis XVIII.
 M. Jay surrendered himself as the author of the article on
 Fonfrède, M. Jouy as the author of that on the Fauchers. On
 the 29th of January last, judgement was given, and it was thus:
 ‘ In what respects the article Fonfrède, of which Jay admits
 ‘ himself to be the author : Seeing that, in that article, the con-
 ‘ demnation of Louis XVI. is not approved of, that it is even
 ‘ blamed, that, if the blame is not expressed in terms suffi-
 ‘ ciently energetic, it amounts neither to crime nor to misde-
 ‘ meanour :—

‘ As to what concerns the article “ The Fauchers,” of which
 ‘ Jouy admits himself to be the author : Seeing that, in that
 ‘ article, the act of the Fauchers in barricading themselves in
 ‘ their house, and resisting to the last the authorities of the
 ‘ king’s government, in the month of September 1815, is called
 ‘ “ heroic :”—That, in the said article, it is also said, that
 ‘ Rome would have raised statues to their honour in the temple
 ‘ of Castor and Pollux : That, having remarked that the Fau-
 ‘ chers, after their sentence, marched to the place of punish-
 ‘ ment with the same firmness, on the 27th of November 1815,
 ‘ as they would have done in 1793, the article further adds,
 ‘ “ But the times were changed ; *no order to suspend their execu-*
 ‘ *tion* came :”—That these last expressions, without requiring

any interpretation, import a comparison between the terror of 1793 and the government of the king, even to the disadvantage of the latter:—That, for this reason, the said article in the passages above-mentioned, and especially in the last, has a tendency to excite hatred and contempt of the king's government:—

‘ Jay is acquitted.

‘ Jouy condemned to a month's imprisonment, and fifty francs, costs of suit.’

We have given this judicial record at length, to enable our readers to form some opinion of the looseness of French jurisprudence, and their inferiority to ourselves, at least, in the forms of justice,—those forms which a great writer* of their own pronounces to be essential to its administration. But what becomes of M. Jay, who had been acquitted? The judgement is appealed against (a judgement of acquittal!!!) by the Procureur Général, and brought before the *Cour Royale*. M. Jay, formerly a member of the bar, pleaded his own cause; but in vain. The judgement pronounced in his favour by the court below, is reversed, and he is condemned to a month's imprisonment, and 16 francs costs. But in what form is this judgement clothed? Having confirmed the judgement of the court below, in regard to M. Jouy, it thus goes on:—‘ Quant à Jay, attendu que l'article Boyer-Fonfrède, dont il s'est reconnu l'auteur, contient des outrages à la morale publique, la cour le condamne à un mois d'emprisonnement et 16 fr. d'amende.’

M. Jay's pleading is concise and luminous.

‘ I am here,’ he says, ‘ before you, for an article in which the condemnation of Louis XVI. is blamed. I confess, I did not expect to be accused of such an offence,—an offence which I believe has never been denounced, but in the code of the republic. Let me suppose, gentlemen, that I had been accused of the same crime, before the revolutionary tribunal. Would not the circumstance of blaming the deed of the 21st of January, have been deemed a crime, a flagrant act of royalism? How is it then, that I am brought before this court, a *cour royale*, for the very same thing that would have brought me before a tribunal of the Revolution? It is not one of the least among the extraordinary circumstances of the times. It is, however, capable of being explained. Party spirit, under whatever banners it exhibits itself, may be easily known by its intolerance and spirit of persecution. It arrogates the right of penetrating into our consciences, of reading our hearts; a privilege which belongs to God alone, the only accuser without passion, the only judge inaccessible to error. Do not expect, gentlemen, that I shall enter into an elaborate reason-

* Montesquieu.

ing to shew that blame is not approbation. As to my intention, I have already declared it. I sought only to exhibit a great historical lesson;—to shew that the blood of kings rises to heaven, and descends only in calamities upon nations.’

With regard to the article on the Fauchers, for which M. Jouy incurred the penalties of the law, it leads to a train of melancholy forebodings as to the civil condition of a nation who are exposed to rules of law so severe in operation, but so vague in principle. The biographical article which narrated their lives and their deaths, ought to have been allowed the privileges of history. In whatever point of view the innocence or guilt of those general officers might be contemplated by others, their historian must be allowed his own feelings and his own partialities. They were serving during the hundred days in the army of Napoleon, at Bourdeaux, and at a great distance from the theatre of public affairs. The restoration was not announced to them. Parties ran high, and during an interregnum of some hours, the orders of the newly-constituted authorities were resisted by officers who had sworn fidelity, and were in the actual commission of the old ones. They were tried and condemned before a military court, whose sentence admits neither of appeal nor of a jury, and is out of the reach of royal mercy. It was surely permitted to M. Jouy, to lament the procedure. The best panegyric on the regular tribunals of a country, is the reprobation of those occasional courts,—those military commissions, which are alike inconsistent with law and with justice, and which have been always called in France by the phrase *tribunaux d'exception*. The revision of condemnations is one of the prerogatives of history. The narrative of the unhappy Calas, the victim of judicial error, was permitted under the old government of the Bourbons.

‘I myself,’ exclaims M. Dupin, the eloquent advocate of M. Jouy, ‘published, during the usurpation, a discussion of the acts of the commission instituted against the Duke d’Enghien. My book was suppressed, but not prosecuted. But though it was suppressed, the government had at least the modesty, or, if you please, the policy, not to distort it into a crime. How the “times are changed!” How many facts are explained by those words! A man has been condemned and executed at one period, who would have been saved, had he been tried a few days later. A thief is always a thief; a murderer is always a murderer; but, in politics, every thing depends upon the moment—and all the processes now so celebrated, how are they to be accounted for, but by the changes of the times?’

We have been diverted by these considerations from the “*Hermites en Prison*.” M. M. Jouy and Jay solaced themselves during their detention, by composing two volumes of

essays, or rather of meditations, anecdotes of their fellow-prisoners, incidents, some of a melancholy kind, not uncommon in these abodes of misery, others of a humorous cast. The reflections are, as we have already hinted, not very profound, and, to confess the truth, not very amusing. The interior administration of St. Pélagie is an interesting topic, and throws great light upon the police of Paris. The abuses of the prison, its unnecessary rigours, and, above all, the confounding men like M. M. Jouy and Jay with the worst malefactors, cry aloud for redress. In the first volume, a M. Magallon, a literary man imprisoned for a political offence, is introduced. His character is pleasingly sketched. A few days afterwards, just as the Authors were felicitating themselves upon the prospect of soothing the slow hours of their captivity, by the society of so accomplished a companion, M. Magallon receives an order to be removed to Poissy, twenty-one miles from Paris. Remonstrance, the tears, the intreaties of his relations, are of no avail. The order is inexorable. He begs the favour of a carriage, offering himself to defray the expense. The request is refused, and he is literally marched, chained to the hand of a common criminal, who was infected with the itch, along the streets of Paris, and upwards of twenty-one miles, in a debilitated state of body.

The second volume is the best. After some sentimental effusions about women in general, conceived in the French, that is, in the worst possible taste, we were pleased with some feeling remarks upon the female visitors, who came at certain permitted times to assuage the sufferings of their friends and relatives within the gloomy walls of St. Pélagie.

‘It is a sight well worth,’ says M. Jouy, ‘the attention of a friendly observer of women—the *salon* of St. Pélagie, every Friday and Sunday. These are the only days, when persons confined here for *délits correctionnelles*, are allowed to see their relations and their friends.

‘One remark to which this chapter will furnish a commentary is, that the place is on these occasions more frequented by women than by men. I have often protracted my stay there, in order to catch the full length, as well as the detached features of the portraits.

‘Education, social conditions, establish differences between men, which are much less observed among women, and which those two sentiments that are a part of themselves, pity and love, cause entirely to disappear. With the unhappy persons whom they come to console, they are distinguished only in their dress—all seem then to possess in the same degree the delightful art of divining their tastes, of sustaining their courage, of managing their vanity. in one word, of pouring into the wounds of the heart, the balm which their ingenious tenderness can alone administer. These moral cures are

much beyond physical cures, and the material attentions which they bestow not less profusely.

‘ Among the females whom I observed on these occasions, a girl was pointed out to me, who for three years had travelled on foot twice a week from Nantene, and in all weathers, to bring her friend some little tarts made in the country, and of which he was extremely fond. He was scolding her for having come on so wet a day, and I heard with emotion all the little evasions that her heart suggested in order to lessen the merit of her devotion. “ It did not rain when she set out: when it fell, she had the good fortune to meet a market woman, who had given her a lift in a covered cart, and set her down at the boulevard de Madelaine.” While she was framing these little deceits, she was actually wiping off the wet from her clothes, and making a sign to an old man who had come with her, not to betray her.

‘ Upon another bench, I saw a woman, still beautiful, though in the decline of life, who pressed her son to her bosom with a mingled expression of grief and tenderness which it is impossible to describe. Her husband was turning away his eyes with contempt and anger from a son for whom he had cause to blush, while the affectionate mother took advantage of the moment, to slip into the hands of the young man a little purse, which she drew from her breast.

‘ I know not by what sign, I recognised the delicate tints of the same sentiment in the faces of all the women on this occasion—mother, daughter, wife, friend, or mistress, I could distinguish them at a glance.

* * * * *

‘ Maternal tenderness, filial piety, love, benevolence, and friendship are virtues of which the women that are to be seen at this place, would present innumerable examples; but there are also those of patriotism, courage, honour, (in the chivalrous acceptation of the word,) carried by women to the highest pitch of heroism. I will cite one only, with which my residence at St. Pélagie made me acquainted: the letter of Madame * * * will excuse any further explanation.

‘ “ You know how dear you are to me;—my cares have saved your life. But you are accused of being the primary agent in the matter which is now the subject of inquiry in the chamber of peers. Surrender then yourself prisoner,—you have no other means of vindicating yourself from a disgraceful imputation. Your judges are men, and your innocence as to the act of conspiracy is far from making me easy about your safety. You may lose your life; but, if I know you, you will not put it into competition with the loss of your honour, of mine, and that of our children.”

‘ The hopes of this noble and courageous woman were crowned. Her husband came back, and was tried. The suspicions that had fallen upon him, were irrevocably removed; and the sentence which deprives him at present of his liberty, leaves him, in the esteem and tender affection of his wife, an ample recompense for all that he has lost.’ Tom. II. pp. 9—15.

St. Pélagie is also a prison for debtors. Among these, are twenty officers, (of whom seven are colonels,) marquisses, counts, and barons without number, ecclesiastics, men of letters, musicians, painters, water-carriers, and coal-men. It is very rare at St. Pélagie, to see a merchant. Some judicious remarks occur upon the impolicy and cruelty of imprisonment for debt, that stain of an enlightened age—a system twice accursed, in the ill that it inflicts on the prisoner, and the loss that is ultimately sustained by the creditor, who, in gratifying his vindictive feelings, often puts it for ever out of the power of his debtor to repay him. For a Frenchman, the utmost term of imprisonment is five years. With regard to foreigners, it is unlimited. A Major Swann of the United States, entered St. Pélagie at forty-five;—he is there still at sixty. Those who are without any other means of support, live upon the allowance deposited every month by the creditors. This sum is fixed at twenty francs. In the time of Henri IV., when this stipend was fixed, the basis of it was the silver mark, then worth twenty francs; it is now worth fifty-two; the nominal sum, however, still continues. This is a great grievance. The difference of the value of money, the ten francs per month which every prisoner must pay for his gaol allowance, will leave but little to an unfortunate workman, who has often a wife and several children to maintain.

As a specimen of Mr. Jouy's mode of writing, we shall present another extract, which will serve as a sample of the greater part of the two volumes.

‘ It is worthy of remark, that History, under different names, and at the distance of two centuries, should produce exactly the same event; and it is honourable to the female character, that this event should be an example of conjugal heroism. An old chronicle thus records the devotion of the wife of Grotius.

‘ The celebrated Grotius was delivered from gaol and from misery, by the skill and diligence of Marie de Regelsburg, his lawful wife. She had observed, on the occasion of a large trunk, which went backward and forward from Louvenstein to Gorcum, and from Gorcum to Louvenstein, that the gaolers had left off the constant habit of opening, of inspecting, and cramming their hands into it as they did at first. Upon which, she conceives the plan of causing her husband to get into the said trunk, after having very dexterously bored and pierced holes in its side, in order that he might put his head that way, and breath the air from without. Grotius lent a hand to this stratagem, put himself into the chest, and was carried, without being stopped, to Gorcum, to a friend's house, who received and concealed him for some time; then he went to Anvers, and passed along without any difficulty, with a carpenter's rule in his hands, and dressed like a mechanic in that business.

‘ In the mean while, his wife gave out that her husband was very ill, and that she was tending him in prison, and kept up the farce till it was too late to overtake him. Then she began to tell the keepers, laughing at them,—“ Look there, the bird has flown from his cage.” Great hubbub among the judges, who were at first for proceeding criminally against her ;—many were for keeping her in prison for ever in the place of her husband, but, by the plurality of voices, this noble heroine was acquitted, and she was praised by the whole world.

‘ Can we not imagine that we are reading the story of Madame de Lavalette ? But it is with less interest ; for, in the case of Grotius, it was merely an abridgement of the term of his imprisonment, whereas the scaffold of M. de Lavalette was ready. If these two adventures resemble each other in the main, how much do they vary in their results ! When Madame de Lavalette saw her husband again, the effort of her courage had destroyed her reason, and her estranged intellect did not even permit her the consolation of recognising the object of her heroic devotion.

‘ A part of the history of Europe is buried in its prisons. The work is a desideratum,—it would be highly interesting. The reigns of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., are almost to be traced entire in the annals of the Bastile.

‘ Henri IV. was content with depositing the public treasure there. In 1790, a complete copy of the Encyclopædia, which had been put into confinement about twenty-five years before, was found in the dungeons of the Bastile.

‘ The duke de Guise became master of Paris in 1558, took possession of the Bastile, and named Bussy-le-Clerc governor of that state prison : this Bussy, procureur to the parliament, himself conducted to the Bastile, all the members of that illustrious body, which refused to release the French, in favor of Guise, from their oath of allegiance to Henry III. Presidents and counsellors were put upon bread and water. One week of this discipline exhausted their constancy and their fidelity.

‘ It is well known, that there were at Bicêtre, before the Revolution, four dark dungeons, infectious, damp, six feet long, and four feet broad, true caverns of death, which the air penetrated so slowly through oblique openings, that the light of torches were extinguished. Sixty pounds weight of fetters were put on every wretch that they let down into these living sepulchres. Upon his accession to the administration, M. Necker set at liberty the only prisoner who had ever survived this dreadful punishment two years. The minister was present when he was liberated. As he regained the surface of the earth, he tottered like a drunken man at every step ; and M. Necker expressed his suspicion that it was actually the case with this unhappy man. “ Alas, Sir,” exclaimed he, “ for two years I have drunk nothing but fetid water ; it is the fresh air that intoxicates me.”

‘ The pacific Cardinal de Fleury, in the single matter of the Bull Unigenitus, signed 30,000 lettres de cachet.

‘ How many dishonourable fathers who had themselves led the

* Sophocles was carried before a tribunal by his children. Aristides and Themistocles were banished. Phocion and Socrates drank hemlock: the memory of the latter (Socrates) was insulted by Cicero himself, who treats him as a usurer in one of his familiar letters, for having given orders to buy up in an under-hand way, the goods of his friend the native of Crotona.'

We will say nothing of the school-boy prattle about Sophocles, Aristides, and Themistocles. That Cicero would have insulted the memory of Socrates, we deem wholly impossible. We are ignorant of the sources whence M. Jouy has derived the fact; certainly not from any of the letters of Cicero, with which we profess ourselves not wholly unacquainted. The fact is, that the memory of the Grecian sage was held almost in idolatrous veneration by Cicero, and that we can scarcely open one of his philosophical treatises, without meeting with the panegyric of Socrates in language usually appropriated to superior natures. We suspect that M. Jouy's knowledge of Latin is small, that of Greek he knows still less, and that with whatever portion of either he may be tinctured, it is of recent acquisition. As to those who have begun their course of classical reading at an advanced period of life, we will remind M. Jouy of the exclamation of Cicero himself: '*Quid mirum autem homines scis, quam insolentes sint.*'*

* Cic. ad Famil. i. ix. 20.

The other blunder is one into which their natural vivacity is too apt to betray French writers, when they trust themselves with remarks on the laws, or constitution, or manners of Great Britain. It should seem as if the dense fogs that overcloud our island, had bedimmed every English institution and every English custom to the vision of a Frenchman. We will translate the passage. It is put into the mouth of an Englishman, who is debating the subject of their different forms of government, with a citizen of the United States.

‘Perhaps,’ says the Englishman, ‘facts will be thrown in my teeth, which give the lie every day to the boasted rights of which we are so proud. I shall be asked, where is the liberty of the country *where two or three families* manage the government; where all the prejudices, *all the abuses of aristocracy* are combined; where the sovereignty of the people *is confined to the saturnalia of the hustings*; where the citizen who happens to be taking his walk on the banks of the Thames, may be pressed by a few *drunken* sailors, and, by the *order of a subaltern clerk of the admiralty*, embarked in a vessel which carries him to the other extremity of the globe, to the tune of Rule Britannia. I shall be asked, where is the liberty of a country where even the habeas corpus does not prevent a person *from being thrown into prison for a debt of five shillings*. A number of similar questions might be put to me. Instead of answering them, I should say, that we are free in every other respect; free *to knock down a ministerial candidate, to box with an English peer in the street, to sell our wives in the public market, and to break the glasses of the King’s carriage on his way to the House of Lords.*’

We have put these choice specimens of knowledge, candour, and good breeding into Italics. They need not a formal refutation. Yet, it is such nonsense as this, that the hackney writers of Paris administer to their customers, and it is with such absurdities, that the literary appetite of Paris is content to be fed.

Art. III. *Outlines of Oryctology*. An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains; especially those found in the British Strata; intended to aid the Student in his Enquiries respecting the Nature of Fossils, and their Connection with the Formation of the Earth. With Illustrative Plates. By James Parkinson, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, M.G.S. and W.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 346. (With ten Plates.) Price 12s. London. 1822.

THAT our globe has, at some period of remote antiquity, suffered extensive changes and revolutions, there cannot arise the slightest doubt, independently altogether of the unquestionable record of the Deluge, The nature of these

changes, however, and the manner in which they have been produced, can be inferred only from the monuments which the more indestructible parts of the Earth still exhibit ; and these present to the naturalist and the antiquary the most interesting objects of research and contemplation. They connect the most minute observations with the most sublime and extended conceptions of the duration, magnitude, and infinite diversity of the works of creation, and place before us the infancy, if not the origin of our planet. The pursuit of this branch of philosophy, particularly in its relations to the history of the Creation and of the Deluge, may, perhaps, incline us to view it with too much partiality ; but we cannot look upon any department of human research as more interesting : there is no one that teems with more curious facts, more pleasing details, or more unexpected conclusions. On this, as on other branches of Natural History, much ridicule has been thrown by those who devote themselves to pursuits deemed more intellectual ; yet surely, the Antiquities of the Globe itself, are at least of as much importance as those of any of the particular nations who have inhabited its surface. In the ruins of Pompeii or of Gerasa, we may discover monuments of the power and grandeur of the Romans, and acquire some knowledge of their manner of life ; but, in the fossil remains of the quarries of Paris, the London basin, and the banks of the Ohio, we behold the diversified plans of the Creator of the world, and learn, where we cannot comprehend, to worship and adore Him.

In tracing the hand of God in those monuments which now remain of a former order of things, two methods have been adopted by naturalists. The one is, to follow, according to their relative antiquity, the arrangement of the rocks which compose the crust of the globe, and to consider the various organic remains which they contain. The want of sufficient data is an insuperable objection to this arrangement, although it is in other respects the most eligible. The only good classification of rocks that has been made with this view, is that of Werner, but it is by no means so free from exception as to warrant its general adoption. The other method is, to arrange organic remains according to the classes and orders of animals and vegetables from which they seem to have sprung ; the arrangement which Mr. Parkinson has adopted both in the work before us, and in his former splendid work, "*The Organic Remains of a Former World*." To humour the natural propensity which the mind has to ascend, rather than to descend in a scale, he begins with vegetable remains, and thence proceeds to consider the remains of zoophytes, and the more perfect animals in their order. In this course we shall follow

him, by abstracting and condensing the most interesting facts which he has collected.

The remains of vegetables are, perhaps, with the exception of shells and zoophytes, the most numerous and extensive; specimens occurring of all the different natural orders, from the most delicate moss to the largest tree, and of almost every degree of hardness which rocks are found to possess. As the species cannot, however, owing to the usual state of the parts, be classed according to any Botanical System, we may obtain clearer notions of this part of the subject, by considering them, as is partially done by Mr. Parkinson, in a mineralogical point of view, according to the substances into which they are found converted.

Mr. Parkinson characterizes the first stage of vegetable mineralization, by the term *Bituminous*. Wood, moss, and other vegetable productions, are changed into this state, not, apparently, by being penetrated with any thing like a petrifying solution, nor by being exposed to subterranean fire or heat, but by the presence of moisture, the exclusion of air, and their being compressed by superincumbent materials. Pressure alone, indeed, is adequate to the conversion of such productions into a substance of very great hardness; for, by artificial pressure, sphagna, byssi, and other soft mosses, have been brought to take a tolerable polish like the hard woods and marble. But when the change arising from pressure is modified by the presence of moisture and the exclusion of air, vegetable substances acquire very peculiar properties. They commonly preserve their original texture and appearance so perfectly that the particular tree or plant can be recognised. Even trees of great diameter are often changed to their very centre, while their leaves and the most delicate parts which are so changed, often preserve their texture uninjured. They are then found to resist the further action of water, and, when applied to useful purposes, to be almost impenetrable to it; but the water that may chance to be lodged among their minute interstices, they tenaciously retain. The bark is frequently unchanged, and, in the case of birch and some other trees, preserves its colour and glossy, varnished appearance. They are in general very unfriendly to animal life, and are therefore indestructible by insects.

Wood and other vegetable productions in the different stages of bituminization, are found in peat-bogs, and at Bovey, Ballycastle, the Cape of Good Hope, and many other places. This is the Bovey coal of this country, and the *Suturbrand* of Iceland,

‘ This fossil wood,’ says Mr. Parkinson, ‘ may be said to pass into

jet, which is found, especially in the neighbourhood of Whitby, in Yorkshire, in a state very nearly approximating to that of Bovey coal. . . . Jet is found in other situations, in a different form; resembling, in its shape and the markings of its surface, parts of the branches and trunks of trees, but rarely possessing, internally, any marks of vegetable origin; a circumstance easily accounted for, if its previous softening be admitted.' p. 7.

The evidence for this transition, given by M. M. Chaptal and Fourcroy, though omitted by our Author, is still more decisive. The latter mentions a specimen in which the one end was obviously wood but little changed, and the other pure jet. The former transmitted to the cabinet of Languedoc, several specimens which were ligneous externally, and perfect jet in the internal parts, distinctly exhibiting the transition of the one into the other. According to Chaptal also, there have been dug up at Montpellier, whole cart-loads of trees converted into jet; their original forms being so distinctly preserved, that he could often detect the species to which they belonged. He instances a walnut-tree completely converted into jet, found at Vachey, and a specimen of a beech similarly changed, from Bosrup in Scania. The same distinguished Author found a wooden pail, and also a wooden shovel, converted into pure jet. It would shew, we think, a very sceptical spirit, to hesitate in our decision, after such proofs, resting on the testimony of men so eminent in science.

The next class are those vegetable substances which may be more correctly said to be petrified, than the bituminated sorts. The stony materials which are most usually found to constitute petrifications of this description, are flint, lime, and bituminous earth, of which the flint is by far the most common. There is often a new transmutation, or change of substance, in the fossil vegetable; but sometimes there is only an earthy impregnation. The stony matter, especially in flint, is commonly diffused through every part of the petrified mass, and seems to be ultimately united with their integral molecules. It has been principally formed in minute crystallizations, which, by mutual and regular apposition, have gradually formed a concrete substance;—a process plainly indicated by most of the specimens of this kind having an investiture or crust of extremely minute crystals, which are sometimes even visible on each fascicle of the fibres, and on the sides of interstices and cavities. Of wood so petrified, there seem to be two sorts, namely, that which has, and that which has not, undergone bituminous fermentation. The latter is usually in the state of rotten wood as to its texture, but its specific gravity soon undeceives those who suppose it to be wood of this kind.

That sort of petrified wood which partakes of the nature of Chalcedony, Jasper, Opal, or Pitchstone, has commonly a conchoidal fracture, a dark bituminous colour within, although whitish externally, and gives sparks when struck with steel. The fibres are penetrated with the flinty matter, but no bituminous substance is found intermixed with the flint, or having a tendency to colour it; and when the silex has got to the surface, or into a cavity, it often assumes a mammillated form, and becomes transparent. It is often bestudded with fine, small quartz crystals: some specimens seem to have been attacked by the teredo, and have the small holes filled with transparent flinty matter. Another sort is marked with coloured delineations, like the compound pebbles called agates; this kind is usually more transparent than the former, and has a more vitreous lustre. Mr. Parkinson is of opinion, that all jasperine minerals, if they do not originate from vegetable materials, are closely connected with them. In some of them, we have distinctly seen the rings marking the annual growth of the original tree, and even the delicate wavings of the fibrille around what seems to have been a knot, or the off-going of a branch.

A not less interesting species of petrified vegetable productions than the flinty, is the calcareous. The formation of the latter, however, it is not so difficult to understand and explain. It is often carried on almost under the eye of the observer, in the case of the numerous calcareous springs, which, by depositing their lime, form incrustations on every thing they meet in their course. This process takes place to a great extent, at Matlock in Derbyshire, and at Tivoli in the vicinity of Rome: the waters at the latter place deposit lime and stone tuba so copiously, as to afford abundant materials for architectural purposes. It consequently happens, that whatever substances come in the way of these copious precipitates, are enclosed in the mass, and, if their texture will admit, are penetrated with it in all directions. The inhabitants of Matlock, as is well known, take advantage of this, to procure curious petrifications of birds-nests with their eggs, wigs, besoms, and other things calculated to excite wonder by their conversion into stone by calcareous incrustation. In Italy and Peru, it has been turned to account in the making of busts, casts, and impressions of medals. It is worthy of remark, that, while the lower part of a stem of moss has been thus incrustated, the upper part sometimes has continued to vegetate, in the same way as mosses grow in peat bogs after their roots have perished. Botanists account for this from the singular nature of mosses, which grow

from points in a great degree insulated with respect to the root.

The mineralization of vegetable substances by the metals, is a circumstance of frequent occurrence, and seems to take place much in the same way as the petrifications already mentioned; namely, by the vegetable substance being penetrated with the metallic, either in a mechanical or a chemical manner. The first of these which merit our attention, have been called *pyrites*, from their often taking fire spontaneously when they come into contact with moisture. The woods which are properly denominated pyritical, have commonly a splendid metallic appearance, and are of a high specific gravity, while traces of their original texture are sometimes very obvious. Even the annual rings of the wood are occasionally found beautifully bestudded with the pyrites, whose surfaces often shew a fine play of iridescent colours.

‘ In some specimens, in which the general appearance is that of bituminous wood, the metallic impregnation can only be detected by the weight of the fossil, and the blue or green hue on its surface. Cupreous wood in this state forms very beautiful specimens, displaying, not only on its surface, but in its substance, mingled with the charred wood, the most vivid blue and green colours, with patches of the carbonate in the state of malachite. The finest specimens of cupreous wood are obtained from the copper mines of Siberia.’ p. 29.

In some specimens of a similar sort, the species of the tree so changed is often easily recognised. The birch and beech have been mentioned, of which the first often preserves its delicate white cuticle with its original texture. In some cases, the structure of rotten wood is very distinct, and also the different parts of the trees, as the stem, branches, twigs, leaves, and roots. The grassy turf of the soil also, with all the vegetable *cruxia* which may be scattered upon it, are, on exposure to mineral springs, commonly rendered metallic. In Mexico, wood tin occurs, along with mammillated chalcedony. When it is recollected, that even in our herbaria, when every attention has been paid to the preservation of specimens, the ascertaining of distinctive characters is often a matter of considerable difficulty, it may be easily imagined, that it will be a still harder task in those which have been converted into stony and metallic substances. Yet, the distinctive characters of species are often to be recognised in fossil vegetables; and mineralized wood has been found, which proved to be beech, ash, willow, walnut, hazel, birch, pine, and many other kinds. The conjectures of fancy have been very fertile in discovering

petrified remains of wood fashioned by the hand of man. It has been asserted, for instance, that the pieces of wood got from the Thames, are stakes which were driven into its bed by the Romans; when the fact is, that a stratum of piles quite similar is found to extend over a considerable part of the adjacent fields. Some classes and genera of vegetables appear to be more easily converted into stone than others. Thus we are told by Mr. Wallis in his History of Northumberland, that the mosses and liverworts of a petrifying brook become stony, while the primroses and geraniums are quite untouched, and receive from it no foreign investiture or incrustation.

It is a curious fact with regard to the vegetable remains, or rather the impressions of vegetables, which are found in schistus, that when the *laminae*, or the nodules containing them, have been split, the two plates of the stone display the same side of the leaf.

‘The explanation of this curious circumstance, which long puzzled the oryctologists, is found in the vegetable matter, during its passing through the bituminous change, having become softened, and having filled its own mould with its melted and softened substance; the nodule, on being broken, shewing on one side the surface of the adherent bituminous cast, and, on the other, the correspondent mould.’ p. 10.

The zoophytes are the first species of living beings which are met with in rocks, when arranged according to their supposed relative antiquity. It is said, that, in the primitive rocks of Werner, no such remains exist, but that they begin to appear in transition rocks. However this may be, they are found in the newest depositions, even in alluvial soil: for example, in the Isle of Bute, considerably above the sea-mark, Professor Jameson found a small bed consisting chiefly of the *millepora polymorpha*. Among the least perfect of the zoophytes, Mr. Parkinson places the genus sponge, concerning the nature of which many conjectures have been offered. In a note, he introduces the following interesting notice of this subject.

‘Sir Humphrey Davy had procured iodine from several of the fuci and ulvæ, but not from the alkaline matter, manufactured at Sicily, Spain, and the Roman States; nor did he find that the ashes of coral or of sponge appeared to contain it. From various experiments, Dr. Fyfe was enabled to conclude, that iodine was confined not only to the class cryptogamia, but to the marine productions of this class. Sponge being, however, considered to belong to the animal world, forms an apparent objection to this conclusion. But it must be remembered, that Linnæus was inclined to regard sponge as a vegetable substance, and to place it in the class cryptogamia, subdivision

algæ aquaticæ; but was doubtful of the correctness of this arrangement. "May not the fact," Dr. Fyfe observes, "that sponge contains iodine, be an argument in favour of the opinion of Linnæus, that this substance properly belongs to the vegetable world, class *cryptogamia*, from the plants of which iodine is obtained?"' p. 36.
note.

A still more recent investigation, however, has discovered iodine in medusæ and the polypi known by the name of animal flowers; which is, we think, quite conclusive, so far as this argument goes, that sponge is *not* a vegetable, but an animal substance.

A singular circumstance was observed by Mr. Parkinson in a tubiporite limestone which he procured from Mendip; namely, the tubes were filled with flint, which took a polish. Does this give countenance to the conversion of animal remains of a calcareous kind into flint, as maintained by Linnæus and others? We believe that, in the present state of our knowledge, it is wholly inexplicable. Fossil tubiporæ indeed, like other organic remains, are seldom, perhaps never found in a recent state; and some of them are very unlike any thing which our seas now exhibit. Of this we have a fine example in the *catenulata* or chain-coral, the small tubes of which, when a horizontal section of them is made, appear in beautiful waved lines formed by the extremities of the tubes like the links of a chain: these wavings frequently approaching or coming into contact with one another, and then receding again, resemble very much the connected mesh-work of a net, or a retiform plexus of lymphatic vessels. In other tubiporites, there is a curious communication of the pipes by smaller tubes radiating from the larger ones, and passing through their contiguous plates of junction.

Some of the *madreporites* are flattened so as to indicate that they had suffered external compression; but the hardness of their recent encasement previous to any thing like petrification, precludes that supposition. A few rare specimens are composed of transparent sparry limestone, and some have figures which the imagination easily construes into the horns of goats and other animals, the remains of fungi and plants of that sort. These circumstances render a scientific arrangement of them a work of great difficulty, as the labours of their minute architects seem at times to have been modelled by whim and caprice, more than by any instinctive or circumstantial plan of operations. We cannot, however, judge accurately of this, on account of our deficient knowledge of the circumstances which might expedite or retard their work, and make them change their vertical direction to a sloping or

a horizontal one. When we consider the singular wavings and convolutions of the starry tubes in the chain-coral and in the brain-stone, we shall not be surprised at the near resemblance which another species has to a honey-comb; an appearance which has given rise to the descriptions we find in the older authors, of petrified honey-combs. In a specimen of this kind from Mendip, Mr. Parkinson found it completely converted into calcareous spar. Not the least remarkable of these madreporites, is that found in Wales, with columnar tubuli, having five, six, or seven angles, and exhibiting a fine miniature representation of the columnar basalt of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, when viewed in an upright position; but, when a transverse section is made and polished, the tops of those columnas appear like the webs of the field spider, being striated like the threads of those webs, both in radii and concentric circles.

But none of these 'medals of a former world,' as Bergman happily designates fossil remains, are nearly so singular and extraordinary as those which have been called Encrinites and Pentacrinites, upon the history of which, Mr. Miller has recently published a scientific and splendid work. In these animals, nature seems to have concentrated so many wonders, that we are compelled to gaze on them with admiration, while the mind is overpowered on contemplating the diversified forms which animated life has assumed. The trunks and limbs of these zoophytes are formed of osseous pieces whose surfaces of articulation with one another are marked with the resemblance of flowers or stars. When these bony pieces are examined with a magnifier, it appears obvious, that their mutual articulation arises from the reception of the striated eminences of the one, into corresponding depressions in the other. These markings have been erroneously asserted by Rosinus, to continue throughout the substance of the tubes; for, on rubbing them down, few of the markings can be traced beyond the surface; but the surfaces often approximate so near to each other, that one may be mistaken for another. The lily encrinite, or stone lily, may be selected in order to give a general idea of these extraordinary fossils.

The genus to which the stone lily belongs, is characterized by pentagonal, cylindrical, or oval vertebræ, with radiated articulating surfaces, composing a trunk which supports a pelvis, whence proceed five arms terminating in fingers and numerous tentacula. The lily encrinite has its arms terminating in a band with two fingers furnished with numerous tentacula, the whole folding up in the form of a closed lily. The number of the bones in this fossil zoophyte almost exceed belief. Mr.

Parkinson enumerates 26,680; namely, the bones of the pelvis, 20; six bones in each of the ten arms, 60; forty in each of the twenty fingers, 800; thirty tentacula proceeding from each of the six bones in each of the ten arms, 1800; thirty tentacula from each of the 800 bones of the fingers, 24,000. In all these ossiculæ, Rosinus detected foramina or sinuses fitted for the reception of nerves or vessels, and all of them are nearly tubular, through which perhaps muscles might pass. Be this as it may, the animal must have been capable of a very varied motion in many directions; and provision is wisely made at the articulations, to prevent dislocation. The remains of this order of zoophytes are very numerous in many places, and are always contained in limestone, but commonly in a very shattered and mutilated state. Besides the stone lily, there are numerous other species, most of which are found in England. By far the best account of them is to be found in Miller's Natural History of the Crinoidea, lately published. Mr. Miller has given a new arrangement of the genera and species, part of which Mr. Parkinson has inserted.

Our limits will not admit of our following the Author through his observations on the higher species of fossil remains. Those of birds and insects are very rare; fossil fish are much more numerous. Among the quadrupeds, the *sauri* (lizard order) are very frequently occurring. On the recognised law laid down by Geologists, that few or none of the fossil species have any recent analogue, it might have been inferred, that no remains of man would be found petrified or embedded in rocks or strata. The bones formerly talked of as those of giants, are, by the more accurate researches of modern anatomy, found to belong to the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the elephant, &c. of the antediluvian world.

There are only two genuine human fossils at present known to exist, both from the Island of Guadaloupe. The one is in the British Museum, and is thought to be that of a female. The other has been received at Paris within the last few months. At the Peace, M. Donzelot, the Governor, was directed by the French Minister of the Marine to send this interesting fossil, which is, according to the description of Cuvier, more perfect than the one in the British Museum. It wants the cranium, but the greater part of the upper jaw, with some teeth, is preserved. The rest of the skeleton is in a bent position,—almost that of a semi-circle. It was quite hidden in the calcareous stone; but the bones had suffered no change, possessing their gelatinous animal matter and their inflammability. The stone contains besides, well preserved specimens of both sea and

and shells still common in the island, a fact which proves that the skeleton is recent.

The fossil bones found in caverns, form a distinct class of phenomena. The discovery of a den of hyenas at Kirkdale near Kirby Moorside in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1821, has given rise to a controversy between Professor Buckland and Mr. Penn, to which we shall probably have occasion to advert in a future Number. The present work keeps clear of theoretic speculation, the Author's object being to furnish a useful vade-mecum for the student who is desirous of being able to detect the specific character of fossil substances, and to arrange them under their appropriate genera. Mr. Parkinson concludes his interesting little work with the following most appropriate and pious reflections :

‘ We cannot quit these monuments of former worlds without alluding to the incontrovertible evidence they present, of the exercise of Almighty Power and of the perpetual influence of a Divine Providence. The world is seen, in its formation and continuance, constantly under the Providence of Almighty God, without whose knowledge not one sparrow falls to the ground.

‘ Under these impressions, we view the results of these several changes and creations as manifesting the prescience, the power, and the benevolence of our great Creator. The general form of the earth's surface, varied by the distribution of hills and valleys, and of land and water ; the prodigious accumulations of coal derived from the vegetables of a former creation, with the accompanying slates and schists ; the useful, durable, and often beautiful, encrinital and shelly limestones ; the immense formations of chalk and flint, and the various series of clays ; all demonstrate a careful provision for the wants of man. The several breaks and faults in the stratified masses, and the various inclinations of the strata, as well as the vast abruptions by which these several substances are brought to the hand of man, may be regarded as most beneficent provisions resulting from catastrophes too vast and tremendous for human intellect to comprehend.

‘ From these several creations, it appears that beings have proceeded, gradually increasing in superiority, from testaceous animals to reptiles, marine and fresh water amphibia, quadrupeds, and lastly to man, who, in his turn, is destined, with the earth he inhabits, to pass away, and be succeeded by a new heaven and a new earth.’

pp. 335—7.

Art IV. *Lectures on the Pleasures of Religion.* By H. F. Burder, M. A. 8vo. pp. 253. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1823.

IT affords us pleasure to find that the very judicious Author of these Lectures is able, amid his numerous official en-

gements, so frequently, and with so much credit to himself, to occupy the attention of the reading public. Circumstanced as he is, this bespeaks a diligence in every way commendable. The series of subjects which the present volume embraces, is at once well selected and well arranged. The title of the work reminds us of the venerable Matthew Henry, whose former sphere the Author now fills, and who, it will be remembered, wrote a very useful treatise on the pleasures of a religious life. The dedication of the volume to the young of his flock sufficiently marks the Author's views of his own performance; and seldom has it fallen to our lot to peruse a work, in which there was more to arrest the attention, and to improve the character of the rising generation. We speak not at random when we affirm, that we have not seen, as yet, a volume directly on the subject of religion, more likely than the present, to waken in the bosom of an intelligent and ingenuous youth a decidedly Christian feeling. Mr. Burder has furnished a portraiture of the happiness which results from the service of Christ, for which we tender him our sincere thanks, and for which, we doubt not, thousands will be grateful. There is no attempt in these Lectures, to catch, by unfair means, the popular feeling of the moment; all is solid and scriptural, and in a high degree indicative of the "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." We could wish to the full amount of our influence, to hold up Mr. Burder's habit of preaching *in a series*, to the imitation of the rising ministry; and we cannot but persuade ourselves that his example will be regarded and followed in that useful seminary where, for so many years, his labours as a tutor have been enjoyed. We like this relic of a nonconforming age, and shall rejoice to find a taste so wholesome, superseding the crudities of a less connected, and therefore less useful mode of instruction. We cannot conceive of these lectures being heard with inattention. They carry their own power of impression along with them; and, although it is with God alone permanently to change the heart, yet, if we are not much mistaken, such discourses as these—so full of perspicuous instruction, lively illustration, and affectionate appeal, were not heard from the pulpit either with listlessness or indifference. The chief characteristics of Mr. Burder's theological system are,—a uniform and zealous recognition of what, for distinction's sake, may be called the doctrines of grace; a very copious reference to the agency of the Holy Ghost, in all his promised manifestations; a running, and we were going to say irresistible appeal to the conscience; and withal, a simplicity in the

whole of his views of Christian truth, seldom equalled, and perhaps in modern times never surpassed.

With regard to the manner in which these Lectures are written, it is but justice to state, that the arrangement is clear, natural, and to every useful extent, analytical; that the style is chaste, devotional, and always appropriate to the subject; and that there is a completeness in each discourse, separately considered, which, while it does not destroy the series, leaves upon the mind the impression of an unbroken unity of design in the production.

The volume consists of twelve Lectures, ranged under the following titles. I. The pleasures which constitute true happiness. II. The pleasures of a good conscience. III. The pleasures of an enlightened intellect. IV. The pleasures arising from the exercise of the affections in religion. V. The pleasures of obedience to the will of God. VI. The pleasures of prayer and of praise. VII. The pleasures of the Sabbath. VIII. The pleasures arising from the doctrine of Divine Providence. IX. The pleasures of hope. X. The pleasures of doing good. XI. The pleasures of the heavenly state. XII. The pleasures of early piety.

We are at a loss, after a very careful perusal, to determine from what part of this volume to furnish a sample to the public. This difficulty does not arise from any inequality of thought and expression pervading these Lectures, but, on the contrary, from the uniformity of its character, and the intimate connexion of one part with another. Under these circumstances, however, we feel that we have one advantage with the public, that of not being able to select a single paragraph in these Lectures, which, by any fair interpretation, can be viewed as an unduly favourable representation of the Author's talents for the illustration and enforcement of scriptural truth.

The first Lecture, which contains an enumeration of the pleasures which constitute true happiness, is very comprehensive in its plan, and very impressive in its various illustrations. It is founded on Isaiah IV. 2. The Preacher states with emphasis his belief in the attainableness of happiness even in the present state, and represents it as springing from four sources. First, *'the removal of evils which are incompatible with happiness,'*—the curse attaching to guilt, and the incapacity for true enjoyment which arises from a depraved heart. Secondly, *the pursuit of the greatest good which we can attain or desire;*—including the favour of God on earth, and the enjoyment of him in heaven. Thirdly, *the temperate enjoyment of the inferior pleasures provided for man in his present state of existence.* Here

the Author contemplates man in a threefold light, as a sensitive, an intellectual, and a social being, and points out the limits of the gratifications appropriate to him in each character, separately considered. Fourthly, *the cultivation of those habits which are most conducive to enjoyment*; such as thankfulness—cheerfulness—contentment—the spirit of dependence—the spirit of activity—and the spirit of benevolence. On the last of these, Mr. B. observes :

‘ If a man can find no enjoyment except when directly engaged in seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must be necessarily limited, as well as selfish. But if, with the love of God and the love of man reigning in his heart, he take delight in rendering others happy, his sources of pleasure must be abundant and perpetual. To cultivate a spirit of benevolence is at once then our interest and our duty. “ Look not every man on his own things,” says the benevolent apostle, “ but every man also on the things of others.—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.” Remember the exigencies of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted, and of the ignorant ; and connect with their miseries, their claims ; their claims on your commiseration, your time, and your property. Think how many of your fellow-creatures, with natural susceptibilities of delight not inferior to your own, are altogether strangers to your happiness, and destitute of the moral and divinely prescribed means of discovering the way to its attainment ! Are not myriads perishing for lack of knowledge ? Are you not in possession of the treasures of Divine truth, by which they may become “ wise unto salvation,” and happy through an unchanging eternity ? Remember that “ he who winneth souls” to the paths of peace and glory, is, by the highest authority, “ wise ;” he is wise in seeking for himself and for others the happiness of immortality ; for they who are thus wise “ shall hereafter shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.” ’ p. 22.

The second discourse relates to the pleasures of a good conscience, which Mr. Burder considers as consisting in *the relief enjoyed ; the communications received ; the habits induced ; the testimony obtained* ; which testimony he considers as inspiring the most delightful confidence in approaching God, as inducing a noble superiority both to the applause and to the censure of the undiscerning world, as increasing the capacity of enjoying all the lawful pleasures of life, and as administering the most desirable support in the time of trouble and in the prospect of death. With an extract from Mr. Burder’s appeal on the last of these particulars, we must take leave of his present work.

‘ Its efficacy’ (speaking of conscience) ‘ is attested by the Apostle in the words connected with the text. “ We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble, which came upon us in Asia, that

we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life; but we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience." Was there ever, in his eventful history, a situation of peril or of suffering, in which he was not sustained and cheered by the voice of an approving and rejoicing conscience? Under its bliss-inspiring influence, the dungeon at Philippi, at the midnight hour, was even as the gate of heaven: and at Rome, in the prospect of a speedy martyrdom, he could say with undisturbed serenity, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." These concluding words intimate, that the joyous anticipations thus expressed, were not peculiar to the Apostle, but were such as all who love the Saviour are authorised to cherish. They have been adopted, with serene composure, or with seraphic joy, by thousands and tens of thousands of departing Christians; whose dying experience attested, that to them death had lost its terrors and its sting. Directing the eye of faith to Jesus on the cross, making atonement for their sin; to Jesus before the throne, interceding for his people; and to Jesus in his glory, exercising uncontrolled authority over the invisible world and over death; they have seen no cause of trepidation in a departure from the present life: but have exulted in the prospect of being the inhabitants of another and a happier province of their Redeemer's empire, rendered attractive by his presence, and irradiated by the beams of his glory. May our end, like theirs, be peace and joy! And cannot the Gospel and the grace of Christ accomplish that for us, which it has already effected for them? Not more secure from change are the promises of the Saviour, recorded in his word, than the dispositions which reign in his heart. Let us then, with an entire reliance, entrust to his love and to his care the interests both of our mortal bodies and of our never-dying spirits. With a conscience sprinkled by his atoning blood, and purified by his word and spirit, may each of us be enabled through life and in death to exclaim, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him until that day." ' p. 42.

It is due to the Author of these valuable lectures, to state, that they have been longer on the shelf than we could have wished, or than comported with the estimate we had formed of their intrinsic merit. We wish them, what they deserve, a very extensive sale.

Art. V. *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, with Introductory Remarks. Part the Second. By John Bowring, F.L.S. 12mo. pp. xx. 274. Price 8s. London. 1823.

WE are glad to meet Mr. Bowring again on the neutral ground of poetical literature; for, while we honour his zeal, and commend his manly frankness, in the cause of the theological opinions he has espoused, we cannot but regard his religious productions with the more jealousy, on account of the talent which they display, and the estimable qualities of his character. These will, to a certain extent, give currency to compositions which it is impossible for us not to consider as highly exceptionable in their religious tendency. The blame, we are far from laying on the Author's design or motives in the publication alluded to: it devolves on his opinions, of which we think just so much the worse for this palpable exhibition of their vitiating influence on the sentiments of a man, whom, but, for his erroneous tenets, we should have hailed as an auxiliary.

The present volume was written during Mr. Bowring's solitary confinement in the prison of Boulogne; and it affords a remarkable proof of the energy and elasticity of his mind under circumstances adapted at once to depress and to agitate his spirits. 'I shall recal,' he says, 'this memorable epoch of my life with gratitude and pride—gratitude to that active sympathy which my situation awakened, and pride in the recollection, that, in the darkest moment, no dejection, far less despondency, had place in my mind.' This volume is the noblest revenge he could have taken on his persecutors. So long as it has a place in our literature, it will perpetuate the disgrace which his treatment reflects on the men who at present misgovern France in the name of the Bourbon. 'The poetry,' says Mr. Bowring, 'which is here presented'

'is the poetry of a highly imitative, strongly feeling, but despotically governed people, erected upon a magnificent, sonorous, and flexible language, blending something of the wildness of oriental character with the sternness and sobriety of European precision. That the impress of our literature, and that of our neighbours, is to be most distinctly traced, is quite certain. Nearly half the poetry which Russia possesses, is translation. Their leading authors have travelled, and have taken back with them the treasures they found; and they have done good service. The most obvious resemblance is to the German school: and to the honour of the Germans be it said, that their influence on the civilization of Russia has been most extensive and salutary. Their patient industry, their general intelligence, their social habits of life, have so interblended them with the Russian people, working a silent but an effective

change, that the whole mass will become leavened with their long-suffering, their industrious, and intellectual virtues. The necessary result of an habitual intercourse with foreign nations,—an intercourse established by Peter the Great, and most wisely encouraged by all his successors,—was the introduction of models which placed the poets of Russia, as to form at least, on a level with the most cultivated people of the South. Their language easily lent itself to all the varieties of versification, and without the gradations of advancing improvement, they adopted a style of poetical composition which they have found no reason to modify or change.

‘ On the whole, the present volume will possess a character much more decidedly national than the former. A variety of poems connected with the earlier history of Russia, and others representing the peculiar habits of the Russians, are introduced. The national songs especially will, I trust, excite some attention. These are the poetry of the people. These are the fragments whose authors are never raised from the darkness of oblivion—these are the joy and the study of the peasantry, their consolation in the dreariness of their wintry dwellings, conveyed from tongue to tongue through many a generation. These are no subjects for criticism; for criticism cannot reach them—it cannot abstract one voice from the chorus, nor persuade the village youths and maidens that the measure is false, or the music is discordant. The forms of versification, though some of them are rude and irregular, I have endeavoured to preserve as a part of their original charm. I have heard them sung in the wooden huts of the cottagers; and have been cheered by them when the boor has whirled by me in his uncouth sledge over the frozen snow. The rude melody, often gentle and plaintive, in which they found utterance, still vibrates in my ear. I ask for them no admiration—they are the delight of millions. The fame of the *Iliad* is nothing to theirs.’

If Mr. Bowring means *Pope's Iliad*, we agree with him; and surely, he cannot be serious in comparing the most popular of all ancient poems,—one which forms the epitome of the language and literature of classical Greece,—a poem the delight of five and twenty centuries, itself the fountain-head of a thousand streams of verse,—with any thing that can be furnished by the infant literature of Russia. It is *Chevy Chase* to *Paradise Lost*,—“*Guerrino Meschino*” to *Dante*. In *Boulogne prison*, the recollection of these Russian songs would come to his mind linked with a variety of pleasing associations, the charm of which would be exaggerated by contrast. But we who receive them through the medium of translation, divorced from the plaintive melodies which gave them half their expression, have no other means of judging of them than by their intrinsic merit; and though they may not be, as compositions, subjects for criticism, still, unless they are

recommended by some of those touches of pathos, or gentle sentiment, or beautiful simplicity, which give a grace 'beyond the reach of art' to some of our old ballads, the mere fact of their being the delight of millions, would not render them worthy of notice—any more than the senseless carols and ditties which are heard with delight by our own villagers. Waiving our Author's indiscreet comparison, however, we are ready to admit that these poems have highly interested us; and, as exhibiting 'the early development of poetical literature in a nation bursting into civilization,' they must be regarded, if not with admiration, yet, with satisfaction and some portion of surprise. If the boors of Muscovy are really capable of receiving delight from the originals, they would certainly seem to be considerably in advance of a large proportion of our English rustics. The following occurs among the 'National Songs.' Query, how would it be received by a village audience in Zomerzetshire?

' On an oak there sate
A turtle with his mate—
There in amorous meeting
One another greeting,
Each with flapping wing
All its joy repeating.
Swift a vulture sprung,
Eagle-eyed and young,
And he bore away
That poor turtle gray—
That poor turtle gray,
With his ruby feet ;
On the oak-tree wood
Spilt the turtle's blood :
All the plumage soft
O'er the meadow driven ;
All his down aloft
Borne by winds of heaven.
O how desolate
Sat the mourning mate ;
How she groan'd and sigh'd
While her turtle died.
' Weep not—why complain,
Little turtle, love ?'
Said the vulture then
To the widow'd dove ;
' O'er the azure sea
I will bring to thee
Flocks of turtles, where
Thou shalt choose thy dear,

Choose thy lover sweet,
Choose the brightest, best,
With a fair gray breast,
And with ruby feet.'

' Fly not, murderous bird !
O'er the azure sea !'
Thus the dove was heard
Answering mournfully ;
' Bring no flocks to me
O'er the azure sea ;
Can their presence be
Comfort to my breast ?
Will they bring to me
The father of my nest ?' '

The next we shall transcribe, has more the air of a native ballad, and is in a more popular style of sentiment: an English ear misses, however, the clink of rhyme.

' Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,
Sing there alone amidst the green of May !

' In the prison tower the lad sits mournfully,
To his father writes—to his mother writes :
Thus he wrote—and these—these were the very words ;

' O good father mine—thou beloved sir !
O good mother mine—thou beloved dame !
Ransom me, I pray—ransom the good lad,
He is your beloved—is your only son !'
Father—mother—both—both refused to hear,
Cursed their hapless race—cursed their hapless seed ;
' Never did a thief our honest name disgrace—
Highwayman or thief never stain'd the name.'

' Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,
Sitting there alone in the green of May !

' From the prison-tower thus the prisoner wrote,
Thus the prisoner wrote to his beloved maid ;

' O thou soul of mine ! O thou lovely maid !
Truest love of mine—sweetest love of mine !
Save—O save, I pray, save the prison'd lad !'
Swiftly, then, exclaim'd that beloved maid ;
' Come, attendant ! come—come my faithful nurse—
Servant faithful—you that long have faithful been,
Bring the golden key—bring the key with speed—
Ope the treasure chests—open them in haste ;
Golden treasures bring—bring them straight to me ;
Ransom him, I say—ransom the good lad,
He is my beloved—of my heart beloved.'

' Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,
Sitting there alone amidst the green of May.'

We must now select a few specimens of the productions which have procured for their respective writers a name among the poets of Slavonia. 'Moskva Rescued,' is interesting on account of its strictly national theme. The Author, Dmitriev, appears to us to merit no secondary rank among his contemporaries.

' MOSKVA RESCUED.

' Receive the minstrel wanderer
Within thy glades, thou shadowy wood!
No idle tone of joy be here;
Nor let even Venus' song intrude!
Fair Moskva's smile my vision fills—
Her fields, her waters,—towering high,
And seated on her throne of hills,
A glorious pile of days gone by.

' O Moskva, many a nation's mother,
How bright thy glances beam on me!
Where, like to thee—where stands another—
Where, Russia's daughter, like to thee!
As pearls thy thousand crowns appear,
Thy hands a diamond sceptre hold;
Thy domes, thy steeples bright and clear,
Like sunny rays on eastern gold.
The treasures of the orient meet
Those of the west; through every street
A stream of wealth and luxury flows.
Thy sons are natural heirs of fame,
Courage and glory shrine their name;
Thy daughters—lovely as the rose.

' But war has spread its terrors o'er thee,
And thou wert once in ashes laid;
Thy throne seem'd tottering then before thee,
Thy sceptre feeble as thy blade.
Sarmatian fraud and force, o'er-raging
The humbled world, have reach'd thy gate;
Thy faith with flattering smiles engaging,
Now threatening daggers on thee wait—
And they were drawn—thy temples sank—
Thy virgins led with fetter-clank—
Thy sons' blood streaming to the skies—
' Spirit of vengeance! now arise.
Save me, thou guardian angel!—save!
So criedst thou in thy agony.
Thy streets are silent as the grave—
The unsheath'd sword—it hangs o'er thee.

' And where is Russia's saviour—where?—
 Stand up—arouse thee—in thy might!
 Moskva alarm'd—surrounded there
 And clouded, as a winter's night.
 Look!—she awakes—she knows no fear,
 And young and old, and prince and slave,—
 Their daggers flash like boreal light;
 They crowd—they crowd them to the fight.
 But who is that with snowy hair—
 The first—that stern old man—the tide
 Of heroes he leads onward there!
 Pozharsky—Russia's strength and pride!
 What transport tunes my lyre!—my lays
 Seem glowing with celestial fire;
 O! I will sing that old man's praise.
 Shout loudly now, thou heavenly choir!
 I hear—I hear the armour's sound;
 The dust-clouds round the pillars rise—
 See; Russia's children gather round.
 Pozharsky o'er the city flies,
 And from death's stillness he awakes
 The very life of valour.—Lo!
 Midst the star's light, and sunny glow,
 He forms the firm courageous row.
 Here—there; hope, joy, again appear;
 The burghers gather round him there,
 And range them for the combat now.

' And why this crowd?' a warrior calls
 From a high pinnacle—he saw—
 His senses whelm'd in fear and awe—
 He fled from Kremlin's royal walls.
 ' Sarmatians! To your swords!' he said;
 ' Delay not, for we are betray'd;
 ' I saw the gathering enemy
 ' Stretch'd like a waking snake along;
 ' They gain the city rapidly—
 ' The fields are cover'd with the throng.'
 'Tis bustle all—'tis all dismay—
 What crowds, of soldiers fill each street!
 Round walls and gates their cohorts meet,
 And like a whirlwind urge their way
 To where Slavonian thunders roar!

' And see! how bright the heaven is glowing!—
 What smoke—what flame—what blood is flowing!
 Sword echoes sword the wide plain o'er;
 Whole ranks are harvested, that stood
 Like the firm oak trees of the wood;

The bullets o'er the field are flying—
 Here sleep the dead, there shriek the dying:
 There, staggering 'neath a lance's wound,
 A wild-horse madly stamps the ground,
 Flies—falls—and covers, as he dies,
 The turf on which his rider lies;
 Still the storm struggles in the air,
 And agony is every where.

' Death is the conqueror!—death—despair!
 They rule o'er village, field, and grove:
 A wounded maiden tears her hair,
 A hoary sire just looks above,
 Then to the ground—and sleeps serenely.
 Come, moralist! and study here;
 See that poor orphan, suffering keenly,—
 His star is sunk; the starting tear
 That falls for those whose blood was spilt—
 For others' interests, others' guilt,
 Trembles upon his cheeks; the fate
 Of war hath left him friendless—best
 Were it for him to join the rest,
 Nor live thus drear and desolate.

' And thrice the day hath seen the strife,
 And thrice hath dawn'd Aurora blithe;
 The battle-demon sports with life,
 Death waves untired his murderous scythe.
 Pozharsky's thunder still is heard;
 He speeds him like the eagle-bird
 Following his prey—destroying—crushing,—
 Then on the Poles with fury rushing,
 He scatters them like flying sands,—
 That giant of the hundred hands.
 On! On!—What transports of delight!
 ' Hurrah! Pozharsky wins the fight!
 The city joins the ecstasy—
 ' O yes! our Moskva now is free!

' O memorable morning's ray!
 O ne'er to be forgotten day,
 What painter's pencil shall portray thee,
 And in thy natural joy array thee,
 And tell each bosom's rapture then!
 Millions in wild delight!—they crowd
 Upon the bulwarks, shouting loud:—
 The very roofs are made of men.
 What flower-wreathes o'er the streets they flung,
 What triumph-songs the churches sung;
 How high, how bright the banners hung,
 And palms crown'd every citizen!

' Where is the hero?—where is he
 Who led our sons to victory?
 List to that cry of eloquence—
 ' What—what shall be his recompense?'
 Look!—He who made the invaders bleed,
 And Moskva and his country freed,
 He—modest as courageous—he
 Takes the bright garland from his brow,
 And to a youth he bends him now—
 He bends his old and hero-knee.
 ' Thou art of royal blood,' he said,
 ' Thy father is in foemen's hand;
 ' Wear thou that garland on thy head,
 ' And bless, O bless our father-land!'

' Valiant old hero! Russia's pride,
 And Russia's love,—I bless thee now.
 By the gigantic mountain's side
 May everlasting waters flow;
 May marshes turn to groves and woods;
 Out of our wastes may gardens grow;
 And in our barren solitudes
 May cities flourish—and decay:
 While generations pass away,
 And brighter lights disperse their ray;
 Yet thou shalt be the poet's charm,
 And thou shalt be the warrior's glory,
 Through never-ending time to warm
 The bosom with thy patriot story.' pp. 35—43.

This is followed by a very spirited ode to the Volga, by the same Poet, and two or three lyrics of an Anacreontic cast, not deficient in elegance. But we take our next extract from Karamsin: loyalty has seldom had a happier theme.

' SONG of the GOOD TZAR.

' Pəsnya o dobrom Tzaræ.

' Russia had a noble Tzar,
 Sovereign honour'd wide and far;
 He a father's love enjoy'd,
 He a father's power employ'd.

' And he sought his children's bliss,
 And their happiness was his:
 Left for them his golden halls,
 Left for them his palace walls.

' He, a wanderer for them,
 Left his royal diadem:
 Staff and knapsack all his treasure;
 Toil and danger all his pleasure.

‘ Wherefore hath he journey’d forth,
From his glorious, sceptred north?
Flying pride, and pomp, and power;
Suffering heat, and cold, and shower?’

‘ Why?—because this noble king,
Light and truth and bliss might bring,
Spread intelligence, and pour
Knowledge out on Russia’s shore.

‘ Wherefore would this noble king
Light and truth and virtue bring,
Spread intelligence, and pour
Knowledge out on Russia’s shore?’

‘ He would guide by wisdom’s ray
All his subjects in their way;
And while beams of glory giving,
Teach them all the arts of living.

‘ O thou noble King and Tzar!
Earth ne’er saw so bright a star—
Tell me, have ye ever found

Such a prince the world around?’ pp. 127, 8.

Is this worthy bard pensioned? He deserves it, if he is among the living. We find that we have marked for selection two or three poems by Batushkov. ‘The Farewell,’ is very prettily translated, and its Author must share the honour with Mr. Bowring.

‘ THE FAREWELL.

‘ Bent o’er his sabre, torrents starting
From his dim eyes, the bold hussar
Thus greets his cherished maid, while parting
For distant fields of war:

‘ ‘ Weep not, my fair one! O forbear thee!
No anguish can those tears remove;
For, by my troth and beard, I swear thee,
Time shall not change my love.

‘ ‘ That love shall bloom—a deathless blossom,
My shield in fight—with sword in hand,
And thou, my Ella, in my bosom,
What shall that sword withstand?

‘ ‘ Weep not, my fair one! O forbear thee!
Those tears can bid no grief depart;
And were I faithless, Maid! I swear thee,
Anguish would tear my heart!

‘ ‘ Then my good steed would sure betray me,
And falter in the battle-day,
In peril’s hour refuse to obey me—
My stirrup would give way.

' ' The sword, my valour's proudest token,
When grasp'd, like rotten wood would break ;
And I should seek thee, spirit-broken,
Death's paleness on my cheek.'

' But the false horseman's steed obey'd him,
Gentle and eager still ;—his sword,
Bright and unbroken, ne'er betray'd him,
Though he broke oath and word.

' The tale of love—the tears which shower'd
From Liza's eye—were all forgot ;
The rose-wreath faded—pale—dew'd :—
Such buds re-blossom not !

' That maiden's breast of peace he rifles ;
Then hies him to another's breast ;
Man's oaths to woman are but—trifles ;
And love itself—a jest.

' He serves—secures—and then he slights them ;
His vows are change—and treachery ;
For laughing Cupid's arrow writes them
Upon the shifting sea.' pp. 145—7.

' The Prisoner' breathes a natural and touching strain of sentiment, and probably is not inferior in felicity of expression to the original ; but it is less finished in the translation. I shall, therefore, give the preference to the following little poem of the same Author.

' LOVE IN A BOAT.

' 'Tis a calm and silent even,
Luna rests upon the sea ;
See ! the impelling breeze has driven,
Driven a little bark to me.

' What a lovely child is seated
At the helm—a trembling child !

' Thou wilt perish, boy ill-fated !
Whelm'd among the surges wild.'

' ' Help me ! help me ! gentle stranger !
All my strength, alas ! is gone :
Take the helm—conduct the ranger
To some harbour of thy own.'

' Pity's warmth, that never freezes,
Bid me seize the helm :—we sped,
Wafted by awakening breezes,
As by feather'd arrows led.

' Swiftly, swiftly then we glided
By the flowery shores along ;
Reach'd a spot where joy presided,
Smiling nymphs, and dance and song.

- ‘ Music welcomed us and laughter,
Garlands at our feet were thrown ;
Then I look’d my wanderer after—
I was left—the bark was gone.
- ‘ On the stormy shore I laid me,
Careless of the surge’s spray ;
Sought the child who had betray’d me,
Saw him laugh—and row away.
- ‘ Lo ! he beckons—lo ! he urges—
Through the noisy waves I fly :
Off he speeds across the surges,
Laughing out with louder joy.
- ‘ Wet and weary, I retreated
To the scene of revelry :—
’Twas a fairy dream that cheated—
All was blank obscurity.
- ‘ Wanderer ! if that boat should ever
Meet thy vision, O be coy !
’Tis delusive—trust him never—
Cupid is a wicked boy.’ pp. 151—3.

A very singular and very *German* poem bears the name of Voeikov, addressed ‘ To my future Bride.’ We must, however, pass it over, as well as some very spirited and characteristic martial poems.

‘ The Minstrel in the Russian Camp,’ by Zhukovsky, is said to be ‘ perhaps the most popular of modern poetical productions ‘ in Russia.’ Mr. Bowring apologises for the introduction of poems of this character, the sentiment and spirit of which are so little congenial with his own feelings ; but they could not have been with any propriety excluded from specimens of the Russian Poets.

The extracts we have given, will sufficiently recommend the volume to the notice of our readers. It is, we think, on the whole, superior in interest and variety to its predecessor, although it contains no single poem equal in elevation of sentiment to Derzhavin’s Ode to the Supreme Being* ; and the execution, though marks of haste occur, does great credit to the taste of the Translator. We are now promised a *Dutch Anthology*. Who could have looked for any thing but tulips from Holland ? And this same adventurous Translator, who has ‘ culled these garlands ‘neath the Polar[†] Star,’ and selected forget-me-nots and we know not what other flowers of

* Vide Eclectic Review, Vol. XV. p. 287.

the Constitution, or augured its destruction? The following is his reply.

‘ Generally speaking, novelties of any sort have a great deal to struggle against, before they can be amalgamated with the habits, and endeared to the feelings of a nation. Even where no doubts are entertained of the utility of a change, it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to induce communities to approve of it. It disturbs in a thousand little ways the previous routine of their lives; it imposes upon them new duties; and, as in the case before us, it may exact from them sacrifices which they are unwilling to make. The necessity of suppressing the “factions” forced the government to muster large armies by means of a conscription. In many provinces this measure was resisted, and in all it was the subject of bitter complaints with families, who sometimes saw their only stay snatched from them by the arm of the laws. The agitations prevailing in the country, and the losses which were occasioned in some provinces by the actual presence, or the incursions of the “factions,” rendered it difficult for great numbers of persons to pay in their contributions to the state; and they were harassed by proceedings for enforcing them. It was frequently stated in Cortes, that the annual amount of the contributions levied on the people, since the restoration of the Constitution, was considerably below that which was paid during the despotism. I am not prepared to confirm or dispute this assertion; but from all that I saw or heard up to this time in Spain, I was convinced that the people generally did not believe this allegation, and that the great majority of them were desirous of nothing so much as of peace. If any tradesman, or a peasant labouring in the fields, were asked whether he was a Constitutionalist, the answer was, “All that I want is peace.” Exceptions to this observation might have been met with in places where party spirit ran high, and divided towns and villages into different sects. But where the passions were not excited, “Peace—Peace!” was the desire of all.

‘ As to the clergy, it was notorious that the great majority of the secular as well as the regular degrees were at heart hostile to the constitution, however they might have found it necessary to disguise their feelings. The friars naturally detested the new system, because it swore imperishable hatred against them; the bishops, canons, and parochial clergy were exasperated, because the Cortes had reduced the tithes to one-half of their former amount; and had appropriated to the state different sorts of funds which had long been subservient to the splendour of the church. If there were those who wished to annihilate the church and clergy together, they would have found it a difficult task. The Spanish people are wedded to their religion, or at least to its ceremonies. They have had no writers amongst them such as Voltaire and Rousseau, who by a fashionable wit, or the eloquence of a rash imagination, might have rendered the doctrines of impiety and immorality attractive. Even if, unhappily, such writers had existed in Spain, the people were never sufficiently educated to read and comprehend their works. Hence they were in a very different situation from that in which the French were found

at the commencement of their Revolution. That is to say, the Spaniards were not absolutely demoralized, and any attempt to extirpate or banish the clergy, as a body, would have inevitably rebounded on the heads of its contrivers.

‘ It can be scarcely necessary to add, that the grandees, with very few exceptions, were as much opposed to the new system as the clergy. It wounded their pride to the quick, because it levelled them in point of rank with the lowest of the people : it gave them no privilege in lieu of this degradation ; it subjected them to the performance of the duties of common constables, to service in the militia, and to enormous taxation ; for their estates, already encumbered by their own or their ancestors’ necessities, were charged according to their nominal value. To this it may seem an answer, that many of the nobility have taken offices under the Constitution, and have materially assisted its progress. This is true to a certain extent ; but it is equally true, that several were voluntary exiles both from the country and the system ; as to the rest, their sincerity has been doubted, with the exception, perhaps, of the Duke del Parque, the Duke of Frias, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who seem to understand and appreciate the blessings of liberty. Even these three noblemen would, perhaps, witness without displeasure the establishment of a chamber of peers.

‘ Looking, therefore, to the Peninsula alone, it would appear that the mass of the people were indifferent with respect to the Constitution ; and two very powerful classes were sincerely adverse to it. Every day new enemies to the system rose from the bosom of the country ; and in point of fact it was upheld only by the army, by those enjoying public employments, and those desirous to obtain them.

‘ In addition to these things, the four principal Powers of the continent had openly declared their hostility against the Constitution of Spain. The ministers of three of those Powers were already withdrawn, and their relations with the court of Madrid suspended. The minister of the fourth was indeed still lingering in the capital : a curious instance of undisguised double-dealing on the part of France, and of conscious weakness on that of the Spanish Government. Was it possible, then, that under these formidable disadvantages the Constitution could march on to its consolidation ?’ pp. 160—62.

Certainly not. But what connexion had these external disadvantages with the merits or demerits of the Constitution ? The declared hostility of the Four Great Powers was not against the Constitution simply, but against the ‘ military rebellion,’—against the revolution. And, in the estimation of the French Ministry, it is plain that the ‘ modifications’ about which so much has been said, were, even as a point of honour, a matter of inferior consideration—as well they might be. M. de Chateaubriand distinctly stated to Sir Charles Stuart, that this was not the real ground on which the war was decided on. His pretext was, that while the agents of Spain admitted the

‘ Not so the ultra-marine minister, Vadillo, who is well grounded in political economy, a man of literature and knowledge. He was an advocate at Cadiz. He is blamed as too docile, and incapable of firm resolution. He has written some excellent works on the necessity of a free trade, for which he is a zealous partisan. He is considered a man of moderation and virtue.

‘ The man who has perhaps acquired most weight in the ministry, after San Miguel, is Capaz, the minister of marine. When he was in Peru, he surrendered to Lord Cochrane the fine frigate of war the *Maria Isabel*, in a manner far from being honourable to his courage. It must, however, be observed, that most of the operations of this minister have been commented upon in violent, which is not always just, language. He is a decided enemy to South American independence, and to his representations is chiefly to be imputed the unfortunate policy which infects this, as well as the former governments, of sending out expeditions to the American continent. Report, perhaps calumny, says that these expeditions are not unproductive of gain to himself and his friends. Such is the preponderance which he has acquired in the state, that there are not a few of his party who desire his fall, that they may have at least a chance of succeeding him.

‘ The treasurer-general, Yandiola, has no seat in the cabinet, but he is intimately connected with the present ministers, and generally consulted by them on all financial questions. He is rather a young man, forward, well educated; but though his manners are elegant and engaging, he has not been able to conciliate public opinion, which from the beginning has been adverse to him.

‘ Besides the ministers, the leading men of Cortes, Augustin and Canga Arguelles, Galiano, Isturitz, and a great majority of that body are of the party called Freemasons. It must be understood that in Spain the Society of Freemasons is chiefly of a political character. The members composing it are persons who co-operated for the restoration of the constitution in 1820; hence they were so closely connected with the troops, who assisted them with such effect on that occasion, that they naturally adopted principles which every day tended more and more to subject the country to the rule of a straticrasy.

‘ The ministry of Martinez de la Rosa, and the party which supported it, was understood to be of a character rather aristocratical. They were called *Anilleros* (men who wear rings), and they consisted of the higher classes of the nobility. It is believed that an opinion prevailed very generally amongst them in favour of certain modifications in the constitution, the principal of which was the establishment of a chamber of peers. Some hopes had been given, it is said, to the courts of Russia and France, that the modifications which this party contemplated might be effected without the aid of foreign intervention. But those expectations were effectually frustrated by the events of the 7th July, and from that period, it is added, the two powers just mentioned determined on compelling Spain by force of arms to alter her constitution.

impulse which was communicated to the democratic principle by the result of the events of the 7th of July gave rise to a third party, who called themselves *Comuneros*. The members of this party, Palarea, Ballasteros, Romero Alpuente, Monreal and others, who participated by their personal exertions in the revolution which was obtained over the royal guards, conceived that they had done equally well of their country for having preserved the constitution, as the Freemasons did for having restored it. They soon gathered around them a very numerous party, which assumed to have an exclusive interest in the third article of the Constitution, to say, in the sovereignty of the people. Some time after the Cortes came into office with San Miguel, the differences between them and the *Comuneros* grew every day more prominent. The latter outstripped the former in numbers, and drew up a regular constitution, which was calculated to organise a popular confederation throughout the Peninsula. pp. 61—5.

Quin followed the government to Seville, and he made inquiries, he says, into the feeling of the Sevillians with respect to the Constitution: the answers which he received from persons resident there was to this effect.

At the time when the Constitution was first proclaimed, a number of proprietors, and of steady commercial men, embarked ardently in the new cause, under the hope that liberal institutions would tend to the amelioration of their different interests. Within the year, however, the frequent changes of ministry produced corresponding alterations in all the offices within the reach of their power; and the displacements and successions directed by the actual ministry after they came into office, were particularly peremptory and abrupt. The new *employes*, it was said, consisted mostly of that educated gentry, who, after leaving school, had spent the greatest part of their lives in the coffee-houses, and billiard and gambling-houses; and when they found themselves invested with authority, exercised it in a rude and sometimes oppressive manner, assuming to themselves the character of exclusive and ultra zealous constitutionalists. The early and rational friends of the Constitution soon experienced causes of disgust in the conduct of these new men, and they found, according to their views and feelings, fifty tyrants, where only the influence of one was formerly distantly felt. They, in consequence, retired from the scene of public affairs altogether, and yielded it to the *Exaltados*—so the new men were called elsewhere, styled. The result of these proceedings upon the public spirit of Seville was to render it exceedingly indifferent to the Constitution.

One might suspect that this view of the matter had come from prejudiced, and therefore questionable sources; but, though I made inquiries, I could hear no representation differing essentially from that above stated. The frequent and ineffectual applications to the authorities were making every day for money, legally due

from the inhabitants, in order to enable them to prepare for the reception of the government, tended rather to corroborate this statement.
pp. 312, 13.

Yet, amid this universal apathy, it seems that some sparks of enthusiasm have been kindled, and that both music and poetry have been enlisted on the side of the patriot feeling. 'Beautiful,' says Mr. Quin, 'as many portions of their ancient music may be, there are none superior, nor perhaps equal in point of melody, to some of the new patriotic compositions.'

'There is a fire, and at the same time a tenderness, in the best of these pieces, which, whatever becomes of the Constitution, promise them an immortality. I was detained a full hour one day in the streets, listening to two itinerant musicians performing a war song. One of them sung the air, and played it at the same time on a violin, while his companion sung also and performed the accompaniment on the guitar. Both were blind, and neither sang nor played with much skill, and yet it was surprising how much effect they threw into the words of the song. The air had occasional bursts of grandeur, which animated their sightless countenances with a flush of inspiration. In the intervals between the verses, the leader recited passages from a prose rhapsody, the object of which was to rouse the Spaniards to the remembrance of those injuries which France inflicted on the Peninsula, during the last war, to flutter them with the event of the contest, and to bid them bind on their swords for the extermination of the approaching invaders. One would be surprised at the attention with which these two bards were listened to. Tears glistened frequently in the eyes of those who were crowded around them.'

Our Author's notices of Spanish painting and music are, as might be expected, meagre and vague. He is not at home in the subject, nor had he time to collect the requisite information. He should not have ventured upon these topics,—especially in his title-page.

Art. VII. *Memoirs of the Baron de Kolli*, relative to his secret Mission in 1810 for liberating Ferdinand VII. King of Spain, from Captivity at Valencay. Written by Himself. To which are added, *Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria*, Written by Herself. 8vo. pp. 340. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1823.

THE **S**ieur de Kolli appears to have been one of the most loyal, trusty, brave, and unlucky agents that were ever elected by a wise government for a secret and delicate mission. We find it hard to persuade ourselves, that the Marquess Wellesly placed any confidence in the discretion and adroitness of the individual to whom he entrusted the task of eluding and

baffling the police of Bonaparte, and achieving the liberation of the royal prisoner. And yet, the Baron tells us, that he had been selected for the execution of this great enterprise, in preference to 'a colonel of indisputable merit,' we know not in what service, 'whose disinterestedness was not sufficiently relied upon.' 'The deliverer of Ferdinand was expected to be a person guided neither by interest nor ambition.' Thus far the preference was justified: the Baron seems to have been as pure and devoted a loyalist as ever risked his neck in the cause of Legitimacy. Having at different periods been employed in secret missions in France, Italy, and Germany, he had moreover given, he says, sufficient pledges of his fidelity and devotion to the cause of the Bourbons and of royalty, to prevent the English ministers from being afraid to entrust him with the plan they had conceived to liberate Ferdinand. We should have liked exceedingly to know the nature and issue of some of these secret missions; but the Baron observes a tantalizing silence respecting the whole of his previous history up to this period of Nov. 1809. It was an ominous time; the English expedition was off Walcheren; and the same wisdom which presided over that most disastrous of enterprises, seems to have guided the Cabinet in the execution of this notable scheme for liberating Ferdinand. It is stated, that the late Duke of Kent requested permission from the King to become the principal in this plan, but that his Majesty could not consent to it. If this be correct, it affords a fine instance of chivalrous spirit and magnanimity in that distinguished and lamented individual; but one feels no surprise that the monarch's paternal feeling and good sense should have concurred in dictating his decided refusal, or that his ministers should have been equally unwilling to incur the responsibility of accepting so rash, though spirited a proposal. His majesty, however, appears to have taken no slight interest in the project; and the Baron was entrusted with a letter from King George III. to Ferdinand VII. in Latin, and in French, a copy of which is given in the present volume. The success of the measure seems, indeed, to have been very confidently anticipated. A squadron was appointed to act in concert with the Baron; Admiral Sir George Cockburn 'was to have made his descent on the coast at the moment of his catholic majesty's arrival, and the king of Spain would then have been at liberty.'

And he is now at liberty, this same Ferdinand, though neither Baron de Kolli nor the English ministry has the merit of letting him loose this time on his subjects! But at the period referred to, it is very doubtful whether the royal petti-

coat-embroiderer would have accepted of the proffered services of his heretical friends, and have co-operated in the plan for his deliverance. This the English ministers seem to have taken for granted, without, so far as appears, thinking it worth while to ascertain the inclinations of the ex-monarch; or else they trusted it to the Baron de Kolli's eloquence, to overrule alike his fears, his scruples, and his indolence. They had, however, exercised their foresight so far as to provide, if not for his escape, yet, for his reception.

‘ Every thing which was regarded as conducive to the comfort and convenience of the king, was put on board ; the admiral sent his own plate, his best wines, chests filled with linen and clothes, an excellent selection of books, astronomical instruments and valuable maps, *consecrated plate and ornaments for Divine service*, a catholic priest to officiate ; in a word, every thing which it was thought, would please the princes whom it expected to carry back to Spain.’

All this was doubtless very considerate ; yet, the issue makes these details appear somewhat ridiculous. The Baron de Kolli had picked up a young man at Antwerp, whom, on the strength of his open and expressive features, he had admitted to his confidence in the capacity of his secretary. In this indiscreet and unknown youth, strange to say, our ministers seem to have reposed a measure of confidence which there appears nothing in the circumstances of his introduction to warrant. The Baron exculpates his secretary from having betrayed the cause of Ferdinand ; but, whether he had played the traitor or not, to the full extent of deliberate perfidy, it is plain that he had blabbed. ‘ Albert,’ says the Writer, ‘ had committed more than one fault, and the police furnished me with ocular demonstration of it.’ From what other person, indeed, could the French police have obtained information as to De Kolli's secret interviews with lord Wellesley at Sir George Coekburn's ? On his examination before the minister of police, M. Desmarest informed the Baron, doubtless to his surprise and chagrin, of the arrest of several persons with whom he had been politically connected. He adds : ‘ He gave a most accurate account of my transactions in London, of my arrival in Quiberon, and of my slightest movements in France up to the moment of my arrest.’ The Baron imputes the treachery, in the first instance, to a M. de Ferriet, whom he fell in with off the coast of Quiberon, and whom he says he suspected from the first, he does not know why ; his being a Frenchman, however, and pretending to be unfortunate, combated his suspicions, and so he contented himself with making him half a confidant and half an enemy. M. de Ferriet was to have been detained on board an English vessel for some

time, and then to have been put on shore at a different point. But this was not done ; and though the Baron was told that the police were on the look-out for two strangers who were expected to land, and Sir George Cockburn thought it might be more prudent to choose another point of the coast, our hero inflexibly persisted in adhering to his first orders. On his arrival at Paris, he contrived to make another worthy acquaintance in the *Sieur Richard*, 'whom,' he says very frankly, I 'was weak enough to believe a man of honour, 'because his previous conduct had been honourable.' That is to say, he had served, or said he had, under the *Prince de Talmont*. To this man, whom there is some reason to suspect to have been a spy of the police, he disclosed so much of his project as led to the supposition that it involved an attempt on the life of Bonaparte. At length, the day before the Baron intended to set out for Valençay, when, all confidence and security, he had just given the faithful *Richard* 2700 francs to make some purchases in Paris, a knocking was heard at the door, and on its being opened, eleven armed emissaries of the police entered, and took them both into custody. De Kolli, on being asked who he was, immediately confessed the nature of his mission ; as superfluous disclosure, as it afterwards appeared, and, under the circumstances, a very indiscreet one. It is easy to perceive that the Baron was proud of his commission, and that vanity had some share in inducing him to repeat his answer aloud. The trusty Secretary contrived to be out of the way, informed, there can be little doubt, of the intended visit ; for he does not appear to have been molested. De Kolli in his first examination was led, he distinctly admits, without perceiving it, to answer questions he had previously determined to evade completely. The method of interrogation, he complains, jumbled all his ideas. Once, however, he sufficiently regained his self-possession to give a directly false answer, in a matter, it seems to us, not worth the poor stratagem of a lie. It was subsequently proposed to him by *Fouché*, still to complete his mission to *Ferdinand*, under the sanction of the French police, that they might know whether the King had any wish to make his escape.

'I should have an opportunity of seeing the prince, and hearing from his own mouth an admission or a disavowal, of the interest which the King of England expressed to him in his letter ; and if, in spite of the reasons which led them to imagine one rather than the other, the prince consented to seize the opportunity of escaping, in that case only slight impediments would be thrown in the way of his flight ; and that then would be the time to avail myself of the funds placed to his credit.'

This insidious proposal the Baron rejects with high-minded indignation; upon which he is taken back to the Donjon of Vincennes, and the Sieur Richard consents to go as his counterfeit. The sequel may be given in the words of Bonaparte, as reported by Mr. O'Meara. The subject of Baron Kolli and Ferdinand being one day introduced,

‘Kolli,’ said he, ‘was discovered by the police, by his always drinking a bottle of the best wine, which so ill corresponded with his dress and apparent poverty, that it excited a suspicion among some of the spies, and he was arrested, searched, and his papers taken from him. A police agent was then dressed up, instructed to represent Kolli, and sent with the papers taken from him to Ferdinand, who, however, would not attempt to effect his escape, although he had no suspicion of the deceit passed upon him.’

The reception which the pseudo-Baron met with is thus described by M. de Berthemy, the governor of Valençay.

‘Richard having been introduced into the castle, placed himself in a gallery which led to the royal apartments. Deceived by a guilty conscience, Richard saw the Infant Don Antonio coming out: he imagined that prince was the king, and shewed him some trifles. His royal highness examined them, and put some questions to him, about turnery work, listened with indulgence to his unconnected gossip, and perceiving an extraordinary confusion in the man, endeavoured to read through his dull countenance. His royal highness was about to retire, when the pretended merchant declared himself an envoy from the British government to effect his majesty’s escape, and that he had letters of king George to deliver to his majesty..... His royal highness cast a significant look at him, withdrew without paying the least attention to what he said, and immediately informed the king of the circumstance. His majesty sent his usher shortly after to complain of this audacity, and requested me to dismiss the wretch.’

De Kolli was for four years imprisoned *au secret* at Vincennes; he was then transferred to Saumur, and the ominous order had been received for his being sent, under proper escort, with seven other state prisoners, to Fontainebleau, when the entry of the Allies into Paris occasioned his liberation. The narrative of his imprisonment, his escape and re-capture, and his subsequent adventures, is highly interesting, and forms the best apology for the publication. Its disclosures certainly reflect no credit on the wisdom of his employers; but they place in a still stronger light, the unprincipled character of his persecutors, their meanness, shameless dishonesty, and sanguinary inclination.

We have no room left to notice the Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria. They were addressed by the royal Authoress, to

the Allied Powers, in 1814, in vindication of her own rights and those of her son, to the dutchy of Parma, Placentia, and Gjestalla. They are brief and not uninteresting, though by no means deeply tragical. A characteristic sentence occurs in the early part of the narrative.

—‘ For some time we were obliged to have recourse to the nobility, who supplied us with chandeliers, plate, and other articles equally indispensable. This was the first time that the daughter of the king of Spain, accustomed to be served in gold and silver, saw herself obliged to eat off porcelain.’ p. 309.

Art. VIII. *Poetical Sketches*: the Profession; the Broken Heart, &c. with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. f. cap 8vo. pp. 148. Price 6s. London. 1823.

A CURIOUS circumstance is connected with one of the poems in this elegant little volume. On its first appearance, it was transcribed into several of our daily, weekly, and monthly journals, as the undoubted production of Lord Byron, although the Author had, it seems, inserted it in the *Edinburgh Magazine* with his name. The poem is as follows.

‘ TO OCTAVIA.

‘ Full many a gloomy month hath past,
On flagging wing, regardless by,—
Unmarked by aught, save grief—since
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
And bade my Lyre pour forth for thee
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy !
For all my joys are withered now,—
The hopes, I most relied on, thwarted,—
And sorrow hath o’erspread my brow
With many a shade since last we parted :
Yet, ’mid that murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforgot !

‘ There are who love to trace the smile
That dimples upon childhood’s cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile,
The dictates of the bosom break ;—
Ah ! who of such could look on thee
Without a wish to rival me !
None ;—his must be a stubborn heart,
And strange to every softer feeling,
Who from thy glance could bear to part
Cold, and unmoved—without revealing
Some portion of the fond regret
Which dimmed my eye when last we met !

' Sweet bud of Beauty!—'Mid the thrill—
 The anguished thrill of hope delayed,—
 Peril—and pain—and every ill
 That can the breast of man invade,—
 No tender thought of *thine* and thee
 Hath faded from my memory;
 But I have dwelt on each dear forth
 Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,
 And that remembrance seemed to strain,
 Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness;—
 And now again I breathe a lay
 To hail thee on thy natal day!

' O! might the fondest prayers prevail
 For blessings on thy future years!
 Or innocence, like thine, avail
 To save thee from affliction's tears!
 Each moment of thy life should bring
 Some new delight upon its wing;
 And the wild sparkle of thine eye—
 Thy guilelessness of soul revealing—
 Beam ever thus, as beauteously,
 Undimmed—save by those gems of feeling—
 Those soft, luxurious drops which flow,
 In pity, for another's woe.

' But vain the thought!—It may not be!—
 Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
 Or hearts from sinful passion free
 Here hope for unalloyed delight,
 Then, those who guard thine opening bloom
 Had never known one hour of gloom.
 No—if the chastening stroke of Fate
 On guilty heads alone descended,
 Sure *they* would ne'er have felt its weight,
 In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
 Life's dearest social virtues move,
 In one bright endless chain of love!

' Then since upon this earth, joy's beams
 Are fading—frail, and few in number,
 And melt—like the light-woven dreams
 That steal upon the mourner's slumber,—
 Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
 The ills that Heaven may bid thee share;
 And when thine infancy hath fled
 And Time with woman's zone hath bound thee,
 If, in the path thou 'rt doomed to tread,
 The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound thee,
 Be thine that exquisite relief
 Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief!

' And like the many-tinted Bow,
 Which smiles the showery clouds away,
 May Hope—Grief's Iris here below—
 Attend, and soothe thee on thy way,
 Till full of years—thy cares at rest—
 Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!—
 Young Sister of a mortal NINE,
 Farewell!—Perchance a long farewell!
 Though woes unnumbered yet be mine,
 Woes, Hope may vainly strive to quell,—
 I'll half unteach my soul to pine,
 So there be bliss for thee and *THINE!* pp. 25—29.

think that there are poems of Lord Byron's, which the
 r of these stanzas may justly be deemed, capable of
 ; composed; but it does not strike us that these are
 such as his Lordship would have written. Mr. Watts
 frequently reminds his readers of Moore or Barry Corn-
 There is however, more of heart, though less of brilliancy
 lyrical poems, than in those of the former; while he dis-
 more purity of taste and of sentiment, if less originality
 he latter. He is evidently a warm admirer of our living
 and has perhaps formed his taste too much upon these
 fect models. We would recommend him to dip nearer the
 in-head. The stanzas on the death of a nephew, might
 een written, and might have assumed the present form,
 gh Leigh Hunt had never addressed his exquisite stanzas
 child; yet, the general resemblance is almost too strong
 accidental. The Writer, however, stands quite clear of
 rism, and the poem is of so interesting a character, that
 : sure we cannot say any thing in favour of Mr. Watts's
 e, that shall more powerfully recommend it to our readers,
 he insertion of these stanzas.

D THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM POWER WATTS.

(AGED THREE YEARS.)

' A cloud is on my heart and brow,—
 The tears are in my eyes,—
 And wishes fond, all idle now,
 Are stifled into sighs;—
 As musing on thine early doom,
 Thou bud of beauty snatched to bloom,
 So soon, 'neath milder skies!
 I turn—thy painful struggle past—
 From what thou *art*, to what thou *wast!*
 ' I think of all thy 'winning ways,'
 Thy frank but boisterous glee;—
 Thy arch sweet smiles,—thy coy delays,—
 Thy step, so light and free;—

Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
 Thy gladness, when the task was done,
 And gained thy mother's knee ;—
 Thy gay, good-humoured, childish ease,
 And all thy thousand arts to please !

‘ Where are they now ?—And where, oh where,
 The eager fond caress ?
 The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
 The lips, all sought to press ?—
 The open brow, and laughing eye,—
 The heart, that leaped so joyously ?
 (Ah ! had we loved them less !)
 Yet there are thoughts can bring relief
 And sweeten even this cup of grief.

‘ What hast thou ’scaped ?—A thorny scene,
 A wilderness of woe ;
 Where many a blast of anguish keen
 Had taught thy tears to flow ?
 Perchance some wild and withering grief,
 Had sere thy summer's earliest leaf,
 In these dark bowers below !
 Or, sickening chills of hope deferred,
 To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred !

‘ What hast thou ’scaped ?—Life's weltering sea,
 Before the storm arose ;
 Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
 From aught that marred repose !
 Safe from the thousand throes of pain,—
 Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
 Upon thine opening rose :
 And who could calmly think of this,
 Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss ?

‘ I culled from home's beloved bowers,
 To deck thy last long sleep ;
 The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
 That summer's dews may steep ;—
 The rose-bud, emblem meet, was there,
 The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
 That, drooping, seemed to weep ;—
 And, now, I add this lowlier spell ;—
 SWEETS TO THE PASSING SWEET ! FAREWELL ! ’

pp. 79—82

We must make room for the following beautiful sonnet.

‘ THE FIRST BORN.

‘ Never did music sink into my soul
 So ‘ silver sweet,’ as when thy first weak wail
 On my ’rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
 Thou child of love and promise !—What a tale

Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound !
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world.
But oh ! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail :
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, mayst thou
Soon scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now !' p. 97.

A limited edition of these poems was first printed for private circulation ; and it was the favourable notice which they attracted, that encouraged the Author to give them to the public. We are glad to perceive that a third edition is already announced, so that the public seem to have been, in this instance, before-hand with us. But we could not pass over a volume of such modest pretensions, displaying at the same time so much genuine poetical feeling, sensibility, and refinement.

Art. IX. *Time's Telescope for 1824*; or a complete Guide to the Almanack : containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays ; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, &c. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, and the Naturalist's Diary. To which are prefixed Outlines of Historical and Physical Geography ; and an introductory Poem on Flowers. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 330. Price 9s. London. 1824.

WE have more than once noticed the former volumes of this very agreeable miscellany, and we must do the ingenious Editor the justice to report, that his eleventh volume is by no means inferior in point of merit or variety to its predecessors. The work is, indeed, kept up with great spirit, and no pains have been spared to render it as useful as it is entertaining. Among the novelties in the present volume are, the Outlines of Geography contributed by Dr. Myers of Blackheath, to whom, it appears, that the public are also indebted for the astronomical portion of the work ; the introductory poem by Bernard Barton ; the ' Methods of Treatment' recommended by the Royal Humane Society—these have been attached, at the Society's expense, to the principal Annual pocket-books, and ought to be in every one's possession ; a portrait of Captain Parry, and two wood-cut representations of Esquimaux costume ; and the usual poetical gleanings from contemporary and anonymous writers. It indicates a striking improvement in public taste, that many of the most elegant of these poetical pieces, are gathered from

the periodical works of the day. The following beautiful stanzas appeared in the *Literary Gazette*.

‘ TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

‘ Creature of air and light,
Emblem of that which may not fade or die !
Wilt thou not speed thy flight
To chase the south wind through the sunny sky ?
What lures thee thus to stay
With Silence and Decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of dull Mortality ?

‘ The thoughts once chamber'd there
Have gather'd up their treasures, and are gone !
Will the dust tell us where.
They that have burst the prison-house are flown ?
Rise, nursling of the Day,
If thou wouldst trace their way !
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

‘ Who seeks the vanish'd bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?
Far thence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous midst the woods to dwell !
Thou, of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn !
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruined cell.’

There are some very pleasing lines on the death of Bloomfield by Bernard Barton ; but they are too long to transcribe. Some of the poems are not attributed to their proper authors. The Sonnet to December, taken from the *Literary Gazette*, is by Henry Kirke White. The stanzas at p. 182. beginning,

‘ I saw a dew-drop, cool and clear,’

is by one of the well known Authors of Hymns for Infant Minds, and appeared in the *Associate Minstrels*. The following elegant and touching lines occur under the notice of the late Marchioness of Worcester's death. ‘ The time,’ it is stated, ‘ was so short between her illness and her death, that the artificial flowers were suffered to remain in her hair.’

‘ Those roses glittering o'er her pallid brow,
Why shine they full of life and freshness now,
When she, their lovely wearer, sinks in death,
And every sigh but seems her parting breath !
Alas, false wreaths ! had you light tendrils been,
Such as in summer's bright'ning bowers are seen,
Mournful would droop each trivial leaf and flower,
And die with her they graced in life's gay hour ;
Nor, like these fair companions of her doom,
As radiant grace her revels and her tomb.’

R. B.

Art. X. *Suffolk Words and Phrases*; or an Attempt to collect the Lingual Localisms of that County. By Edward Moor, F. R. S. F. S. A. 12mo. pp. xx., 526. Woodbridge. 1823.

‘THE East country’ was thought by Grose scarcely to afford a sufficiency of local words to form a division of the Provincial Glossary. Whereas the leading words in this collection of *Suffolcisms* exceed two thousand five hundred! The learned Compiler, already well known to the public as the Author of a treatise on Hindu Infanticide, on his return, after twenty years absence, to his native country, was much struck with the recurrence of long forgotten provincialisms, which produced, as they fell on his ear, ‘a sensation similar to the welcome sight of an old friend.’ Mr. Wilbraham’s Cheshire Glossary first suggested the idea of publishing a collection of the lingual peculiarities of East Anglia. As he proceeded in the compilation, he was surprised to find the number of words common to Scotland and Suffolk,—‘more probably than are common to Suffolk and Essex.’ These, he imagines, may be referred to a common Saxon origin.

We confess that we do not attach much importance to such collections in a philological point of view; for etymology receives but little illustration from by far the larger portion of these provincial vulgarisms; yet, they are often curious and highly amusing. To a Suffolk man, the volume will afford a fund of entertainment: others will almost find it hard to believe that such a language passed for English in the nineteenth century. And why should *Suffolcisms* be less interesting or venerable, or less entitled to be perpetuated, than the lingo which gives so much effect to the low dialogue in the Scotch novels? We cannot but wish, however, that Mr. Moor had not admitted so many mere vulgarisms in pronunciation, as they add to the bulk, without enhancing the value of the volume. Such elegant variations as *gollop* for gallop, *nut* for not, *nile* for soil, *siller* for cellar, *ondeniable*, *neest* for nest, *just* for first, and a thousand others, come under the general description of a peculiarity of pronunciation with regard to the clipped or lengthened vowels; but they do not amount to a corruption of the words, nor have any claim to be recorded as lingual localisms. Very few, if any of these, are confined to Suffolk. Of *sheer* provincialisms we have some exquisite specimens in

‘*Farrisee*. Pronounced like *Pharisee*—a Fairy. Fairidge in Norfolk. The green circlets in pastures we call *Farrisee-rings*.

‘*Jingo*. By *Jingo*—a well-known oath—sometimes, I think, by St. Jingo. I was not aware there was such a saint, or of the origin of the oath; until circumambulating the lake of Geneva, we came to a

town beautifully situated opposite Vevay, called St. Gingoulph, and pronounced like our *Jingo*, with the initial softened.

‘Jobanowl. A thick-headed fellow. *Nowl* is a name of the head with us. Under *Jobbernoule*, Nares explains it—“thick head, block-head; from *jobbe*, dull in Flemish, and *cnol*, a head, Saxon : used as an appellative of reproach.”

‘Now miller, miller, dustipoul,
I’ll clapper-claw thy *jobbernoul*.

Old Play.’

‘Gumshun. Cleverness, talent—used quaintly. “He has some *gumshun* in him,” is as much as to say, he is no fool. This word seems to be in use in other parts. Gumption occurs in the *Bridal of Triermain*, Canto I., and in other recent Scottish works. “As muckle gumpshion as Tammy,” I lately read in a Scotch magazine.

‘Gumshus or Rungumshus.’ Quarrelsome, offensive, obstinate. “Come—don’t you be rungumshus.”—“A fared kiende rungumshus”—this would apply to an unmanageable man or horse.

‘Peterman.’ The name by which we formerly called, and perhaps do still call, the Dutch fishing vessels that frequented, or frequent, our eastern coasts and ports—particularly, as far as I am concerned, Bawdsey-ferry, and Hollesley-bay. They were also called Peter boats. From Nares I find these terms not local.

‘“Moreover there are a great number of other kind of fishermen belonging to the Thames, called Hebbermen, *Petermen*, and Trawlermen.”

Howel's *Londinop*.

‘Goochy. India Rubber.’

Can there be any connexion between this last word and the name of the worthy member for Suffolk?—These must suffice as specimens; we have taken them at random, and have been obliged to pass over some highly entertaining articles on account of their length. Some unexpected illustrations occur of the obsolete terms which have puzzled commentators, occurring in our old poets. But old Tusser is the poet for Suffolkisms, and the copious citations from his “Five Hundred Points,” contribute not a little to the interest of the work. We are rather surprised at not finding any reference to our old friend Bloomfield, the Suffolk Poet: the word *Horkey*, which he has rendered familiar to us, is not even noticed by Mr. Moor. This is an inexcusable oversight. Northamptonshire has a poet and a lingo of its own; but it might have been worth while to consult John Clare's Poems, as we suspect that some Suffolkisms might be detected in them. Many of these provincialisms are very extensively prevalent. The appropriation of Christian names to birds is very general, as Robin Red-breast, Jenny Wren, Jenny-crudle, and Jenny-hulet, Tom Tit, Dicky-bird, Poll Parrot, Jack Daw, Ralph, for a raven, and Madge for a magpie. Philip for a sparrow, Jacob for a starling, and

King Harry, alias Jack Nicker, for a gold-finch, were new to us.—The following whimsical letter, anonymously transmitted to the Editor, is, no doubt, a spurious composition, but it is in the genuine Suffolk dialect; and we shall therefore insert it, for the purpose of exercising the ingenuity of our readers.

‘ Dear Frinnd,

‘ I was axed some stounds agon by Billy P. our ’sesser at Mulladen to make inquisition a’ yeow if Master —— had pahd in that there money into the Bank. Billy P. he fare kienda unasy about it, and when I see him at Church a’ day he sah timmy, says he. prah ha yeow wrot—so I kienda wef’t um off—and I sah, says I, I heent hard from Squire D.—— as yit, but I dare sah, I shall afore long—So prah write me some lines, an send me wahd, wutha the money is pahd a nae. I dont know what to make of our Mulladen folks, nut I—but somehow or another, theyre allus in dibles, an I’ll be rot if I dont begin to think some on em a’ tahn up scaly at last; an as to that there fulla —— he grow so big and so purdy that he want to be took down a peg—an I’m glad to hare that yeow gint it em properly at Wickhum. I’m gooin to meet the Mulladen folks a’ Friday to go a bounden, so prah write me wahd afore thennum, an let me know if the money be pahd, that I may make Billy P. asy. How stammin cowl tis nowadays—we heent no feed no where, an the stock run blorin about for wittles jest as if twa winter—yeow mah pend ont twool be a mortal bad season for green geese, an we shant ha no spring wahts afore Soom fair. I clipt my ship last Tuesday (list a’ me—I mean Wensday) an they scringe up their backs so nashunly I’m afeard they’re wholly stryd—but ’strus God tis a strangd cowl time. I heent got no news to tell ye, only we’re all stammenly set up about that there corn bill—some folks dont fare ta like it no matters, an tha sah there was a nashun noise about it at Norrij last Saturday was a fautnit. The mob thay got 3 efigis, a farmer, a squire, an a mulla, an strus yeowre alive they hung um all on one jibbit—so folks sah. Howsomever we are all quite enough here, case we fare to think it for our good. If you see that there chap Harry——give my sarvice to em.

I remain,

Yar true frinnd,

—————.

What will the ‘Yankees’ say, if this volume should find its way to America, at learning that such English as this is still spoken in the mother country? We ought not to be very severe on the subject of Americanisms. Another thirty years, however, by means of Sunday Schools, Bible Societies, and other innovations, will make sad havoc among these remnants of the olden phraseology. Our antiquaries must make the most of their time.

Art. XI. *Beauties of Dwight* ; or Dr. Dwight's System of Theology, abridged : with a Sketch of his Life : a Portrait : and an original Essay on his Writings, &c. 4 vols. 24mo. Price 12s. London. 1823.

THIS work is correctly termed an Abridgement: the first part of the title does not describe it. The 'beauties' of the American divine, in the general acceptation of the phrase, would consist of a selection of the most striking passages from his writings given at length. We confess that we should have thought this a more eligible plan, than the exhibiting of his system of divinity in this meagre analytical form. Dr. Dwight is generally very concise, and his lectures are sometimes skeletons very slightly filled up: they scarcely admit of advantageous abridgement. But there are defective parts of his system, to which we have adverted, and which, had the principle of selection been adopted, might have been omitted without detriment to the work. We are at a loss to understand the precise intention of the Editor. These skeletons do not appear to us at all eligible models for pulpit discourses, where plain persons compose the majority of the audience: the peculiar excellence of the original discourses was, their adaptation to the purpose of divinity lectures. To those ministers and students who cannot afford to purchase the larger work, these volumes may be acceptable. The merits and defects of the analysis will be best shewn by a short specimen.

‘ The manner in which revelation exhibits the Divine benevolence, is the following.

‘ God directly asserts his character to be benevolent.

‘ The text is the strongest conceivable example of this assertion. Thou art good, says David, and thou dost good; and thy tender mercies are over all thy works. There is none good but one, saith Christ, that is, God.

‘ He recites a great variety of specimens of his goodness to individuals and nations; and exhibits them as being, unquestionably, acts of benevolence only.

‘ He explains the whole system of his dispensations, in those instances not recorded in the Scriptures, in the same manner.

‘ He exhibits to us sin, as far more vile, and deserving of far more punishment; and virtue, or benevolence, as far more excellent and meritorious, than our reason would otherwise have enabled us to conceive.

‘ He exhibits to us, that he is kind, not only to such beings as are virtuous, but to such also as are sinners; and that this kindness in its extent and consequences is infinite.

‘ In the law which he has given to mankind for the regulation of all their moral conduct, he has required no other obedience, except their love to himself and to each other

‘ God requires the whole regard which he claims to be rendered to him only as a benevolent God.

‘ In the Scriptures we are required to love, worship, and serve, that is, to exhibit our love in different forms to a God of love, and to such a God only.

‘ God has informed us in the Scriptures, that there is beyond the grave an immortal state of retribution ; in which whatever seems irregular in the present state will be adjusted according to the most exact dictates of benevolence and equity.

‘ The benevolence of God is strictly infinite.

‘ In the divine Mind every attribute is necessarily co-extended with the greatness of that mind. The benevolence of God is as truly thus extensive, as his knowledge or his power. To his love of happiness existing, to his desire of happiness as a thing to be produced, no limit can be affixed. Intense and glowing beyond degree, although perfectly serene and complacent, it furnishes the most solid foundation for the truth of that remarkable declaration in the text ; God is love ; or Infinite Love is the Infinite God.

‘ The benevolence of God cannot but be ever active.’

In the former part of the discourse, the proofs from reason, of the Divine benevolence, are exhibited in the same naked manner, as unsupported propositions. Sometimes these may seem to approach to the character of self-evident truths ; as, for instance, that ‘ God can have no possible motive to be ‘ malevolent.’ But to perceive the force and bearing of an assertion like this, a reader would need have been trained to habits of close thinking. And after all, the expressions are far from being unobjectionable.

Art. XII. *Statement in Regard to the Pauperism of Glasgow, from the Experience of the last Eight Years.* By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 78. Glasgow. 1823.

DR. CHALMERS alludes, in the preface to this pamphlet, to ‘ a pretty general imagination,’ that he had relinquished his charge in Glasgow, because of the misgiving of his schemes for the extinction of pauperism. He has met this injurious and unfounded suspicion with substantial facts. Our readers will perhaps recollect, that Dr. Chalmers's undertaking was, on being allowed to appropriate the whole of the weekly collection made at the church doors of St. John's, (at that time 400*l.* a-year,) to the support of the poor of that parish,—‘ to send ‘ no new poor, either casual or permanent, to the Town Hos- ‘ pital.’ To meet the new cases, the evening collection was presumed to be sufficient ; and the result has so far justified the expectation, that, from September 1819 to June 1823, all the new applications have been met with a sum not exceeding

80*l.* a-year, arising from this fund. During the same period, comprising three years and nine months, the number of paupers admitted on the ground of general indigence, is *thirteen*, at a monthly expense of 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or 32*l.* per annum. The cases of extraordinary and hopeless disease are *two*; one, a lunatic, the other, deaf and dumb—monthly expense 1*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* or 14*l.* 16*s.* per annum. Two illegitimate children and three families of run-away husbands, have been admitted on the same fund—monthly expense 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; per annum 19*l.* 10*s.* Total, 20 regular paupers at a monthly expense of 5*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, a yearly expense of 66*l.* 6*s.* In the mean time, the old sessional poor, which, in October 1819, were 98, have sunk down (by deaths and dismissals) to 57; making, with the new cases, 77: a diminution in the total of 21. The total yearly expense of maintaining the poor of this parish, the population of which is upwards of 8000, is 308*l.* But this includes the Town Hospital cases, and the relief of paupers received from other parishes.

The most extraordinary circumstance connected with the success of this management, is, that it has been effected at a very inconsiderable sacrifice of time and labour on the part of the individuals in whom was vested the charge of the evening collections which were to meet the new cases. The details contained in the reports of the several deacons, printed as a note, form a mass of testimony highly deserving of attention. They shew how much may be accomplished, under any system of management, by a prudent and well-principled discharge of the office, towards reducing the expenditure, and, at the same time, promoting the best interests of the poor.

Still, while we warmly congratulate Dr. Chalmers on the success of his philanthropic experiment, we see no reason to retract the opinion, that his general deductions with regard to the Poor Laws of England are unsound, proceeding on a limited and mistaken view of the subject. The mere substitution of church collections for an assessment in this country, we should esteem no improvement. The total abolition of a parochial fund is happily too visionary a scheme to be thought of: it would be as iniquitously unjust as it is impracticable. The evil lies in the management, and this evil is not less susceptible of remedy on the English system than on the Scotch. The circumstances of the two countries are totally dissimilar, as regards not only the physical and moral habits of the population, but their resources. It is stated that the population of Glasgow, which in 1820 was 73,796, was in 1821, 72,765,—an inconsiderable decrease, but yet, proving that the surplus population of Scotch towns more readily finds vent, than, we apprehend, is possible in England.

ART. XIII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

A Prospectus has been issued of a new edition very considerably enlarged, of *Memoirs and Correspondence of Duplessis Mornay*, relating to the history of the Reformation and the Civil Wars in France under Charles IX., Henry III. Henry IV., and Louis XIII., from 1571 to 1625; published from the original manuscripts in the possession of the prince of Montmorency-Robecq, and the marquis de Mornay; to which will be prefixed, *Memoirs of her husband*, written by Madame de Mornay, for the instruction of her son. By P. R. Augius and A. D. de la Fontenelle. In 15 vols. 8vo. This edition will contain the matter suppressed in the four volumes of the original publication, besides a great number of unpublished letters from Henry IV., Queen Elizabeth of England, the Prince and Princess of Nassau, &c. &c. The work will be published by subscription, and will be brought out two volumes at a time.

A Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark, by Robert Dale Owen, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

Messrs J. P. Neale and J. Le Keux intend publishing the First Number of their *Original Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches of Great Britain*, on the 1st of February, 1824.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 8vo. *The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures asserted, and Infidel Objections shewn to be unfounded*, by new and conclusive evidence. In six lectures now delivering at Albion Hall, London Wall. By the Rev. S. Noble.

In the press, *Sacred Tactics*, an attempt to develop, and to exhibit to the eye by tabular arrangements, a general rule of composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Thomas Boys, A. M.

The Rev. Greville Ewing has in the press, a second edition of his *Essay on Baptism*, considerably enlarged.

Preparing for publication, in 12mo. *Poptism not Baptism, and Washing not Burial*, in Reply to Mr. Ewing's *Essay on Baptism*; containing an address to the numerous members of pœdobaptist churches who hold antipœdobaptist sentiments. By F. A. Cox, A. M.

In the press, a second edition of *Sabbaths at Home*. By Henry March.

In the press, a *Present for a Sunday School*, adapted for the Capacities of little children. By a Minister of the Established Church.

A new edition of Mr. Alaric A. Watts's *Poetical Sketches*, with illustrations, is preparing for publication, which will include *Gertrude de Balm*, and other additional poems.

Preparing for publication, a *Practical Guide to English Composition*; or, a comprehensive system of English grammar, criticism, and logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved plan; containing apposite principles, rules, and examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of schools and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

In the press, and to appear early in the new year, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*. By Christopher Keelivina. To include a *Sketch of Changes* which have occurred during the last half century in that part of Scotland.

George Phillips is printing a *Compendium of Algebra*, with Notes and Demonstrations shewing the Reason of every rule, designed for the use of schools, and those persons who have not the advantage of a preceptor; the whole arranged on a plan calculated to abridge the labour of the master, and facilitate the improvement of the pupil.

In the press, a *Discourse on Prayer*, explaining its nature, enforcing its importance, and unfolding the advantages which flow from it. By the Rev. John Thornton.

Early in January will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. a *Narrative of a Journey from La Guayra to Bagota, and thence to Santa Martha*, performed between February and July, 1823.

In the press, *Aureus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign*, written by himself. In 2 vols. 12mo.

On the 1st of February, 1824, will be published, the first part (to be continued quarterly, in parts) of the *Animal Kingdom*, as arranged conformably with its organization, by the Baron

Cuvier; with additional descriptions of all the species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed. The whole of the 'Regne Animal' of the above cele-

brated Zoologist will be translated in this undertaking: but the additions will be so considerable, as to give it the character of an original work.

ART. XIV. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

EDUCATION.

Scholastic Education; or a synopsis of the studies recommended to employ the time and engage the attention of youth; a suggestion of the most efficient methods of tuition; and a notice of the authors which may be advantageously used in a Scholastic Course By John Shoveller, LL. D. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lady of the Manor. By Mrs. Sherwood. 7s. [Vol. II. is in the press.]

The History of George Desmond. Founded on Facts which occurred in the East Indies, and now published as a useful caution to Young Men going out to that country. post 8vo. 7s.

Eugenia; or, the Dangers of the World. By Miss More, Author of "The Welsh Cottage," &c. 4s.

The History of Little Lacy and her Dhaye. By Mrs. Sherwood. 2s. 6d.

Sophia; or, the Source and Benefit of Affliction. By the Author of "Margaret Whyte," &c. 2s. 6d.

The Spy-glass; or, Truths brought Home to the Mind's Eye. 2s. 6d.

Pere La Chaise. By Mrs. Sherwood. 2s.

The Infant's Grave. By Mrs. Sherwood. 1s. 6d.

Choice Pleasures for Youth; in a series of Letters from a Father to his Son. 12mo. 4s.

POETRY.

The Star in the East, and other Poems. By Josiah Conder. 18mo. 6s.

THEOLOGY.

The Doctrines of General Redemption, as held by the Church of England and by the early Dutch Arminians, exhibited in their scriptural evidence, and in their connection with the civil and religious liberties of mankind. By Jas. Nichols. In 1 vol. 8vo. 16s.

A Dictionary of all Religions, and Religious Denominations, Ancient and Modern, Jewish, Pagan, Mahometan, or Christian: also of Ecclesiastical History. To which are prefixed,—I. An Essay on Truth, the Causes of Error, &c. by the late Rev. Andrew Fuller.—II. On the State of the World at Christ's Appearance, by Mrs. Hannah Adams, original editor of the work. And to which are appended, a Sketch of Missionary Geography; with practical reflections on the whole. By T. Williams. The third London edition, with the improvements of the fourth American edition, and many new articles and corrections throughout. 10s. 6d.

The Works of Dr. John Owen. Vols. VII. and VIII. 12s. each.

A new edition of Saurin's Sermons, translated by the Rev. R. Robinson, Henry Hunter, D.D. and Joseph Sutcliffe. With additional Sermons now first translated. Edited by the Rev. S. Burder, M.A. 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

The Anti-Swedenborg. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Lectures illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress. By the Rev. D. Warr. 8vo. 8s.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1824.

- Art. I. 1. *View of the past and present state of the Island of Jamaica ; with Remarks on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Slaves, and on the Abolition of Slavery in the Colonies.* By J. Stewart, late of Jamaica. 8vo. pp. 374. Price 10s. 6d. Edinburgh, 1823.
2. *A Letter to M. Jean Baptiste Say, on the Comparative Expense of Free and Slave Labour.* By Adam Hodgson. 8vo. Second Edition. pp. 60. Liverpool, 1823.
3. *Substance of the Debate in the House of Commons on the 15th of May 1823, on a Motion for the Mitigation and gradual Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions.* With a Preface and Appendixes containing Facts and Reasonings illustrative of Colonial Bondage. 8vo. pp. xl., 248. London, 1823.
4. *The Jamaica Planter's Guide ; or a System for planting and managing a Sugar Estate and other Plantations in that Island, and throughout the British West Indies in general.* Illustrated with interesting Anecdotes. By Thomas Roughley, nearly twenty Years a Sugar-planter in Jamaica. 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1823.
5. *Thoughts on the Necessity of improving the Condition of the Slaves in the British Colonies, with a View to their ultimate Emancipation ; and on the Practicability, the Safety, and the Advantages of the latter Measure.* By T. Clarkson, Esq. Third Edition, corrected. 8vo. pp. 58. London, 1823.

EVERY friend to the cause of humanity must have exulted in the result of the memorable debate on Mr. Buxton's motion on the 15th of last May ; when his Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was himself the mover of Resolutions which recognised the necessity of immediate measures for meliorating the condition of the slave population of our Colonies, with a view to their eventual ' participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects.' If Parliamentary Resolutions could secure the effectuation of their object, little would remain for

those who have grown old in the cause of the Negroes, but to await with pleasing confidence the operation of those measures by which the Government should redeem the pledge given by the Right Honourable Gentleman in terms so explicit and satisfactory. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the Resolutions passed on that occasion were not opposed by any West India proprietor in Parliament: so far as appears, they met with the unqualified acquiescence of the West India body. It is true, that they came in the shape of an Amendment on Mr. Buxton's motion, by which that acquiescence was no doubt in part conciliated. It is also true, that general resolutions are very innocuous things, which it is often found indolent to oppose, but easy to frustrate. Yet, on the whole, the unanimous concurrence of the House in the unequivocal declaration that slavery is an evil imperiously calling for instant mitigation, and that its extinction in the British colonies ought to be made the ultimate object of remedial measures,—must be viewed as a circumstance of high importance, and one which affords cause for congratulation, if not of triumph or complete satisfaction.

It can no longer be said with decency, that what the Abolitionists are aiming at, is a chimerical or illegitimate object. There is room for a difference of opinion as to the measures which it may be expedient to adopt, but every principle which they contend for has now been substantially recognised. The trade which has peopled our colonies with the victims of slavery, is acknowledged to be one of the most atrocious iniquity; and Mr. Canning, not forgetful, perhaps, that he is associated in office with men who, to the last, stickled for the continuance of that nefarious traffic,—deprecated a recurrence to 'the former delinquencies of this country'—he wondered that Mr. Buxton should 'go out of his way to recal the horrors and cruelties connected with the now abolished slave-trade.' But ought they to be forgotten? Is it true, that, as the Right Honourable Gentleman affirmed, 'if capable of expiation, they have been expiated?' If, as a matter of courtesy, it were admitted to be proper to bury in oblivion the past, and to accept as a free quittance, these expressions of penitence on the part of Mr. Canning's colleagues,—the spirit which has again manifested itself beyond the walls of Parliament, the unextinguished spirit of malignity in the abettors of slavery, renders it impossible not to recur to their former conduct. Nay, they are taking all possible means of reviving the recollection of that 'other odious question,' by a repetition of the same stale and often refuted arguments, the same alarms, and predictions, and calumnies, in almost the same language, by which the ad-

vocates of the Abolition were assailed for twenty years by substantially the same party. Scarcely ever did the Press present, on this subject, a more alarming front of determined hostility to the friends of Negro civilization. Blackwood, the Admiralty Review, John Bull, the British Critic, and the Old Times, are leagued in honourable fraternity with a host of minor scribblers in West India pay, to defend to the last the accursed system of slavery, and to write down, each according to its peculiar gift and style, the Wilberforces and the Buxtons. And if this be not enough to rouse the attention of those who have hitherto looked on in supineness, and to indicate the nature of the renewed contest, the Colonists have themselves furnished a lesson, in their recent treatment of an estimable Missionary, which cannot be lost on the religious public. We deprecate any inflammatory appeal to the passions; but if this state of things does not awake the anxious attention, and call forth the best efforts of every friend of religion and humanity, it must be that they are beguiled into a strange forgetfulness of their duty.

It is necessary, more necessary than ever, that the voice of the British public should be heard. We believe Mr. Canning to be sincere, and that he has the confidence and, to a certain extent, the support of his distinguished colleagues. But even were there no difference of opinion whatever on this point among the members of the Cabinet, the difficulties with which his Majesty's Ministers have to contend, in dealing with intractable Colonies and hostile commercial interests at home, render it indispensable that they should be under no mistake as to the feeling of the country; that they should not want any motive on the one hand, or any justification on the other, in following up the measures to which they have pledged themselves. The nature of some of these difficulties is very intelligibly indicated by a cautiously worded paragraph in Mr. Canning's speech, in which he followed up the declaration, that 'we have a right to expect from the Colonial Legislatures a full and fair co-operation,' by adding:

'And being as much averse by habit, as I am at this moment precluded by duty, from mooted imaginary points, and looking to the solution of extreme, though not impossible questions, I must add, that any resistance which might be manifested to the express and declared wishes of Parliament—any resistance, I mean, which should partake, not of reason, but of contumacy—would create a case, (a case, however, which I sincerely trust, will never occur,) upon which his Majesty's Government would not hesitate to come down to Parliament for counsel.'

The temper of the Colonial Legislatures has been sufficiently

manifested. Some of the Colonists have been insane enough—indebted as they are to the mother country for their very existence—a separation from which they could not survive three years—to hold the language of independence and intimidation. Standing, as it were, on a mine which a spark from the torch of war would explode, few in number, insulated, and physically powerless if once the standard of revolt were raised, depending on England absolutely for their markets and their wealth,—these madmen affect to talk as America did—swelling like the frog in the fable in emulation of the ox; forgetful that they have not, what America had, a righteous cause, and the means of asserting it. 'This language, however, may be considered as meant to alarm our West India Proprietors here, and to give the lead to the alarmists, rather than to intimidate the Government. Whether meant as a manoeuvre, however, or in earnest folly, it shews that every expedient short of a contumacious resistance will be resorted to, in order to defeat or to elude the legislative interference of the mother country. On this account, the Committee for the Mitigation of Slavery express their deep regret

' that the mode of proceeding by Parliamentary enactment, in effecting the Colonial reforms which have been recognised as necessary, should not have been preferred to that of leaving this great work to be carried on through the medium of the Colonial Legislatures. Past experience, to say the least, discourages any sanguine hope of their prompt, cordial, and efficient co-operation; and the Committee, therefore, lay their account in meeting with much delay and disappointment, as the consequence of this arrangement.' p. xxxiii.

It may have been thought, that the mode which has been preferred, would occasion less collision, would at least preclude in some degree the danger of an open conflict between the National Legislature and the Colonial Courts, by giving the latter time to effect the changes which the British Parliament has declared to be necessary. However this may be, the results will require to be watched, both in and out of Parliament, with an unslumbering vigilance. What is to be feared is, not resistance on the part of the Colonists, but cajolery, backed by Quarterly Reviewers and West India proprietors at home. Time has been gained by this legislative compromise (for as such we must view it) which substitutes a sentiment for a law; and of this time the most diligent use is making, and will be made by the slave-holders, to deceive the public with artful representations, and to throw suspicion alike on the information, the talents, and the motives of those philanthropic individuals who have signalised themselves in the cause of the de-

graded African. Of some of these attempts, made through the medium of the daily Press, it is probable that a Jury will be called upon to record an opinion, as they have been of that base and malignant description for which the Law has provided redress. But we shall now proceed to lay before our readers a few specimens of the more specious and dexterous tactics of those who would fain pass themselves off for neutrals and moderators.

In the last Number of the Quarterly Review, there appears an article which would have disgraced the lowest of our Journals by the ignorance, the stupid prejudice, and the daring contempt of veracity which it displays. Its spirit may be judged of from the fact, that the Writer holds up the Abbé Dubois as the model of Missionaries, affirms that the conversions, as they are called, made by other Missionaries, are confined to the lowest of the population, and sneers at what he chooses to call the hasty versions of the Scriptures; adding, '*The Jesuits certainly contrived to manage these matters better.*' This Reviewer hopes and trusts that the local government of India 'will not be interfered with in consequence of the restless spirit of *a few ultra-philanthropists*, the activity of whose benevolent feelings appears to expand in the direct ratio of geographical distance.' Who these ultra-philanthropists are, he is honest enough not to leave in uncertainty.

'In stirring the question of the sutties in the East,' it is added, 'we are as far from impeaching the good intentions of Mr. Fowler* Buxton, as we are those of Mr. Wilberforce for his zealous endeavours to effect the liberation of the blacks in the West; but we must be permitted to doubt the practical wisdom and discretion of both. The affairs of this world are not to be governed, nor the happiness of mankind to be secured, by intentions, however good, which militate against a sound and prudent policy. *If, by a misplaced zeal, an insurrection should spread in one hemisphere, and a rebellion be created in the other*, results, we regret to say, far from impossible, it would be but a poor apology to plead, that no such calamities had been contemplated.' Quarterly Review, No. lviii. p. 413.

We shall at present offer no further comment on this passage, than that should such results take place, no such plea as this Writer has the arrogance to frame in excuse for the philanthropists, will ever be urged on their part for their pro-

* We are not sure whether this is meant for a joke, or not: it savours of "John Bull." 'Mr. Buxton' would have sufficiently designated the individual, and the Editor must have known Mr. Fowler Buxton's name, if the writer did not.

ceedings. Our object in making this extract has been, to furnish our readers with the key to the more plausible and insidious article which appears in the same Number, 'on the Condition of the Negroes in our Colonies,' written by a far superior hand, but yet breathing a kindred spirit, and directed to a common object.

The main position which this Writer aims to establish is, that 'the statements given to the public and to Parliament by the advocates of abolition are fundamentally erroneous; that the negroes are *not* overworked, ill-treated, or oppressed; that many of them are affluent; that, in several instances, a planter has found no difficulty, when pressed to make a payment, in raising a loan among his own negroes; that Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Buxton, having never seen the West Indies, and Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macauley, not having been there since a 'remote' period, can know little or nothing about the present state of things in our Colonies, their speeches and publications being applicable only to what existed twenty years ago! What 'means of information,' then, does this Reviewer possess, which entitle him to take this high ground of superior knowledge? Is *he* fresh from the West Indies? Let us hear his own account of the sources from which he has derived these marvellous representations.

'Much of the information which we at present address to our readers, proceeds from members of the established church, acting as curates or missionaries in the different parishes of Jamaica. In one of these, situated in the east part of the Island, no less than seventeen communion-tables were last Easter filled by people of colour and blacks. Many negroes, says a clergyman writing from the central part of Jamaica in January last, have during the last year been joined in marriage, and many induced to attend regularly at public worship.' p. 506.

These facts, admitting them to be such, will be deemed but a slender foundation for this Writer's broad assertions. If this is a specimen of his peculiar information, he needs not boast of the monopoly. We do not, we must confess, clearly understand, how seventeen communion-tables could be filled in one parish, at one time, according to the customs and order of the Church of England. This *one* parish must have something peculiar attaching to it. Possibly, the informant is speaking of Methodist communicants, which, from the returns made to the Conference, are ascertained to be, in the Jamaica district alone, nearly 8000. Of this number, however, more than one half are computed to be free persons; and it behoved this clergyman to state, what proportion of *slaves* were among the

persons who filled these communion-tables. But with regard to the subject of negro marriages, we have but a very unfavourable specimen of *clerical* evidence, in an intemperate pamphlet recently published 'in reply' to Mr. Wilberforce, possibly by one of this Reviewer's correspondents,—the Rev. G. W. Bridges, Rector of Manchester in Jamaica. This gentleman boldly meets with a positive contradiction, Mr. Wilberforce's statement, that no attempts have been made to introduce among the slaves the Christian institution of marriage; stating, that he had himself married 187 couples of Negro slaves in his own parish within the last two years, all of whom had been encouraged by their owners to marry. In another parish, St. Thomas's in the East, three times that number are stated to have been married during the incumbency of Mr. Trew, the present rector; and the labours of the clergy in the remaining nineteen parishes are affirmed to have been equally active. This sounds well; and for once, it would seem that Mr. Wilberforce must have been misled, by speaking of things as they were twenty years ago. But the *official returns*, taken in connexion with the assertions of the Rev. Mr. Bridges, have led to a singular disclosure.

'On looking to the returns recently laid on the table of the House of Commons, from Jamaica, of "marriages legally solemnized between Slaves since the 1st of January 1808," down to 1822 inclusive, we find (p. 130.) that in the parish of Manchester not a single such marriage was celebrated prior to 1820. In 1820 *five* marriages took place; in 1821, *three*; and in 1822, *none*. Mr. Bridges must have written his "*Voice*" in April or May 1823. The expression, "within the last two years," could therefore have extended no farther back than the beginning of 1821. But the *official* return of marriages from the beginning of 1821 to the 17th of March 1823, is only *three*. No less than 184, therefore, of the 187 marriages solemnized by Mr. Bridges between slaves, in his own parish, "within the last two years," must have been subsequent to that date. We may well ask, therefore, with a writer in *THE TIMES* of the 26th August 1823, who adverts to this very statement in the pamphlet of Mr. Bridges, "What can have given birth to this new and ardent zeal in the extension of marriages? Was it owing to the suggestions of Mr. Wilberforce's pamphlet, which had just then made its appearance in Jamaica? Or were these 184 marriages thus suddenly got up in order to furnish a convenient practical refutation of his statements?" What may have been the "active labours of the clergy" in the other parishes, we have no means of knowing: but we do know that in most instances their labours have been "crowned" with much "the same success" as attended those of Mr. Bridges prior to the appearance of Mr. Wilberforce's Appeal. He was himself rector of St. Dorothy's before he removed to Manchester; but during his incumbency not a

single marriage appears to have taken place. Before 1820 no marriage of Slaves had occurred in that parish, and from 1820 only three. In many of the other parishes the rectors have been equally unsuccessful. From two parishes there are no returns—viz. St. Catherine's and Westmoreland: the returns in fourteen years from some of the others are as follow:

St. John's Parish.....	One Marriage..
St. Thomas in the Vale.....	None.
Vere	One.
Clarendon	Two.
St. Ann's	None.
St. Elizabeth's.....	None.
St. James's.....	Two.
Hanover	None.
Falmouth	One.
Port Royal	Two.
Portland	Twenty-seven.
St. Mary's	Thirty-six.
St. George's	Forty-seven.'

It must be kept in view, that the average slave population of each of these parishes, is upwards of 16,000 souls. On the face of the returns made to the House of Commons, it would appear that, within the last fourteen years, 3,596 legal marriages had been celebrated between slaves in the island of Jamaica. We again avail ourselves of the comment on this statement, supplied in the Appendix to the Debate, the whole of which we cannot too strongly recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers.

' The first thing to be observed in this return of marriages is, that, small as is their number (about 250 annually in a population of 340,000), they are almost wholly confined to parishes where the Methodists have formed establishments. Many of the other parishes, and among them some of those where wholesale baptisms have been most numerous (Hanover, for example), have not a single marriage of slaves to exhibit. The authorities, therefore, who furnished this return, ought to have told us how many of these 3,596 marriages were performed by the regular clergy; or whether the whole were Methodist marriages, and of course not legal or binding marriages. At the same time, we are not aware that the mere circumstance of the ceremony having been performed by a clergyman, would make that a legal and binding marriage which has no sanction in law, and no protection from it.

' The authorities in the other islands are much more open and explicit in their statements. In Trinidad, the marriages of slaves are said in thirteen years to have been three; in Nevis, Tortola, St. Christopher's, Demarara, Barbice, Tobago, Antigua, Montserrat, Barbadoes, St. Vincent's, Grenada, and Dominica, (with the exception of sixty marriages stated to have been celebrated in the Roman

Catholic church) the return is absolutely none!! Now as in some of these islands, and especially in Tortola, St. Christopher's, St. Vincent's, Antigua, &c. the Methodists have obtained a large number of converts; and as they require of their converts to abstain from polygamy and promiscuous concubinage, and to enter into a solemn engagement to live together as man and wife; if such engagements could have been regarded as legal marriages, we should have had the list of such marriages, instead of being returned nil, boasting a much larger proportion than even Jamaica itself.

' The clergymen of Grenada are very candid on this point.—“ The legal solemnization of marriage between slaves in this island,” says the Rev. Mr. Nash, “ is a thing unheard of, (unheard of!); and if I might presume to offer my sentiments, would, in their present state of imperfect civilization, lead to no beneficial result.” We should be glad to know from Mr. Nash, in what part of the world, however rude and uncivilized, except in the West Indies, marriage does not prevail, and produce beneficial results. Can he point out any results which could flow from it, which are half so bad as those which attend the present system of brutified concubinage? He thinks he can; for he goes on, in a strain of disgusting sentimentalism (disgusting, when so employed), to give us his reasons for so extraordinary an opinion from the pen of a Christian minister. “ Their affection for each other,” he says, “ if affection it can be called, is capricious and short-lived: restraint would hasten its extinction; and unity without harmony is mutual torment!” These absurd and ludicrous reasons would be equally valid for getting rid of the marriage-tie in England as in the West Indies.

' To the other two clergymen of Grenada, Mr. Macmahon and Mr. Webster, no application had ever been made to marry slaves. Neither Mr. Macmahon, during his ministry of thirty-seven years in English colonies, nor Mr. Webster, during his incumbency of twelve years, had ever heard of such a thing. In the opinion of the latter, “ the slaves appear to prefer a state of concubinage, from which they disengage themselves at will.” Doubtless many even among ourselves would be of the same mind, if the laws would allow them to indulge their natural propensities.

' The clergymen of Antigua write in a similar strain. The Rev. Mr. Coull states, that for forty-three years, during which he had been rector of St. George's, no one had ever applied to him to marry slaves but in one instance, and with that application he did not comply. He states incidentally, that there is a penalty of 50*l.* for marrying a free person to a slave. This law should be called for.—Mr. Harman, the rector of St. John and St. Paul, observes, that there is not any such occurrence as the marriage of slaves on record in either parish, such marriage “ having been invariably considered as illegal.” “ Nor is it easy,” he adds, “ to conceive how so solemn and binding a contract can possibly be entered into by persons who are not free agents.” Mr. Harman seems not to have been aware that the villeins in England married, and were protected in their conubial rights; and that the Negro slaves in the Portuguese and

brutal cruelty which he has laid before us, we should rather have expected from Mr. Tell Harris, or Miss Wright,) that their condition in *any*, much less in *many* respects, is better than that of the paupers in his native land. In Charleston, not only the negroes, but all who have the least tinge of colour, are considered as degraded beings.' p. 343.

Thus, let American slavery be the theme, these gentlemen are quite indignant at the comparison between the slaves and our paupers; but the happy negroes in British colonies may be compared with our own peasantry! In America, it excites their virtuous sympathy, that the negroes 'are a degraded class.' What are they in Jamaica? Every story of individual barbarity in an American planter, is true as a matter of course. Mr. Faux mentions the case of a gentleman planter who actually caused one of his slaves to be whipped to death for stealing—such a thing as was doubtless never heard of in the West Indies; and he states, that the Carolinians keep and train large dogs for hunting runaway negroes: on which the Reviewer, at the risk of being thought an ultra-philanthropist, exclaims:

'Nor is this all—but our heart sickens at the horrid detail, and we can go no further.' p. 344.

Why? Because the delinquents are *Americans*, of whom this amiable Reviewer can never speak in terms of sufficient dislike and contempt. Virtuous sensibility! Yet, let him take comfort from the representations of his brother-writer; for we have reason to believe that things are not worse even in Carolina, than they are in some of our own colonies. Now, referring to the latter, the Quarterly Reviewer says: 'The charge of harsh treatment is far from being confirmed by the looks and demeanour of the negroes.' (p. 491.) Just so says Mr. Faux of those in the American states. He was immediately impressed, on arriving at Charleston, 'with the respectable, happy, and healthy appearance of the slaves with which the city seems to swarm.' Moreover, 'their treatment appears to be humane.' Again, the Reviewer intimates, that 'examples of severity,' such as appeal to the sympathy, are, among our colonists, infrequent. This is precisely what the Attorney General of South Carolina assured Mr. Faux, on the occasion of a negro's having been whipped to death. 'Sir, let me tell you, that such offences rarely occur in this state, which is always prompt to punish the offenders.' And the honest Englishman, who was there regarded as an ultra-philanthropist, a Buxtonian, was told that he had stained the character of South Carolina by giving

publicity to the nefarious transaction. We really are not aware why Mr. Attorney General is less entitled to belief, notwithstanding that he is an American, than the Quarterly Reviewer. For we can readily believe that *such* examples of severity are not frequent. But Mr. Reviewer goes further, and offers to the English public the consoling reflection, 'that the punishment inflicted on negroes is far less severe than that of our soldiers and sailors.' Had this remark appeared in Cobbett's Register, or had it proceeded from Mr. Tell Harris or Mr. Fearon, its radical and inflammatory character would have drawn down upon the writer no measured castigation from the Reviewer or his colleagues. What, if an American, a Yankee had dared affirm, that the punishment inflicted on negroes in the United States, is far less severe than that which English soldiers and sailors tamely submit to? There can be little doubt that the aspersion would have been instantly resented as false. Is it less false because it proceeds from a partisan of West India planters? We are not ignorant that, by the colonial laws, the punishment of a slave is *nominally* limited to thirty-nine lashes. This must be what the Reviewer refers to, although he knows that the law has been, and, from the very nature of things, is liable to be continually infringed upon with impunity. And upon this pretext, he affects to place the slave who is driven to the field with the whip, and works under the terror of the lash, on a level with a ship's crew or a marching regiment. He might have gone further: if the punishment inflicted on negroes is less severe, still less severe is that which is inflicted on a cart-horse.

Individual cases of cruelty are not, however, the ground, as is well known to the anti-abolitionists, on which an alteration in the laws is contended for as necessary. 'What is charged against the West India system,' say the Committee, 'is precisely this,—not that there are not many humane masters; not that every master is harsh and cruel, and makes his slaves miserable; but, that every master may be harsh and cruel, and may make his slaves miserable with impunity.' But even the Quarterly Reviewer allows that things were in a state that admitted of great improvement when Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macauley were in the West Indies, twenty years ago. To judge then of the value of the reports which have been transmitted to this country, testifying the present happy condition of the slaves*, it ought, adds the Committee, to be known,

* Sir Ralph Woodford, the governor of Trinidad, affirms in his Report, that the slaves 'can, if they choose, with very little trouble,

‘ that in 1790 and 1791, the following Admirals and Governors of Colonies were examined at the bar of the House of Commons, respecting the condition of the slaves, during the space of thirty or forty years prior to that period ; namely, Admirals Rodney, Shulham, Hotham, Barrington, Arbuthnot, Edwards, Parker, Lambert, and Gardner ; and Governors Lord Macartney, Dalling, Payne, Campbell, Orde, and Parry. All these witnesses (some of whom also eulogized even the Middle Passage), concurred in affirming, that the masters were humane and attentive ; that the slaves were well clothed and fed, better than the labouring people in this country ; that their treatment, particularly that of the field negroes, was mild and humane ; that they had never known any cruel treatment ; that the lives of the slaves were as happy as those of the peasants in this country—nay, said some of them, infinitely more comfortable than that of the labouring poor in England, or any other part of the world they knew ; that no more labour was required of them than they could well bear ; and that they were well satisfied with their condition, and always cheerful. Two of these witnesses remarked, that they even envied the condition of the slaves, and wished to be in their situation ; they wished themselves to be negroes.’ p. 199.

It appears, indeed, that up to the publication of the last Number of the Quarterly Review, the whole subject of slavery has been ill understood ; and we are summoned towards the conclusion of the article, to attend to an historical and philosophical disquisition on slavery and villeinage ancient and modern, the object of which is to shew, that the present West India system is merely ‘ a payment of labour by maintenance,’ and that the only change which remains to be made in the situation of the negroes, consists in a transition to ‘ payment by wages.’ This is ‘ simplifying the discussion’ with a vengeance. According to this view of the matter, negro slavery is but that *primitive* kind of personal servitude which is necessarily attendant on the infancy of society, when ‘ payment in kind’ for labour is the only practicable plan ; such as once prevailed in this country, when, like the serfs in Russia, ‘ the peasantry appear to have been vendible,’ and were then termed *villeins in gross*.’ Our readers will not expect us to embark in any lengthened historical discussion. The

amass much beyond the wants of the utmost ambition or profligacy.’ The planters of all the islands are at this moment representing, that unless they can get a better price for their sugars, their slaves must starve. And yet, the Quarterly Reviewer says, that doubts of Sir Ralph Woodford’s *accuracy* can proceed only from ‘ that deficient acquaintance with the West Indies, so common among the Abolitionists.’

parallel would avail little, even if it could be established; but it is, in fact, a most extravagant representation, since between the two systems, that of negro slavery and that of villeinage, the distinctions are many and important; 'though the villein,' it has been justly remarked, 'was probably the most unfortunate of European bondsmen during the dark ages of feudal despotism.*' The precedent which is adduced as an apology for slavery in the nineteenth century, is drawn from a condition of things which it is one of the triumphs of Christianity to have abolished by its benign influence on the institutions and moral feeling of society! Nothing can be more grossly inaccurate than this attempt to soften down slavery into 'a payment of labour by maintenance.' In every transaction which can be denominated a payment, whether in kind or in currency, there is some actual or implied agreement: in a state of slavery there is none. In the case of personal servitude, whether domestic or military, the connexion is, generally speaking, voluntary, and the payment by maintenance is an advantage to the servant: the essence of slavery is, that the connexion is involuntary on the part of the bondaman, who is not in a condition to sell his labour, or to demand payment of any kind, his person being the property of another. Who would pretend to maintain that the domestic servant in this country, who is paid four fifths by maintenance, is less free than the agricultural labourer who receives his whole payment in wages? Or that the condition of the former is improved by being put on board-wages? The gradual transition from payment by maintenance to payment by wages, in this and other countries, has been connected, it is true, with other social changes beneficial to the labourer. But it ought not to be concealed, that the reason which led to the adoption of payment in wages was, its being found the cheapest mode, the most profitable to the master. Considered in itself, it is not a boon to the labourer; for, though it may be preferred by him on account of the independent feeling connected with the possession and disposal of money, it is quite certain,

* This part of the subject is fully examined in a legal treatise on the slavery of the West India Colonies, by James Stephen, Esq., the first part of which only has as yet, we believe, been privately circulated. Distinguished by the Writer's well-known erudition, this luminous and able exposure of the *illegality* of the present system cannot fail to excite the attention in a peculiar degree of the Legislature.

that, if money wages were not below what it would cost the employer to maintain and clothe the labourer and his family, this mode of payment would never have superseded so generally the payment by maintenance. That free labour is not only vastly more productive than slave-labour, but far cheaper too, is a fact susceptible of the clearest demonstration. Mr. Hodgson's Letter to M. Say contains a mass of important evidence on this point. One instance is mentioned, in which a calculation was made of the average weekly expense in the Liverpool workhouse for provisions, including ale, wine, spirits, tea, sugar, butter, &c. given to the sick, but exclusive of rent, which was found to be 2s. 6d. $\frac{1}{4}$ per head; while the average weekly expenditure of seven families, taken from among the labourers of a respectable commercial house, was only 1s. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per head, exclusive of rent. There have been instances in which a parish vestry has refused relief in money to a pauper with a family, and compelled him to come into the workhouse, when it could be proved, (and the calculation led on one occasion which came under our knowledge to a reversal of the order,) that the cost of maintenance to the parish would far exceed the relief with which the pauper would have been satisfied. Dr. Dickson, who resided at Barbadoes as secretary to the Hon. Edward Hay, then governor, mentions among other facts, the result of an experiment made by the Hon. Mr. Steele in the following terms: 'He has ascertained as a fact, ' what was before known to the learned as a theory, and to ' practical men as a paradox, *that the paying of slaves for ' their labour, does actually produce a great profit to their owners.*' This profit in part arises from the greater productiveness of the labourer, but in part also from a saving upon his maintenance.

There is no question, that the transition from one mode of payment to the other is, in every point of view, a most desirable one, as connected both with the prosperity of our colonies, and the melioration of the condition of the slaves. But the distinction between a slave and a free labourer does not turn upon the mode of payment. On their ceasing to be the property of their masters, it is not necessary that any alterations should be made in the mode of payment;—we say, not necessary, nor, perhaps, in all cases, immediately desirable. The Quarterly Reviewer affirms, that when Mr. Buxton's motion was the subject of conversation at Kingston in Jamaica, it was a common remark among the people of colour, 'that ' freedom without an assured income would be of no advantage ' to the negroes.' By this, we suppose, was meant, that to give them their liberty would be of no use, if they were left to starve;—a position we are not disposed to controvert. But

is there then no medium between a state of slavery, which subjects them to be driven, fed, and transferred like cattle, and their being turned adrift to provide for themselves? The manumission of a slave, if it necessarily cut him off from all connexion with his former master, more especially if the individual were not morally fitted to turn his freedom to account, would be no positive benefit to him. But how monstrous the inference, that therefore the slave is incapable of benefiting by being placed under the protection of the laws, instead of being considered as chattels, and degraded below the level of humanity! The Reviewer knows that the proposed qualifications of existing slavery, advocated by Mr. Buxton, extend no further than this; that the slaves should be attached to the soil; that they should cease to be chattels in the eye of the law; that their testimony should be legally admissible; that the driving system should be abolished; that effectual provision should be made for the improvement of their moral condition; and that all obstructions to manumissions should be removed. The ultimate extinction of slavery at some period more or less remote, is avowedly contemplated by the abolitionists; but its immediate extinction is admitted to be impracticable. It is a base and cowardly misrepresentation, to impute to them a chimerical object, and to keep out of sight, as this Reviewer does, the specific measures which they have advocated,—several of which, while professedly combating Mr. Buxton and Mr. Wilberforce, he would fain pass off on his readers as original suggestions. Excellent many of his remarks undoubtedly are, but they will be found in the writings of the very men whom he affects to depreciate.

On reading the latter part of the article, we must, however, confess, that the thought did occur,—Possibly, we have mistaken this Writer, and he is, after all, a friend in disguise. He knows that the most beneficial and unexceptionable suggestions would have no chance of obtaining the attention of the Colonists, if they proceeded from a Buxtonian, and he is, therefore, feigning to oppose the abolitionists, in order to conciliate the planters, and win them over to wiser measures. If this be the Writer's object, the feint is well kept up; and though the artifice is unworthy of the cause, it must be forgiven for the motive's sake. To the Jews he has become a Jew, that he might gain the Jews. This would explain, that, in adverting to 'the weak side of the question as regards the West India planters'—the '*unfortunate neglect*' of the religious instruction of the negroes, he has not dared to advert to the subject of missionary exertion further than to let fall this guarded sentence: 'The zeal of the sectarian missionaries is well

'known.' More than this it might not have been safe to utter in the ears of planters and other readers of the *Quarterly Review*. The Writer, therefore, hastens on to recommend an extension of church patronage as an infallible means of evangelization. This is a subject, however, on which he does not appear to be so fully enlightened as the gentleman who writes the article in praise of the Abbè Dubois and the Jesuits. The specific on which *he* seems to lay the most stress for converting the Hindoos, is, 'a good organ and solemn music, to allure the natives to attend.' For want of this powerful attraction, it would seem, the Serampore and other Missionaries have had so little success. Might not the same instrument of conversion be equally successful in the West Indies? The Africans are said to be peculiarly susceptible of Music. We should recommend the following up of this judicious hint by the formation of a new society for the distribution of organs among the heathen, and the training of missionary organists; the Archbishop of Canterbury to be the president, and Dr. Crotch vice-president, with this musical Reviewer as their secretary.

We have not room to say much of the publications whose titles are prefixed to this article, nor is it necessary. Mr. Stewart's volume we can recommend to our readers as containing a competent and, on the whole, impartial view of the important Colony which it describes. It comprises, too, much valuable and interesting information relating to the general subject of Colonial Slavery and its attendant circumstances. Mr. Roughley's book will, we doubt not, be found very useful to planters: it is purely an agricultural work. The other publications will speak for themselves. Should we but have succeeded in awakening the dormant attention of our friends, and in putting them on their guard against the delusions which are being industriously spread on the subject, they will lose no time in obtaining the fuller information furnished by these documents. Several topics we have been obliged to leave untouched; but it will not be long before we shall have occasion to return to the subject.

Art. II. *A Greek and English Lexicon*. By John Jones, LL.D. 8vo. pp. xv. 868. Price 1l. 10s. Longman and Co. London, 1823.

A GREEK and English Lexicon has long been a desideratum in the literature of our country. For, though several compilations have at different times appeared, which have been

of service to the readers of the Greek classics, their range has been too limited to supply in any adequate manner the existing deficiency. Nor, perhaps, has the encouragement to prepare such a work been so great as to stimulate the zeal of any competent scholar to such an enterprise. A Greek and English Lexicon was projected by the late Gilbert Wakefield when he was fallen upon evil days, and was seeking employment for his pen within the walls of Dorchester jail; but the want of sufficient support soon compelled him to abandon his design. A translation of Schneider's Greek and German Lexicon was some time ago announced as being in preparation; but of this approved work, we believe, no English version has yet been published. The Author of the work now under our notice, signified, in the second edition of his Greek Grammar, his intention to supply, on philosophical principles, a Greek and English Lexicon; and now, at the distance of fifteen years, the volume before us is given to the public as the fulfilment, in part, of his purpose, the completion of it being reserved for a larger work. Since Wakefield's time, the number of Greek readers, if we may judge from the multiplicity of Greek books which have been issued from the presses of this country, has very considerably increased; we should therefore hope that a favourable reception would be given to every well executed attempt to render more easy of acquisition, the knowledge of a language which contains in its existing monuments the most exquisite productions of human genius, and the most valuable records of a Divine revelation.

The form and size of Dr. Jones's Lexicon are both convenient for use. It does not profess to comprise all the words of the Greek language, but is sufficiently comprehensive to include those of the most celebrated authors in Poetry and History, and those which occur in the popular pieces of Plato, Aristotle, and Theophrastus. These, with the words of the New Testament, the Septuagint, Longinus, Lucian, and Plutarch, constitute a body of Greek philology abundantly ample for young scholars, and providing very extensive assistance to more advanced students. Dr. Jones's Lexicon is neither a translation of a prior Dictionary, nor is it a compilation from the works of his predecessors; every page of it bears very satisfactory evidence of his acquaintance with the authors whose language he explains, and of their having been consulted by him for the purpose of obtaining correct verbal definitions. It is not one of the least important advantages which his work possesses over every other Lexicon generally accessible to young or poor scholars, that it follows the publication of such admirable works as Damm's *Homeric* and *Pindaric Lexicon*,

the *Lexicon Xenophonticum* of Sturze, the *Lexicon Græcum Prosodiacum* of Morell by Dr. Maltby, the *Lexicon Polybianum* by Schweighæusur, Biel's *Lexicon* for the Septuagint, and Schleusner's *Lexicon* of the Greek New Testament; by the whole of which, as well as by some other works of a similar kind, many benefits have been conferred on Greek philology: of these Dr. Jones has carefully availed himself, and he very properly acknowledges the assistance which he has derived from them. With the requisite erudition he unites the faculties of perception and taste, which have not only guided him in defining the meaning of words, but have relieved his interpretations from the harsh inelegance which so many works of verbal criticism exhibit. In some cases we see reason for questioning the judgement of the Author, and shall have occasion, as we proceed, to notice some of the defects and errors of his work; but we should not do him justice if we did not express ourselves very strongly in favour of the *Lexicon* before us, and give it the benefit of our recommendation. Nor would it be fair, in reference to the faults which we may subsequently notice, to overlook the following paragraph, which Dr. Jones has every reason to expect should be well considered by a critical examiner of his volume.

‘ Though this *Lexicon*, I fondly hope, possesses such excellence as may entitle it to the notice and patronage of the public, I am sufficiently sensible of its errors and imperfection. In extenuation of the omissions and mistakes that may occasionally deface it, I would plead the liability to err and to fail incidental to our common nature; the general character of usefulness and novelty that pervade the book; and the utter impossibility by any human efforts to produce a correct and perfect work on a subject so extensive and difficult as the Greek language. If the public voice approve of it in the main, no pains shall be spared in the revisal; the suggestions of enlightened and candid criticism will be thankfully attended to, redundancy wherever discovered shall be retrenched, and defects supplied so as to meet the wishes and exigencies of the humblest learner.’

In his *Greek Grammar*, Dr. Jones prepared us to expect, and in his *Lexicon* he professes to give the results of a philosophical investigation into the origin of Greek terms; and this quality of the work, we apprehend, is a part of the novelty which is the subject of reference in the preceding extract. It is professedly one of the objects of his labours, whenever the primary sense of a simple term has been overlooked or mistaken, to point out the origin of that term in one of the Oriental tongues. ‘ The Greek language,’ he remarks,

‘ is necessarily of Asiatic origin; the Hebrew with its several dialects; the Chaldean, Syriac, Arabic; the Sanscrit and the Pali, or ori-

cient Persian, alone contain the sources from whence it flowed. Nor is the man who is altogether unacquainted with these primeval languages more able to explain the sense of a primitive word in Greek, than a writer would be to explain the primitive words in English, who is an entire stranger to the Gothic and Saxon, which are confessedly the parent tongues. The ancient Lexicographers and Scholiasts doubtless point out the true origin of many words; the theories of Damm, of Hemsterhuse, Lennep, and Schneider, contain beyond dispute much solid matter, unfold many just and beautiful analogies. But a great portion of their etymologies is a heap of rubbish, which enlightened criticism and an adequate knowledge of the Oriental languages, cannot fail to scatter on the wind. The true use of correct etymology is, that it furnishes the means, and indeed the only means, of ascertaining the primary sense of a term; and when this sense, like the root of a tree, is found, its ramification into secondary senses is easily pursued, the principle of connexion between them is discovered, and the memory, instead of being overloaded and perplexed with different and discordant significations, is conducted through an easy and agreeable variety, all springing from, and connected with, a common stem.'

There is more of promise in these observations, than there is of successful effort to exemplify them in the *Lexicon*. The illustrations which it supplies of the preceding principles, are not very numerous; nor are they, in our judgement, of much value. Many of the etymological deductions which appear in this volume, are adopted from preceding writers; and of those which we have not been able to affiliate, the relation to Oriental originals has but in few instances been with any probability of success traced out. Allowing the correctness of the representations contained in the preceding extract from Dr. Jones's preface, we may be permitted to remark, that a much less imperfect knowledge of the Oriental tongues than is possessed by most scholars, would seem to be indispensable to the student who would trace out and explain the primitive meanings of Greek words, as derived from ancient Eastern terms. The use of 'correct etymology' is obvious; but the difficulty of acquiring it will sufficiently appear to any one who will examine the verbal comparisons which philologists have furnished as the result of their inquiries. Neither resemblance in the letters of a word, nor similarity of meaning in a term, is satisfactory evidence of derivation, though these are most frequently the only grounds of presumption on which the family relation of a word is attempted to be shewn. Dr. Jones explains, 'αἰσα, a 'maid of honour, from αἶψα, or rather from אֵצֶה, the Hebrew 'women having been treated as slaves in Egypt, and therefore 'their name became synonymous with a slave.' Kuhn had given the same etymology, while, on the other hand, Le Moyne

and others deduce it from קבר an associate. In the Greek and English Lexicon, we find 'κυβίς, ἰσός, ἡ, the Heb. כרב, *kurb*, the 'cover or lid of the ark containing the law, Exod. 25. 18.—a 'table on which the law was inscribed, or the law itself, Nubes '447.—maps or charts engraved on stones, πίναξ, Apoll. 4. '280.' This word is selected by the Author, among some others which appear in the preface, in illustration of the positions which we have already copied. The value of this reference to the Hebrew Bible in elucidation of the Greek word κυβίς, we are entirely unable to perceive. The word used in Exod. xxv. 18., for the cover or lid of the ark, is not כרב, *kurb*, but כפרת; nor does כרב ever mean lid, or cover, nor is it ever applied to a table on which any law was engraved: the word is used only in the plural to denote the carved figures which were placed at each end of the propitiatory or mercy-seat in the tabernacle. The Greek verb ληγω, is, according to Dr. Jones, 'the Hebrew לקה to assemble or gather.' In Hebrew, however, there is no such verb; and though the noun להקה occurs in a single example in the Hebrew Bible, 1 Sam. xix. 20., where it is applied to a company of prophets, there is no circumstance connected with the word, which can fix its radical meaning to the sense attributed to it in the preceding extract. Parkhurst derives ληγω from להג to meditate; though, as he has noticed, the existence of such a root is very questionable. 'Διασπρω, to 'cavil or rail at, means,' says Dr. Jones in his preface, 'in its 'primary sense, to tear asunder or lacerate *the body or limbs*, as 'the simple σπρω points to the Hebrew סר, which signifies to 'remove or tear away.' But this Hebrew word never means to tear away or to lacerate. These examples, to which many others might be added, may shew the uncertainty of the Author's etymological affinities, which in many cases are only plausible conjectures, and in many others are nothing better than the offspring of fancy. There is, however, one example of derivation given by Dr. Jones, which we might be considered as not dealing fairly if we omitted to notice; for it is evident that the Author regards it as a valuable and decisive proof and illustration of his system. This example we shall give at length.

'The verb ιαπτω in *Septem contra Thebas*, 301, signifies to hurl or fling at. In verse 526, it conveys the idea of dropping or bowing down the head. In the *Supplices* of the same poet, verse 96, it means to dash, and carries an allusion to the thunderbolts of Jupiter, hurled by way of punishment at the head of those who violate his laws. The same verb in Nicander Ther. 116, denotes to chastise; while in the *Ajax of Sophocles*, 501, it carries the idea of reviling or reproaching; and finally, in verse 710, its obvious import is to instruct. Dr.

Blomfield in his elegant and useful edition of the *Septem contra Thebas*, 286, has the following glossary. *ιαπτω*, *jacio*, Hesych. *ιαπτειν*, *σπαρασσειν*, *αιχιζισθαι*, *lege αρασσειν*. Absurde Etymologus ab *ιπτω* ducit, melius vero ab 105, p. 464-6. vide infra, 521, 540. Agam. 512. 1551. sensu *petendi* vel attingendi, Supp. 96. Sophocl. Ajax, 501.—In this article we see exemplified the learning and labour necessary in a Lexicographer. But no attempt is made by this distinguished scholar to reconcile the discordant senses of the word, or to resolve them into one common idea; but the reader is left to view them apart and unconnected, as the several limbs of a body torn asunder and scattered around him on the ground. This, however, could be done only by recurring to the origin of the verb, which is the Hebrew *חבט*, *hibt*, which means to beat down with a rod; such as to beat down apples or olives from a tree. Hence *ιπτω* to strike, which Damm absurdly derives from *πτω*, to fall; also *ιαπτω*, the original guttural being dilated into *ια*, as is the case in many other instances. Hence the first sense which *ιαπτω* bears, of beating or pelting, as in Septem. 301. The consequence of striking with a rod or any other instrument, is that the person struck should bend under the blow; and hence the idea of bowing the head in verse 527. The rod is the natural emblem and instrument of chastisement and instruction: thus *ιαπτω* without a figure, denotes to chastise or instruct, as in Ajax, 710. and Nic. Ther. 116. It is on this principle that *rudis*, the parent of our *rod*, is the parent also of *erudio*, *erudite*, *erudition*. The last meaning is to reproach or vilify, *λογοις ιαπτειν*, Ajax, 501. The analogy between to flog with a rod and to flog with words is obvious; and what is it to flog with words, but to mangle a man's character?

This may seem to be very plausible, and it is certainly ingenious. But it is wanting in consistency and in the evidence necessary to establish its assumptions. To us, the proofs of derivation and of connected meaning in the words *חבט* and *ιαπτω*, are not quite so evident as they would appear to be to the Author. The Hebrew word *חבט* uniformly means, to beat off, as fruit from a tree, or, to beat out, as grain is beaten out; it has no reference whatever to chastisement, to instruction, to bowing the head, or to hurling, pelting, or lashing, or reviling; nor could these senses, or any of them, be deduced from the action of the verb; nor is *חבט* ever used to signify rod. In the *Septem contra Thebas*, 301, *ιαπτω* means neither beating nor pelting, but, the action of throwing, or hurling, or casting down missiles: to beat as when a person strikes with a rod, is quite remote from its meaning. We conclude, therefore, that to bow the head, as when a blow is evaded, cannot be the sense in which *ιαπτω* is used in verse 527, where it signifies the laying down of the head unwillingly as in a person's being subdued or punished. Such a rod as would be employed in beating out grain, or in beating off fruit from a tree, could not, we should imagine, be a very natural emblem of chastisement and instruc-

tion. But *ιαπτω* never means to beat with a rod; nor does it signify to instruct, as a sense derived from the use of a rod in correction. If there were examples of *λογοις ιαπτειν* denoting to reproach or vilify, it would still be necessary to produce examples of *ιαπτειν* as meaning to flog with a rod, and of *πιν* as being used in a similar manner, before any analogy could be established between the senses, to flog with a rod, and to flog with words. But the passage in Ajax, 501, gives no sanction to Dr. Jones's imposed meaning:—*λογοις ιαπτειν* are words which of themselves do not signify to reproach or to revile. This is indeed the import of the entire connected passage, but it is ascertained to be so from other words which occur in it.

καί τις πικρὸν περὶ σφιδεγμα διαποτῶν ἱρῶ,
 λόγοις ἰάπτων· Ἴδετε τὴν ὁμευνέτιν
 Αἴαντος, —

In Ajax, 710, *ξυνων ιαψης* is not, we apprehend, to be rendered by *instruct*. The words occur in a chorus in connexion with *ορχηματα*, and are an invocation to Pan; not to instruct the chorus, but to be present, to put forward, or lead off the dance, *ορχηματα αυτοδαν ξυνων ιαψης*. It is not so evident, moreover, as Dr. Jones supposes, that *rudis* is the parent of our *rod*, and is also the parent of *erudio*, *erudite*, *erudition*. *Rudis* is not the rod of a corrector or of an instructor, but is the weapon of a gladiator. *Rudis, incultus, imperitus*, *erudio*, *ex rudi doctum*, *politumque efficere*, is clearly the origin of *erudite*, *erudition*. Dr. Jones has been so intent on seeking a Hebrew origin for the word in question, as to exclude from the list of meanings in his Lexicon, one of its most obvious significations.

‘*ιαπτω*, f. *ιαψω* (Heb. *פָּנָה* *habat*, to cut or strike down, hence *πτω* or *ἰπτω*, to smite, hurt, which by dilating the aspirate into two vowels becomes *ιαπτω*) I beat, correct with a rod, pelt, smite, *Septem*, 286.—hurl, *Agam.* 521.—drop, bow as a thing when smitten, *Septem*, 526.—beat, lash with words, sting, goad, *Ajax*, 501.—instruct, 710.’

In *Agam*, 521, the meaning is indisputably, not to *hurl*, but to shoot arrows from a bow.

————— ὁ Πυθιος τ' ἀναξ
 τοξοις ἰαπτων μηκίτ' εἰς ἡμᾶς Βίλην.

The Pythian king (Apollo) no longer shoots against us arrows from his bow. *Mitto, jacio*, the old and generally adopted interpretation of the word, is, in our judgement, to be preferred to Dr. Jones's new definitions, which exhibit meanings quite as discordant as those which he reproves; and though Dr. Blomfield has made no attempt to resolve the senses of the

word into one common idea, we like his treatment of it much better than the attempt which the Author has hazarded, and which is altogether unsatisfactory.

If we have enlarged our observations on the preceding cases, we have done so because we think that Oriental learning, particularly Hebrew learning, has been less available in the hands of the Author towards the discovery of the descent and primary meaning of Greek words, than the professions of his preface and his remarks on Dr. Blomfield's omissions would warrant us to expect; and not in the least from any wish to disparage the utility of his labours in other directions, of which we are disposed to think very favourably. The Lexicon is a work of real excellence, and will obtain, as it deserves, the approbation of the public. To a student of Greek, it affords facilities for the attainment of his object beyond what any of the Greek Lexicons in common use can supply. These advantages it furnishes, not merely from its explanations being in English, which is frequently a more accurate vehicle of interpretation for Greek words than a Latin exposition, but from the orderly arrangement and the copious examples of words which it contains, together with the superior attention which the Author has paid to the prepositions and other particles. The learned research and the critical industry of Dr. Jones have been expended, in this production of his labours, much to the benefit of Greek students.

We must now produce some examples from the Lexicon before us, and the following are probably as fair specimens as could be selected to shew the manner in which the words have been explained, and the several senses of them arranged by the Author.

‘ANTI, *αντ'*, *ανθ'*, prep. governing the genitive only, and is used to express the correspondence between one thing and another when they are exchanged, or when they act one in opposition to the other. *αντι*, therefore, means substitution, equivalence, reciprocity, or opposition, and is rendered by for, instead, in the room of, equal to, against, before, for the sake of. *αντι τῶνδε χάριν δειν*, Il. φ. 481. may they give a favour in the room of these things, may they recompense thee for these things. *αντι πολλων λαῶν ἴστι*, Il. 1. 116, he is in the place of, equal to, many people, he is himself a host. *αντι ἀδελφου*. Od. δ. 154, in the place of a brother, as, like a brother. *αντι ἱκετου*. Il. φ. 75. in the place of a suppliant, as a suppliant. *αντι ἐμην στήνας*. Il. φ. 481, stand in opposition to me, against me. *χλαίνας αντι οφθαλμοῖν ἀνασχων*. Od. δ. 115. holding his garment in opposition to his eyes, before his eyes. *ανθ' ἑν*, in return for which, wherefore, quare, propterea quod. *αντι μεγαλων*, for the sake of great things, Aris. Ethic. 3. 1.

‘In composition *αντι* retains its primitive sense of equivalent, like—opposite, against—in return, in one's turn, on one's part.’

‘ΑΓΛΑΟΣ, α, ω, splendid, λαμπρος—splendid water, bright, clear—splendid gifts, rich, costly. Il. α. 23.—splendid children, illustrious noble. B. 871.—splendid hair, comely, delicate. Pyth. 4. 146. beautiful—splendid trees, tall, majestic. Olym. 2. 133.—splendid man, renowned, glorious, ανδρειος.’

‘αγρος, η, ον, αγνης, εις, εως, chaste—chaste feast, holy—chaste grove, sacred—chaste in mind, undefiled, unpolluted, Orest. 1640—chaste in conduct or character, pure, blameless, 1 Peter, 3. 2. αγιοταται πηγα, the purest water. Pyth. 1. 41.’

‘βαλλω, aor. 2. εβᾶλον—βαλειω, f. βαλειων, by sinc. βαλῶ, f. m. βαλῶμαι—βλειω, f. βλησω. f. 1. pass. βληθησομαι, aor. 1. εβληθην, I throw, hit, smite, Il. α. 53.—throw around, scatter—throw to another, give, deliver, throw a net, cast, fling—throw in money, deposit—throw in water, pour—throw a sickle, put forth, Rev. 14. 16.—throw in seed, sow—put forth leaves, shoot, germinate, Theo. on Plants, 9. 22—throw on a couch, lay, Matt. 8. 6—throw out of doors, reject, loose. βεβληκως, John, 13. 2, having fixed himself, having formed a settled purpose—strike a bargain, make, form, Il. δ. 10. βαλλετο, he put on himself, B. 4. 43. βαλλονται, they fix in themselves, Il. ξ. 50. βαλλωκετο, for εβαλλετο, he threw, Herod. 9. 74. βαλλομινος, casting a thing with myself, conferring, meditating. Herod. 5. 106.’

‘BIA, ας, Ion. Bιη, ης, ή, strength, vigour—violence, force—majesty, Il. σ. 117.—Bιηφι, in his strength—disinclination, opp. to εχων. Bια της μητρος, against the will, in spite of, the mother—injustice, opp. to δικη. Bιαι, powers of life, energies. Il. χ. 219.

‘Bιω, f. ησω, p. βεβιηκα—βιαζω. f. ᾶσω, I force, use force, make an effort,—violate—enslave—overcome, overwhelm, Il. ψ. 576.—outrage, plunder—Bιαομαι, Bιαζομαι, I am forced, suffer violence—I force myself—force a city or passage—compel—attack.—i Bιωατο, for Bιαυντο, Il. λ. 467. they would overwhelm him—Bιαστιον, must struggle against, Rhesus, 584.

‘Bιασμος, ου, ό, compulsion.

‘Bιαστης, ου, ό, a person who compels or violates. οι Bιασται, the violent, Mat. 11. 12.

‘Bιαστιχος, η, ον, given to violence, having a power to compel, Plut. 9. 507.

‘Bιατης, ου, ό, furious, Pyth. 1. 18.

‘Bιαιος, α, ον, violent, outrageous, rapacious—Bιαιως, adv. violently, through main force, with violence, forcibly.

‘Bιαοτης, ητος, ή, violence.

‘Bιαιοθανατω, f. ητω, I suffer a violent death, Plut. 10. 737.

‘Bιαιοκλωψ, ωπος, ό, ή, stolen, or extorted by violence, Lyc. 547.

‘Bιαιομαχης, or Bιημαχος, ου, a brave combatant, Leon. Tar. 23.

‘Bιαιομαχιω, I fight strenuously, or with fury.’

We must notice some errors and omissions which have occurred to us in our examination of this Lexicon. We are most dissatisfied with Dr. Jones's interpretations of some passages of the New Testament, on which he professes to cast a new light, and in respect to which he has, we think, not sufficiently

distinguished between the explanations of words requisite in the work of a Lexicographer, and the expository remarks of a Commentator. In a Lexicon expressly accommodated to the New Testament, an author may be permitted to advance such observations as may seem to him necessary or proper for the elucidation of its several obscurities ; but, in a general Lexicon of the Greek language, critical remarks are scarcely admissible. The quality of some of Dr. Jones's explanations of words occurring in the New Testament, will not, we apprehend, be very highly appreciated by intelligent and sober readers. Under *ανατασσειν* we have ' I new model, forge, or falsify the Gospel, ' Luke i. 1.' Such meaning, we are persuaded, does not belong to the word. There is evidently nothing in the expression used by the Evangelist Luke, which can fix the charge of dishonest intention upon the writers whose productions preceded his own Gospel. Under *αιων*, we have

' *αιωνις*, Ephes. 2. 2, the eternal ideas of God, which he used as patterns in the creation of all sensible things, and to which all things will perfectly conform in the end. *τα τελη των αιωνων*, 1 Cor. 10. 11, the completions of the eternal models, i. e. the events which fulfil or realise the patterns of things in the divine mind.'

In the former of these passages, we find only the singular *αιων*, which does not admit the application of the Platonic doctrine of ideas for the purpose of its elucidation; and the other passage is sufficiently intelligible without supposing a meaning to be intended of a character so recondite as that which is given in the preceding extract. In the examples of *επικαλιωμας* quoted from the New Testament under *επικαλιω*, we find the senses, *assume the name of, call myself, am surnamed, appeal to, assume the name of a master*; while *to call upon, to invoke*, is not given as a meaning, though in several passages such is the clear import of the expression.* The compound *θειολογος* is properly explained, 'one who speaks about God'; yet, this correct definition is immediately followed by the remark, that 'John the Evangelist was called *θειολογος*, because he alone speaks of the Logos.' But, if the reason of the definition be found in the terms of which the word is compounded, we should have *λογολογος*, for one who speaks of the Logos; unless we say that the name *θειολογος* was given to John, because, in writing or speaking concerning the Logos, he was considered as writing or speaking of the Logos as being God, which is the reason of the name assigned by the ancient Christian writers. *θειολογος*

* See Eclectic Rev. Vol. XIX. p. 506. N.S.

never can be defined from its own construction, 'one who speaks of the Logos.'

αλοχος, one of the same bed (col. 1.) is not from α and λαιος, but from α and λυχος.—αρετη, goodness of land, fertility, may be added to the meanings given to this word.—κλαιστρον is improperly explained as denoting the eyelids, Pyth. 1. 15: in this passage of Pindar, the term retains its customary sense of *claustrum*, and is applied to sleep which closes the eyelids.—μαλακος does not signify *empurpled*.—πλαξ, ακος, a tablet, is a feminine noun.—στρομβος; to this word the meaning *turbo, eddying wind, whirlwind*, should be added. Some words which should have found a place in the Lexicon are omitted; as αυτοσχιδισμα, *an unpremeditated essay*. Arist. Poet. 4.—νοχμου, *I introduce innovations*. We shall only select two more passages from the work before us: the first appears to us to be more fanciful than probable in its illustration, and the second, we think, is altogether erroneous.

ἐκπλεθρος, ον, beyond the plethrum, exorbitant, immense, E. Elect. 883. The unexpected return of Orestes is compared to a comet which unexpectedly returns after being apparently lost in boundless space. The emendation of ἐκπλεθρος, proposed by Tyrwhitt, and praised by Maltby, is therefore inadmissible, as destructive of the finest allusion in the language.'

We perceive no ground for the comparison which Dr. Jones finds in the passage of Euripides, Elect. 883. The return of Orestes was not unexpected by Electra, who had been prepared by the relation of his success against Ægystus given by a messenger, to expect his joyful arrival. The allusion seems very plainly to be to the case of a victor in the games.

ὄμιος, a place thronged, a populous country. Σκυθηνες ὄμιος, into the Scythian land, land peopled with Scythians, in contradistinction to ιημια, that part of Scythia that was not marked with human footsteps. Prom. 2.'

There is clearly no opposition intended by the poet, between Σκυθην οἶμον and αἰετοτον (or αἰατον) ιημιν; the latter being evidently in explanation of the former expression—*Scythian way, desert way, unfrequented way*. The nouns are descriptive of the same place, and the whole description shews that the οἶμος was the scene of the transactions; it could not, therefore, be *populous*. In the Anthologia we have οὐρανίη δ' οἶμος ἔτ' ἔστ' αἰατος, where *populous* is out of the question.

We need not use any more words to characterise the volume before us, or to express our opinion of its merits and its claims to public patronage. With all the deductions which our re-

marks on its erroneous etymology may be supposed to include, his "Greek and English Lexicon" is a highly respectable and useful work. We should add, that, as the Author's system dispenses with the accents, he has omitted them, with the exception of the circumflex, which he retains.

Art. III. *The History and Antiquities of the County of Northampton.* By George Baker. Part I. Spelho Hundred, Newbottle Grove Hundred, and Fawsley Hundred. Folio. pp. 274. Large paper, 6l. 6s ; small paper, 3l. 3s. each Part. London, 1822.

THERE are but few departments of literary employment, which can so justly support an author's use of the language quoted in Mr. Baker's title-page—'What toyle hath been taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth, but *he* that hath made the triall,'—as the compilation of a County History. The collecting of materials for such a work, the collation of authorities, the verification of references, the adjustment of dubious and conflicting evidence, in topography; in civil and ecclesiastical details, in genealogies, in architectural antiquities, and in the numerous other objects which a work of this kind comprises, require, not only great patience, but habits of acute perception and of correct and comprehensive discrimination. In these indispensable requisites, and in every other appropriate qualification of a County Historian, Mr. Baker is entitled to great commendation: and the manner in which he has executed the present portion of his undertaking, will, we cannot doubt, not only gratify his patrons, and secure their confidence in respect to his future exertions, but procure him an honourable rank among the writers of his own class.

Reserving for the concluding portion of his work a general view of the various public and private sources of information to which he has been indebted, the Author briefly sketches in the preface to the present part, an outline of his plan, from which we quote the following paragraphs.

• On the present state of a parish, whether open or enclosed, its extent, principal proprietors, boundaries, soil, and all other points of local information, he has been guided by, and spared no assiduity in procuring the best resident authorities,——

• In the deduction of manorial property—one of the most important branches of county history—he has studied to combine perspicuity with brevity. Many parishes were originally composed of different fees, and much confusion and error have arisen from the paramount and mesne interests being blended together in the same narrative. He has endeavoured, therefore, to keep them perfectly distinct, and has pursued each fee separately in succession from *domesday* to the

present time ; or till merging in others it ceased to be necessary ; or being alienated in parcels it ceased to be practicable. The heading prefixed serves not only as an index to the domesday lord, but to the intermediate seignories which grew out of successive subinfeudation. Though the paramouncy lost its beneficial value on the abolition of the feudal system, and, of the numerous privileges of the superior lord, scarcely any now remain beyond the barren suit and service of a court leet ; yet to the county historian its descent is still of the utmost importance, as the tenure frequently furnishes a correct, and indeed the only clue, to the appropriation of the different co-existent manors in a parish. The information exclusively derived from his predecessor Bridges he has copied verbatim, and, deprecating invidious comparison, or the imputation of controversy, he has silently corrected evident inaccuracies, and unless allusion was imperiously required has abstained from noticing the opposite conclusions to which they have sometimes been led on points open to difference of opinion. The places selected for the genealogical accounts of the principal families are printed in capitals, and referred to only in treating of their other possessions, whereby useless repetitions are avoided, and considerable space will be saved in the progress of the work.

‘ His restricted limits have not permitted him to attempt more than satisfactorily to trace a manor *into* and *out of* a family ; nor perhaps is it to be regretted, for the line of blood through which it descended, especially if combined with the collateral ramifications, may be exhibited more clearly in a genealogical table, than by verbal narrative, and the technical references to the escheats or inquisitions post mortem, introduced to verify the descents, remove in a great measure the necessity for abstracting them. The pedigrees have relieved the text also from the dry details of dates, matrimonial alliances, and honourable appointments. The leading authorities are placed at the head of each, but the author has taken nothing on trust which he had the means of subjecting to the test of public or private documents. Numerous as the pedigrees will be found, none unconnected with manorial property have been admitted, or the number might easily have been augmented, to an almost indefinite extent, from heraldic visitations, and families of respectability possessed of impropriations, advowsons, and other estates.

‘ The monastic establishments, and possessions of the religious houses, follow the manorial history ; for, though ecclesiastical in their origin, yet having been converted into lay property by the dissolution, this seemed the most natural arrangement.

‘ The history of a parochial benefice, naturally suggests three divisions :—by whom founded, and to whom the patronage belongs ; of what it consists ; and by whom held. Where the impropriate rectory and advowson of a vicarage have been severed, the descent of each is separately deduced from the crown grantee, or the period of separation. Their ancient and modern state are also distinctly treated.—

‘ The series of Incumbents down to the middle of the sixteenth century is—with occasional additions—copied from Bridges, on the authority of the Lincoln registers ; and continued to the present time

from a transcript which the author has been kindly permitted to make from the episcopal registers at Peterborough.'

The admirers of pedigrees, and the lovers of antiquarian details, will find a rich treat provided for them in Mr. Baker's pages. His industry in filling up these essential parts of a County History is not more apparent, than is the nicety with which he has adjusted the relations, and vindicated the claims of ancestors and descendants; of which a curious example occurs in the history of the Spencer family, p. 106. Among the biographical sketches which diversify the present publication, there are memoirs of the two Sir Christopher Hattons, of Harrington the author of the "*Oceana*," of Randolph the poet, Sir William Catesby the supporter of Richard III., Robert Catesby the projector of the gunpowder plot, and some others of less celebrity. The numerous and curious monuments of the Spencer family in Brington Church, are copiously and excellently described, and two plates, the gift of the present Earl, are added in illustration of them. Althorp, the mansion of the Spencer family, is well known for the magnificent collection of books which its Library, 'garnished from top to toe with the choicest copies of the choicest editions of the choicest authors in the choicest bindings,' contains, and which, with the rich collection of pictures that adorn this residence, have been described at large by Mr. Dibdin in his splendid publication '*Ædes Althorpiæ*.' Of the mansion and its treasures, Mr. Baker has inserted some notices, which, though they may probably be as extensive as the nature and limits of his work would permit, we should have been glad to see more amply detailed.

Many incidents occur in the course of the work, which strikingly exhibit the spirit and manners of the 'olden time.' The sporting gentlemen of the county would not now much like such an officer as the deputy-master of the King's leash, to come among them for the purpose of taking to his Majesty's use 'such and so many greyhounds, in whose custody soever they be,' as he the said deputy might think meet and convenient, and 'to seize and take away all such greyhounds, beagles, or whippetts,' as might any way be offensive to his Majesty's game and disport. We should think that Alexander Ekins, of Weston Favell, who was armed with these arbitrary powers, in 1665, was no small terror to his sporting neighbours. The conveyance of money is now an affair of very little difficulty or trouble; but, in May 1680, when the estate of Ashby Lodge was purchased from the Janson family by Lord Leigh, it was an article of the agreement, that the money, 4,400*l.*

should be 'received and counted and sealed up at Rockingham, 'and my Lord to be at the hazard of any robbery between 'that and Daventry.' In the parish register of Bugbrook, an angry entry occurs, of the date 1668, stating that 'About this 'time, that untoward generation of Quakers began to bury 'theirs distinctly by themselves in their gardens and orchards 'in several parts of the town.' The 'untoward generation,' however, were not the only persons who selected gardens and orchards for their places of sepulture. The Rev. Langton Freeman, of Whilton, directed by will, that his body, in the same bed on which he should die, should be carried and laid in the summer-house erected by him in his garden: it was to be wrapped in a strong double winding-sheet, 'and in all other 'respects to be interred as near as may be to the description 'we receive in Holy Scripture of our Saviour's burial; the 'doors or windows to be locked up or bolted, and to be kept 'as near in the same manner and state they shall be in at the 'time of my decease.' The summer-house was to be planted round with evergreens, and painted of a dark blue colour; and for the performance of all this, he devises his manor to his nephew. Neither the 'untoward generation,' nor any of the 'other sorts of phanaticks,' who so much displeased the keeper of the register at Bugbrook, were, we should suppose, less reasonable in disposing of the bodies of their dead, than was this Church of England divine in respect to his own remains. The rejection of William Richardson from a clerical office to which he had been appointed in 1570, 'because he could not 'translate into English the two first lines of the Second Epistle 'of St. Paul to the Corinthians,' is some proof of the care of the parties rejecting, to protect the character of the Church, and was probably one of the benefits produced by the Reformation.

Holdenby House, built by Lord Chancellor Hatton, and esteemed by him 'the last and greatest monument of his youth,' six miles from Northampton, the remains of which are now very inconsiderable, was formerly one of the most magnificent mansions in the country: it is well known to the readers of English history, as the place to which Charles I. was removed by order of the Long Parliament, soon after the battle of Naseby, and where he remained under restraint till his abduction by Cornet Joyce. Of the transactions of those times as related to the topographical description of this part of his work, Mr. Baker has supplied a very interesting account, compiled from 'the Journals of Parliament, and scarce pamphlets 'in the British Museum and London Institution;' very judiciously selecting for his pages, 'those minute incidents and

‘circumstances which, whilst they are more immediately associated with the place, are beneath the dignity of general history.’ From these details we shall select some particulars for the information and gratification of our readers. Mr. Baker has stigmatised the formula, ‘We, your Majesty’s loyal subjects,’ prefixed to the resolution of the Lords and Commons for the removal of the King’s person, as being ‘hypocritical,’—perhaps with less propriety than will be allowed by some of the least prejudiced judges of the case. It is very possible, we imagine, that, in January 1646-7, a very genuine feeling of the regard which the expressions import towards the person of the unhappy but arbitrary monarch, might be entertained by the parties from whom the resolution proceeded. It was not then too late for the ill-advised Charles to secure, by the adoption of other counsels than those which he had been so long following, the possession of every honour and of every privilege which could dignify his high station. It was not against the safety or the state of the King, nor was it in opposition to the legitimate functions of the kingly office, that the authors of the resolution were united; for these they would have asserted and maintained: they withstood only an irresponsible government, and the assumption of despotic claims. To them, such a loyalty may be conceded as a wise and beneficent monarch might be quite satisfied to receive. For loyalty, we imagine, is to be correctly defined, as reverence for the laws of our country, and due respect for the rulers who administer them for the well-being of the community. Is loyalty submission to power capricious and without control? Is loyalty the admiration of the oppressed for the oppressor? With the opportunities of adjustment of which Charles might have availed himself before his seizure by Joyce, he had most important facilities for the security of his throne and the splendour of his reign. But to discern the times, was not a part of his wisdom. The committee of Lords and Commons for the order of the King’s household and servants at Holdenby, on the 4th of February, proposed a list of servants for the respective offices and departments, which is given at p. 202.

‘At their next sitting (5th Feb.) the Committee proposed that the communion plate, which was formerly set on the altar in his majesty’s chapel of Whitehall, consisting of “one shyppe, two gilt vases, two gilt ewyres, (ewers,) a square basonn and fountaine, and a silver rod,” should be melted down to make plate for the king’s use at Holdenby, there being none remaining in the jewel-office fit for service; and at the same time they submitted the following estimate of the expenses of his majesty and his retinue at Holdenby for twenty

days, commencing the 13th of February, and ending the 4th of March, inclusive, 1646-7.

	£.
His Majestie's diet of xxviii. dishes, at xxxl. per diem	700
The King's voydij	32
The Lords' diet of xx days	510
For the clerk of the green-cloth, kitchen, and spicery, a messe of vii. dishes	40
Dyetts for the Household and chamber officers, and the guard	412
Board wages for common household servants, pot-scowers, and turn-broaches	96
Badges of Court and riding wages	140
For Linnen of his Majestic's table, the Lords and other diets	273
For Wheat, Wood, and Cole	240
For all sorts of spicery store, wax-lights, torches, and tallow- lights	169
For Pewter, Brasse, and other necessities incident to all offices, and for Carriages	447
	<hr/> £2990

' The proposition respecting the communion plate was confirmed by the Commons, (6th Feb.,) and 3000l. ordered to be provided for the necessary expences of the king and the commissioners. The first remittance to Colonel Graves, the governor of Holdenby, was made under the direction of parliament, by the Committee sitting at Goldsmith's Hall, out of the unappropriated fines of delinquents; and the Committee of Lords and Commons having previously represented the revenue to be inadequate to any additional burden, and the national finances becoming daily more deranged, the whole charge of the establishment was, by a vote of the Commons, (17th March,) reduced to 50l. a day, one third only of the original estimate.'

p. 203.

The parliamentary commissioners left Newcastle, where they had taken charge of the King on his being surrendered by the Scotch army, on the 30th of January 1646-7; and on the 16th of February, they announced their safe arrival at Holdenby with their royal charge, in a letter to the Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of Lords.

' The king reached "his princely manor of Holdenby on the 15th of February, having been somewhat retarded by reason of white weather." Many hundreds of the gentry of the county met the royal cavalcade two miles on this side Harborough, and "thousands and "thousands" of spectators thronged the road, and hailed his majesty with acclamations, "causing many a smile from his princely countenance." A guard of honour was drawn up to receive him at Holdenby; and he entered his palace, and his prison, through the great court gate, with all the state and pomp of royalty. When his ma-

jesty's approach to his destination was announced at Northampton, there was great rejoicing; the bells rang, and cannon was discharged, "insomuch that a gallant echo made its appeal at Holdenby."

The duty imposed upon the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, and Lord Montagu, the commissioners appointed by the Parliament for the safeguard of the King's person, was evidently not of easy discharge; they had, however, the address to execute it to the satisfaction of the two houses, without rendering themselves personally obnoxious to the monarch. They were uniformly in attendance on the King during dinner and supper, and accompanied him in his walks in the garden; one only associating with him, and the others keeping a respectful distance. Charles's favourite recreation was bowling; and the green at Holdenby being out of order, he frequently rode to the Earl of Sunderland's at Althorp, or Lord Vaux's at Boughton, to enjoy that amusement.

' On the afternoon of the 9th of April, as the king was riding to Boughton to bowl, he alighted at a narrow bridge in the way, (Brampton bridge,) at the further end of which stood Major Bosville disguised in a countryman's habit, with an angle in his hand, as if he had been fishing, who was detected in privately conveying into the king's hand letters from the queen and prince (Charles). On his examination before the Commissioners, he deposed, that he was with the king at Newcastle, who, on the morning he was delivered up by the Scotch, entrusted him with a letter from (for) the queen, which he conveyed to her in France; and being charged with a packet in reply, he had lodged two nights in a furze-bush, and three nights at the countryman's who had furnished him with his disguise, watching a favourable opportunity for delivering it into the king's hand; and if he had not succeeded, he had resolved to give it to the king in the presence of the Commissioners, though at the hazard of his life. The House of Commons ordered him to be sent for from Northampton by the serjeant-at-arms, but it does not appear how he was disposed of.

' About a month afterwards, another attempt to convey secret information to the king was detected. Mrs. Mary Cave, daughter of Mr. William Cave, of Stanford in Leicestershire, undertook to deliver to the king a letter in ciphers, which she received from one Browne, who had brought it from Mr. Ashburnham, at the Hague. To attain her object she engaged a female friend, who resided in the neighbourhood of Holdenby, to visit the landlady of Captain Abbot, one of the king's guards, and through the landlady's influence, to persuade the captain to procure her the honour of kissing the king's hand; which having accomplished, she apprised Mrs. Cave of her success, and contracted with the landlady to receive her as a visitor, and endeavour through the captain to obtain for her also the honour of an introduction to his Majesty, by which means she hoped to put the letter into his hand. Mrs. Cave came, and the captain had,

good-naturedly, but unsuspiciously, acceded to the request; when the landlady imparted the plot to her husband, who, though a royalist and favourable to the design, dared not run the risk of detection, and divulged the secret to the captain. On the appointed day (11th May) the captain, who had apprised the commissioners of the circumstance, accompanied Mrs. Cave, who had no suspicion of having been betrayed, to Holdenby; and on her arrival she was carried into a room, but notwithstanding the most diligent search, nothing was found upon her. The letter was accidentally discovered, a few days after, behind the hangings of the room, where it seems she contrived to slip it whilst she stood with her back to the hangings, conversing with the ladies who searched her.' pp. 204, 205.

At Holdenby, the negotiations between the King and the Parliament for an adjustment of their differences and the settlement of the peace of the nation, were renewed. But the daring enterprise of Cornet Joyce suddenly and entirely changed the relation of the parties, and placed the person of the King under the control of the army. The narrative of this extraordinary measure given by Mr. Baker, is exceedingly interesting; and we should be glad to insert it at length, if our limits would permit: we must confine our extract to the following details.

‘Joyce, on entering his majesty’s room, found him in bed, and apologized for having disturbed him out of his sleep; to which the king replied, no matter, if you mean me no hurt. He then announced his intention of removing his majesty from Holdenby, which the king opposed at first, but ultimately consented, on condition that the assurances given him by the cornet were confirmed by the soldiery under his command. The party were mounted in marching order by six o’clock in the morning, (4th June,) and being drawn up in the first court before the house, his majesty descended from his chamber, and, addressing them from the top of the steps, said, that Cornet Joyce having at an unseasonable hour of the night, proposed conveying him to the army, he was come to give his answer in the presence of them all; he protested that he came to Holdenby, not by constraint, (though not so willingly as he might have done,) for the purpose of communicating with the parliament; and that having sent several messages to them, he considered himself in some degree bound to wait here for answers: yet, if satisfactory reasons could be given, he would go with them, even though opposed by the commissioners. Joyce replied, that his only motive for securing his majesty’s person was to prevent the kingdom being involved in another war; a plot, contrived by some members of both houses of parliament, having existed for the last four years, to overthrow the laws of the kingdom, and convey his majesty to a new army, to be raised for that purpose. The king denied all knowledge or belief of any such design or intended army; and turning to the cornet, who stood at the foot of the stairs in front of the troops, desired to know his authority for se-

caring his person: the soldiery of the army, said Joyce. The king replied, that he knew no lawful authority in England, but his own; and next under him, the parliament; but asked whether he had any verbal or written authority from General Fairfax? He is only a member of the army, rejoined the cornet. The king, dissatisfied with this reply, insisted, that Fairfax, being their general, was not properly a member, but at the head of the army: at least he is included in it, said Joyce. Then deal ingenuously with me, returned the king, and tell me what commission you have. Here is my commission, Joyce answered. Where? enquired the king. Behind me, retorted Joyce, pointing to the soldiers. The king smiling, observed, it was a fair, well-written commission, legible without spelling, but to seek an answer with so many gallant men at his back, were to extort it; and added, If I should still refuse, I hope you would not force me: I am your king, and you ought not to lay violent hands on your king, for I acknowledge none to be above me here, but God. Joyce trusted his majesty would not drive them to resort to those means which they would be necessitated to use if he persisted in his refusal; and entreated him to accompany them willingly, promising that the commissioners should continue to attend him in discharge of their duty to the parliament. Joyce had, in his interview with the king the preceding night, engaged that he should retain his servants, be treated with honour and respect, and not be forced in any thing contrary to his conscience; and on the king now repeating these stipulations, they were carried by general acclamation. The king inquiring where they intended taking him, Joyce first proposed Oxford, then Cambridge, and Newmarket was finally adopted at the suggestion of his majesty, who was about to retire, when some one whispering him, he returned, and the commissioners came forward to interrogate the troops. Lord Montagu, holding the written authority of the parliament in his hand, said, Gentlemen, we are entrusted with the care of the king by both houses; will you sanction Cornet Joyce's proposition? and was answered by a cry of *all, all*. Sir John Cooke followed, and protested against the king's removal; declaring, that if he had forces at his command, he would resist it with his life: in which declaration he was joined by Mr. Crewe. Major-general Browne spoke last to the same purport; adding, that it was not the first time he had been at the head of such a party, and he dare affirm, there were scarcely two in the ranks knew what the cornet had proposed to the king, although they cried, *all, all*; and raising his voice, called upon those who wished his majesty to continue there with the commissioners to avow themselves; but the appeal was received with a universal shout of, *none, none*. As the king turned to go into the house, Major Tomlins, who had succeeded Colonel Graves, regretted his inability to oppose Joyce's party, the guards having positively refused to obey his orders.

• The king being seated in his coach, called into it the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh; and Lord Montagu, and the Commissioners of the House of Commons, following, well mounted, the degraded monarch and his retinue quitted Holdenby under the command of a

mere subaltern officer, and reached Hinchbrook, near Huntingdon, that evening.'

In the department of Natural History, the work has received contributions in the lists of fossils, plants, and birds, from Miss Baker, the Author's sister, his constant companion in his topographical excursions, and his assistant in antiquarian studies, and from whose burine most of the vignettes and two of the plates which embellish the present portion of the work have proceeded. In respect to embellishments, the Author has 'gone to the extreme boundary which a due regard to prudential considerations would warrant.' The Population Tables from the Returns to Parliament 1811, and Abstracts of the Returns of Charitable Donations, printed by order of the House of Commons 1816, are prefixed to the several Hundreds. The places of worship belonging to the different denominations of Protestant Dissenters, in the respective towns and villages, are very properly noticed by the Author.

Art. IV. *Sermons on Various Subjects*. By the Rev. T. N. Toller. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author, by Robert Hall, A. M. 8vo. pp. 332. Price 10s. London. 1824.

LAUDARI à laudato—to be eulogised by the illustrious, is fame, and Mr. Toller's character was worthy of being embalmed by the distinguished talents of his Biographer. It was, indeed, one of no ordinary excellence and attraction; and yet, such were the individual peculiarities which early education had impressed upon it, so delicate were some of the traits, so much would the likeness of the portrait consist in catching the particular expression, that, in almost any other hands, the attempt to delineate it must have failed of success. Only a friend, and such a friend, could have done justice to its brighter features without exaggeration, and disclosed to us all its shadowings of infirmity without lessening the force of the example.

Mr. Toller was born in the year 1756; his parents were highly respectable and eminently pious. In common with perhaps a majority of those whose praise is in the churches, he was indebted for his first religious impressions, to the tender solicitude of his mother for the promotion of his eternal welfare. At the early age of fifteen, he was placed in the academy at Daventry, under the superintendence of Dr. Ashworth and Mr. Robins. The literary reputation of that seminary was at the time higher than that of any among the Dissenters; but, says Mr. Hall,

‘Partly owing to a laxness in the terms of admission, and partly to the admixture of lay and divinity students, combined with the mode in which theology was taught, erroneous principles prevailed much; and the majority of such as were educated there, became more distinguished for their learning than for the fervour of their piety, or the purity of their doctrine. The celebrated Priestley speaks of the state of the academy, while he resided there, with great complacency: nothing, he assures us, could be more favourable to the progress of free inquiry; since both the tutors and the students were about equally divided between the orthodox and Arian systems. The arguments by which every possible modification of error is attempted to be supported, were carefully marshalled in hostile array against the principles generally embraced; while the Theological Professor prided himself on the steady impartiality with which he held the balance betwixt the contending systems, seldom or never interposing his own opinion, and still less betraying the slightest emotion of antipathy to error or predilection to truth. Thus, a spirit of indifference to all religious principles was generated in the first instance, which naturally paved the way for the prompt reception of doctrines indulgent to the corruption, and flattering to the pride of a depraved and fallen nature.’

It is with high satisfaction that we find Mr. Hall bearing his powerful protest against that spurious candour and liberalism which betrays the cause of truth by weakening its awful sanctions, divesting error of its criminality, and making scepticism the ultimate stage of inquiry,—the consummation, instead of the initial process, of speculative wisdom. It can never be sufficiently regretted, that so devout and holy a man as Dr. Doddridge should have adopted a mode of lecturing that laid the foundation for this latitudinarian system, the consequences of which are but too unequivocally shewn in the annals of religious biography.

‘To affirm that Mr. Toller derived no injury,’ says Mr. Hall, ‘from being exposed at so tender an age to this vortex of unsanctified speculation and debate, would be affirming too much, since it probably gave rise to a certain general manner of stating the peculiar doctrines of the gospel which attached chiefly to the earlier part of his ministry; though it is equally certain that his mind, even when he left the academy, was so far imbued with the grand peculiarities of the gospel, that he never allowed himself to lose sight of the doctrine of the cross, as the only basis of human hope.’

We must apologise to our readers for again breaking in upon the thread of the narrative, to remark, that the tendency of his pernicious system is shewn more unequivocally, perhaps, in its lasting effects on the mind of such a man as Mr. Toller, than in the case of individuals who renounce the truth. It might be anticipated, that those persons whose faith in the

grand doctrines of the Gospel had weathered the storms of debate, and withstood the icy influences of scepticism,—would have acquired a decision, a boldness, an explicitness in the declaration of those doctrines, bespeaking the confidence obtained by patient examination; that, at least with regard to those points on which they had attained a satisfactory conviction, there would be no faltering, no reserve in most distinctly asserting their truth, and most earnestly urging their importance. But facts do not bear out this expectation. We speak not of Mr. Toller only, but of the class of ministers to which at this period of his life he might be considered as belonging, when we venture to state, as the result of our observation, that the opposite of this fearless decision and explicitness is generally found to characterize preachers educated in such a school, who yet remain, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, substantially orthodox. Nor is it difficult to account for this. When in the earlier stages of the character, the natural affections have received a check from long-continued unkindness, or other circumstances unfavourable to their development, although the heart shall not have grown callous, yet, the individual will carry the effects about with him in his manners through life. What then must be the consequence of having the ingenuous emotions of youthful piety, which have prompted the wish to become a minister and servant of Jesus Christ, checked and suspended, as they must be, by his hearing every subject that is dear and hallowed, banded about in academic debate, or lectured upon with frigid indifference? If his convictions be not shaken, if even his sensibilities be not blunted, it is inevitable that very different associations should be connected with the topics which once called up only the feelings of awe and devotion. He has been accustomed to hear them controverted—ridiculed, and has learned to defend them, indeed, but at the expense of knowing that they require to be defended. His fervour becomes changed into caution; the sceptic's 'dread laugh' has taught him at least to conceal feelings which met with no sympathy; and he ends by considering the piety of others as obtrusive, and their zeal as unreasonable.*

* We need not, perhaps, scruple to repeat what we may have advanced on a former occasion, from any apprehension, that the memory of our readers would lead them to detect the repetition; but, having no room at present to do justice to the topic here glanced at, we must content ourselves with referring to the articles on Principal Hill's Divinity Lectures, (E. R. Vol. XVII. pp. 195, 6., 203, 4.) and Dwight's Theology (Vol. XVI. pp. 105, 109.) in further illustration of the subject.

In Mr. Toller, we have a noble instance of the triumph of genuine piety over these early disadvantages. Yet, their share in the formation of his character is very perceptible. The extreme diffidence and modesty which 'prevented his relating to his nearest friends the early exercises of his mind on religious subjects,' was no doubt connected with the native temperament of his mind; but the habit of reserve on these subjects was, we suspect, fixed by his academic education. It is anticipating the masterly delineation of his character, but we cannot forbear to cite the remark of Mr. Hall on this peculiar feature.

'He possessed, or fancied he possessed, little talent for the ordinary topics of religious conversation; and his extreme aversion to the ostentation of spirituality, rendered him somewhat reluctant to engage in those recitals of Christian experience in which many professors so much delight. There adhered to his natural disposition a delicacy and reserve which rendered it impossible for him to disclose, except in the most confidential intercourse, the secret movements and aspirations of his heart towards the best of Beings. He possessed, notwithstanding this, a high relish for the pleasures of society.'

To a certain extent, we should be far from imputing this reluctance to any defect: the recitals in which many professors delight, a man of real delicacy might well be excused for not engaging in. But when we find his conscious deficiency in the talent of religious conversation, operating to deter him from ministerial visits to his people, except when sent for—in justification of which he was accustomed to plead the apostolic rule, James v. 14.—we cannot but recognise and lament in this trait of his character, the effect of habits and prejudices acquired during his academic career.

After a residence at Daventry of four years, Mr. Toller was appointed to supply a destitute congregation at Kettering, where he preached for the first time, October 1, 1775. His services proved so acceptable that, after repeated visits, he was invited to become their stated minister, and he was accordingly ordained pastor, May 28, 1778.

'Few men,' says his Biographer, 'have been more indebted for the formation of their character to the fervent piety of their audience. Such was the state of his mind at this period, that, had he been connected with a people of an opposite character, his subsequent history would have exhibited, in all probability, features very dissimilar from those which eventually belonged to it. If, in a lengthened ministerial course, the people are usually formed by their pastor, in the first stage it is the reverse; it is the people who form the minister. Mr. Toller often expressed his gratitude for that merciful providence which united him at so early a period with a people adapted to invigorate

his piety, and confirm his attachment to the vital, fundamental truths of Christianity. The reciprocal influence of a minister and a congregation on each other is so incessant and so powerful, that I would earnestly dissuade an inexperienced youth from connecting himself with a people whose doctrine is erroneous, or whose piety is doubtful, lest he should be tempted to consult his ease by choosing to yield to a current he would find it difficult to resist. 'To root up error, and reclaim a people from inveterate habits of vice and irreligion, is unquestionably a splendid achievement; but it requires a hardihood of character and decision of principle not often found in young persons.'

It was about the year 1795, that Mr. Hall's acquaintance with Mr. Toller commenced. He had then been settled at Kettering about seventeen years; and though not much known out of his immediate neighbourhood, for he travelled little, and seldom mingled in the scenes of public business, he formed at this time the centre of union to a large circle, and was surrounded by friends who vied with each other in paying him demonstrations of respect. The extraordinary attachment of his people to their minister must be ascribed, says Mr. Hall, 'partly to the impression produced by his public services, and partly to the gentleness and amenity of his private manners.'

'It may be possible to find other preachers equally impressive, and other men equally amiable; but such a combination of the qualities calculated to give the ascendant to a public speaker, with those which inspire the tenderness of private friendship, is of rare occurrence.'

Mr. Toller and his Biographer happened to be engaged to preach, about the period referred to, a double lecture at Thrapston, near Kettering; and it was upon this occasion that Mr. Hall was first impressed with his extraordinary talents as a pulpit orator.

'Never,' says Mr. H., 'shall I forget the pleasure and surprise with which I listened to an expository discourse from 1 Pet. ii. 1—3. The richness, the unction, the simple majesty which pervaded his address, produced a sensation which I never felt before: it gave me a new view of the Christian ministry. But the effect, powerful as it was, was not to be compared with that which I experienced a few days after, on hearing him at the half-yearly association at Bedford. The text which he selected was peculiarly solemn and impressive: his discourse was founded on 2 Peter i. 12—16. "Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance: knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me," &c. The effect of this discourse on the audience, was such as I have never witnessed before or since. It was undoubtedly very much aided by the peculiar circumstances of the speaker, who was judged to be far ad-

anced in a decline, and who seemed to speak under a strong impression of its being the last time he should address his brethren on such an occasion. The aspect of the preacher, pale, emaciated, standing apparently on the verge of eternity, the simplicity and majesty of his sentiments, the sepulchral solemnity of a voice which seemed to issue from the shades, combined with the intrinsic dignity of the subject, perfectly quelled the audience with tenderness and terror, and produced such a scene of audible weeping as was perhaps never surpassed. All other emotions were absorbed in devotional feeling: it seemed to us as though we were permitted for a short space to look into eternity, and every sublunary object vanished before "the powers of the world to come." Yet, there was no considerable exertion, no vehemence displayed by the speaker, no splendid imagery, no magnificent description: it was the simple domination of truth, of truth indeed of infinite moment, borne in upon the heart by a mind intensely alive to its reality and grandeur. Criticism was disarmed; the hearer felt himself elevated to a region which it could not penetrate; all was powerless submission to the master-spirit of the scene. It will always be considered by those who witnessed it, as affording as high a specimen as can be easily conceived, of the power of a preacher over his audience, the habitual, or even frequent recurrence of which would create an epoch in the religious history of the world.'

It will immediately occur to our readers, however, that if the habitual ascendancy of an individual preacher over his audience, not, indeed, uniformly to the full extent here described, of quelling them with tenderness, but, according to the character of the subject, commanding their most powerful emotions,—holding them spell-bound, while, on the part of the speaker, there has appeared no conscious effort, and then insensibly drawing forth the feelings, and concentrating the interest more and more, as the subject has seemed to break in upon the mind for the first time in its appropriate light—till attention has been wrought up to that pitch at which the cessation of the preacher's voice has seemed to leave a void and a blank;—if a phenomenon of this kind could of itself create an epoch in the history of the religious world, the present age would have been sufficiently marked by the still more powerful oratory of Mr. Toller's Biographer.

The meeting at Bedford before which this sermon was preached, was held in April, 1795. Mr. Toller, whose health had long been impaired, was induced at this time to pay a visit to his friends at Cambridge, in the hope of receiving benefit from the change of scene; and so salutary was the effect upon his spirits, of the attentions he received from all quarters, that his health improved, and from that time the symptoms of disease gradually subsided. 'His celebrity as a preacher now became diffused through a much wider circle

‘ than before, and he began universally to be esteemed one of the most distinguished ministers of the age.’ In the year 1799, he received an invitation to supply the congregation assembling in Carter lane, London, one part of the Sunday, with a salary considerably beyond what he then enjoyed. To this application he gave a decided negative. In the beginning of the following year, the congregation at Clapham gave him a similar invitation, which he also declined. The two congregations then united their invitations, offering a large salary on condition of his undertaking a single service at each place: this joint application he also refused. At the same time he assured the people of Kettering, who naturally became alarmed at these repeated attempts to remove their minister, ‘ that, if he found his services still acceptable, no pecuniary advantages should ever tempt him to relinquish his charge.’ In this final determination, the sterling integrity of Mr. Toller, as well as the sincerity and steadiness of his attachments, was honourably conspicuous; and he set a noble example of disinterestedness to his brethren. On this occasion, the church itself over which he presided, took no distinct part, which Mr. Hall considers as imputable to its not occupying that rank in the auditory to which it was entitled. The remarks which this circumstance calls forth, are extremely important; we have perused them with the highest satisfaction. ‘ Congregations,’ says Mr. Hall, ‘ are the creatures of circumstances, churches the institution of God.’ By losing sight of this scriptural distinction, the door is opened to all sorts of anomalous proceedings. We have more than once borne our testimony against the modern practice which is here so pointedly reprobated, of committing the management of the most weighty matters to a body of subscribers, in preference to the members’ of the church. All the specious arguments which can be urged in support or extenuation of this practice, presuppose a state of things which our pious forefathers never contemplated, and which is at once unnatural and culpable. If the church is really so insignificant in numbers and in weight, compared with the body of the congregation, as to be incapable of exercising its most undoubted functions, some very great fault must be chargeable either on its constitution, on the spirit of its members, or on the manner in which the pastor discharges his ministerial duty. We cannot conceive of a minister’s patiently enduring the continuance of such a state of things. The prevalence which it denotes in the congregation, of a vague, lax, and indeterminate profession of religion, together with the implied neglect of one of the most express injunctions of the Saviour, must be a source of perpetual uneasi-

ness, as rendering almost equivocal the success of his labours. Nor is a church thus circumstanced likely to afford, in the growing humility, fervour, and spirituality of its members, a compensation to his feelings. On the contrary, as the hope of increase is abandoned, the desire to conciliate those who are without, naturally becomes weaker, and a narrow, exclusive spirit will be engendered by the monopoly of spiritual privileges, which will infallibly betray itself in a forbidding or unamiable demeanour. Such persons stand in the disadvantageous predicament of being separated, not merely from the world—for the line of demarcation between the two opposed kingdoms is, under such circumstances, scarcely distinguishable—but from the great bulk of that portion of religious society with which they are in immediate contact. And although, if there be nothing in their practice or regulations to repel the truly pious, the sin lies at the door of those who decline their communion, they are themselves in no small measure the sufferers. For it is next to impossible to maintain a due sense of the value of the privileges they peculiarly enjoy, and of the importance of the duties by a regard to which they are thus distinguished from the mass of their fellow-worshippers, without its being mixed with the self-complacency and jealousy which prompt the feeling of “Stand back, I am holier than thou.” If the members of the church be almost entirely found among the poorer persons, the evil is likely to be aggravated. Yet, the Church has not forfeited its rights; nor is the remedy which expediency would supply, by rendering them nugatory, either safe or legitimate.

‘ Many of those who compose the auditory, in distinction from the church, may possess genuine piety; but,’ adds Mr. Hall, ‘ while they persist in declining to make a public profession of Christ, it is scarcely possible for them to give proof of it: the greater part, it is no breach of candour to suppose, are men of the world; and surely, it requires little penetration to perceive the danger which religion must sustain by transferring the management of its concerns from persons decidedly religious, to those whose pretensions to interfere are founded solely on pecuniary considerations. The presumptuous intermeddling of worldly, unsanctified spirits with ecclesiastical concerns, has been the source of almost every error in doctrine, and enormity in practice, that has deformed the profession of Christianity from the time of Constantine to the present day; nor is Dissent of much importance except as far as it affords an antidote to this evil. The system which confounds the distinction between the church and the congregation, has long since been carried to perfection in the Presbyterian denomination; and we all know what preceded and what has followed that innovation,—the decay of piety, the destruction of discipline, a past

melancholy departure, in a word, both in principle and in practice, from genuine Christianity.'

During the greater portion of his life, Mr. Toller was occasionally liable to great depression of spirits; but, about seven years before his death, his nervous system received a concussion from a sudden interruption of the profuse perspiration which had constantly attended his public exercises, that disqualified him for some time for the discharge of his ministerial functions. His mind, during this season, was harassed with the most distressing apprehensions; and he subsequently described it to his Biographer, as a year of almost incessant weeping and prayer. From that time, we are informed, his discourses were more thoroughly imbued with the peculiarities of the Gospel, his doctrinal views were more clear and precise, and his whole conversation and deportment announced a rapid advance in spirituality.

'That generality in his statements of revealed truth which was the consequence of his education at Daventry, and which almost invariably characterized the pupils of that seminary, totally disappeared; and he attained "to all the riches of the full assurance of the mystery of God the Father and of Christ."'

During the latter years of his life, he exhibited symptoms of a tendency to apoplexy, and in the year 1819, he was seized with a fit as he was going to his study, from which, however, he recovered in a few hours. After this, he had frequent seizures of a similar kind, which left evident traces on his bodily frame, but had no other effect on his mind, than to confirm his hope of immediate dismissal 'when his work was done.' It was, however, found necessary, near the close of 1820, to provide him with an assistant, and the congregation made choice of their pastor's eldest son. On Sunday, Feb. 25, 1821, Mr. Toller, having for some weeks been gaining strength, preached in the morning with his usual animation, and, after a night of sound repose, arose apparently as well as usual. About noon, on the Monday, he was found, a few minutes after leaving the parlour, in a fit of apoplexy. Medical aid was called in, but life was extinct.

The character which Mr. Hall has portrayed of this most amiable man, is marked by exquisite discrimination, and is replete with instruction. Seldom has a more striking contrast presented itself in two individuals placed in so close contact, and essentially agreeing on all the important points of Christian doctrine, than in the instance of Mr. Toller and Mr. Fuller. Of this Mr. Hall has finely availed himself, to illustrate the dis-

distinctive excellencies of each. Both possessed great originality; Mr. Toller 'not so much in the stamina of his thoughts, as in the cast of his imagination:' that of Mr. Fuller appeared chiefly in his doctrinal statements.

'Mr. Fuller convinced by his arguments, Mr. Toller subdued by his pathos: the former made his hearers feel the grasp of his intellect; the latter the contagion of his sensibility. Mr. Fuller's discourses identified themselves, after they were heard, with trains of thought; Mr. Toller's with trains of emotion. Mr. Fuller was chiefly distinguished by the qualities which command veneration; Mr. Toller by those which excite love.'

Candour, 'in all the modes of its operation,' was a conspicuous feature in the character of Mr. Toller; a candour connected with genuine humility and benevolence. And here his Biographer takes occasion, while doing justice to this rare quality in his friend, to introduce one of those admirable remarks which embody the profoundest wisdom in language so simple, that we are led to wonder that we never saw the subject before in so clear and just a light.

'Whether his benevolent solicitude to comprehend within the pale of salvation as many as possible, may not sometimes have led him to extenuate the danger of speculative error too much, may be fairly questioned. Since the charity which the Scriptures inculcate, consists in a real solicitude for the welfare of others, *not in thinking well of their state*, he cannot be justly accused of a violation of its dictates, who contends that those doctrines are essential to salvation, on which his own hopes of it are exclusively founded.'

But we must not indulge ourselves in any further extracts from this delightful memoir, and we are but little disposed to turn from it to the business of criticism. Mr. Hall has, indeed, characterised these discourses better than we could do; and it is proper to state, that those which are here selected from the Author's short-hand manuscripts, are given as memorials, rather than as specimens of his preaching, and appear under all the disadvantages of unrevised posthumous compositions. They are in number fourteen, on subjects peculiarly interesting. A very striking anecdote is connected with the third sermon, on 'the peculiar blessedness of Christian connexions,' founded on 1 Pet. iii. 7. If we are rightly informed, it was preached on the occasion of the recent marriage of a member of his congregation; and we believe that the fact was learned from Mr. Toller's own lips, that it was the means of conversion to an aged couple, strangers in the town, who had been led by accident to Mr. Toller's place of worship. It appeared that the hearts of both were very deeply im-

pressed ; so much so, that after they had retired to rest, it prevented their sleeping ; yet, the one was quite unconscious of what was passing in the other's mind, till at length a mutual discovery took place of the state of feeling which had held them awake ; on which they, as by a common impulse, arose, and, for the first time in their lives, united in heartfelt supplication to Him who heareth prayer. We cannot take a better specimen of the Discourses, than is furnished by a very striking passage in this sermon.

‘ 3. *Providence has so ordered it, that Christians should be, not only fellow-heirs, but fellow helpers to eternal life.*—When you see a poor man go along the streets well-clothed, if you have a benevolent mind, such a sight naturally affords you pleasure ; but what a rich addition to that pleasure would it be, if God had given you the ability and the heart to clothe him ! If your children are comfortably provided for, and are doing well in the world, it is not only a gratification to you that they are so, but a rich addition to that gratification, that, by his blessing on your industry, God has enabled you so to provide for them. So, it is not only an instance of rich grace, that there should be such a blessing as eternal life, and that Christians should be heirs to it, and going together to the possession of it ; but also that God has so ordered it, that one shall be the means of helping another to it ;—that an affectionate wife, by her prayers and her becoming conversation and example, shall be the means of turning the face of her husband heavenwards ; that a pious parent, by his assiduity, his prayers, and his instructions, shall be instrumentally the spiritual leader and guide of his child to the blessedness of eternal life ; that a faithful, laborious minister shall not only go to heaven himself, but shall be the instrument and means of drawing with him scores and hundreds of his poor, ignorant, sinful, dying fellow-creatures. And I cannot but think God has graciously so ordered it, because it is so eminently endearing and delightful to reflect, not only that others are going to heaven as well as ourselves, and those that are dearest to us ; but that he has honoured us as instruments in conducting them thither. Thus God has not determined that I should have but one heaven : I am to have two heavens—ten heavens—a hundred heavens—not only in being there myself, not only in seeing those dearest to me there, but even in having been the means of conducting them thither. What must be the sensations of an individual, who, on actually entering heaven, shall behold a wife or a husband, a child or children, and a number of Christian converts, dressed in all the grandeur of eternity, and triumphing in all the blessedness of the sky ! Indeed, what the sensations must be, arising from the reflection that God honoured my poor prayers, instructions, and labours, in making them the humble instruments of all this, is not to be conceived. The Scripture gives us some grand hints upon the subject, and that is all. “ They that be wise [or teachers] shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.” “ What is our hope,

or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy." "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." This is enough for us. And let us only imagine as well as we can, what their sensations must be on meeting in heaven!

pp. 65—68.

The concluding paragraph was admirably adapted to have that effect in rousing the conscience, which, in the instance above related, it appears to have had.

' 5. How terrible is the sentiment of the text reversed!—Heirs together of the wages of sin and death! Friends, professing to love one another, united in ties of nature and duty, but united to earn the wages of unrighteousness! Fellow-travellers to destruction! Fellow-helpers to the regions of everlasting death! Mutually cherishing worldly dispositions, instilling corrupting and carnal principles, and training up others for the devil, thus making provision for mutual misery! They also must meet in another state: but who can bear to think what a meeting it must be! If parents and families, husbands and wives, townsmen and neighbours, people who have met together to hear the Gospel, meet in hell, and have been the means of leading each other thither—what looks! what upbraidings! what — We turn with horror from the scene! God forbid that any of us should ever realize it! Amen.'

We have no room for further extracts, but must notice as peculiarly striking and valuable, the two discourses 'on the influence of what we call trifles on our future state.' That is a very excellent one, entitled, 'Habitual Remembrance of Christ urged.' The first two contain many highly impressive passages; but the definition of Omnipotence (pp. 3—6.) justifies, we think, the opinion of Mr. Toller's Biographer, that his talent, lay in force and beauty of illustration, rather than in comprehension or depth of thought. The last sermon is that to which Mr. Hall refers as producing so overwhelming an impression on the audience. It will be read under every disadvantage; and it is perhaps saying all that can be said for a sermon to which we are led to bring expectations wrought up to an unreasonable pitch, that it has enabled us to conceive of the effect attributed to it on delivery. A noble simplicity and a careless grandeur are described to have been the distinguishing features of his eloquence. This simplicity is stamped on all his compositions; but the charm of his manner, by which 'the mind was captivated and subdued it scarce knew how,' cannot be transferred to the written memorial. It is like

touching a fine instrument, from which we may draw tones that convince us of its power, but the master-hand is wanting.

Art. V. 1. *Recollections of the Peninsula.* By the Author of *Sketches of India.* 8vo. pp. 262. Price 8s. London. 1823.

2. *The Personal Narrative of a private Soldier, who served in the Forty Second Highlanders, for Twelve Years during the late War.* 12mo. pp. 264. Price 6s. London. 1821.

THESE two publications will mutually illustrate each other. The one is written by an officer, the other by a private; they describe the same scenes, and give us different versions of the same glorious story—war with all its maddening excitement,—war with all its horrors. We have already adverted to the former work in reviewing Dr. Southey's *History of the Peninsular War*, and it was not our intention to defer so long a more particular notice of its contents. Its Author unites the somewhat discordant characters of a military enthusiast and a sentimentalist. He talks of Xenophon and Polybius, but moralises like Mackenzie and Sterne. He has an eye for the picturesque; and a march through Spain afforded ample opportunities of gratifying his taste, in the costume, the scenery, and the military spectacle, while his feelings seem to have partaken of the intoxication of romance. We could have fancied that we were at times reading the imaginative descriptions of Geoffrey Crayon, rather than the account of a sanguinary campaign; so much does 'the man of feeling' predominate in these pages, over the 'scientific soldier.' They are the "recollections," evidently, of one who was a very young officer at the time, and they strikingly contrast with the matter of fact narrative of the old soldier. A sentence which the Writer found scratched in charcoal on the wall of a chapel at Albuera, comes pretty near the truth: '*La Guerre en Espagne est la Fortune des Generaux, l'Ennui des Officiers, et le Tombeau des Soldats.*'

It is but just to give the Writer's own account of the object he has had in view in drawing up these Recollections.

'I have more than once distinctly stated, that it is not my intention to offer a professional view of the progress and conduct of the war, or to enter at all upon a regular detail of movements and positions. My humble wish is, to draw a picture of *campaigning*, and if I succeed in recalling one scene of interest to the mind of any veteran who served in the Peninsula, or if I kindle one spark of enthusiasm in the bosom of a youthful soldier, however feebly I may have written, I feel that I shall not have written in vain.' p. 126.

Now according to our young hero's testimony, nothing is more inspiring, exciting, and even amusing than a campaign. To follow up a retreating army,' for instance, 'is at all times amusing; but when you do so *for the first time*, your curiosity and pleasure are *almost puerile*.' (p. 127.) 'Our business among the rocks,' he says on another occasion, 'was a scene of laughter and diversion, rather than of bloodshed and peril; for though some of the enemies' grenadiers discharged their muskets at us before they broke them, still, our loss was very trifling, and the danger too inconsiderable to be thought or spoken of.' (p. 173.) 'The soldier's wants are all provided for: he is fed and clothed; he sleeps, too, in comparative tranquillity; for, wrapt in his watch-cloak, he reposes in a camp, surrounded by arms and comrades, and ever prepared for resistance, which may indeed bring with it death, but a death always honourable, seldom unrevenge.' (p. 119.)

• Neither is the sick bed of a soldier lonely or deserted. It is true, the anxious care and tender offices of a mother, and the affectionate solicitude of a sister, are wanting. Those comforts, which at home are sure to be provided for the chamber of an invalid, are wanting. Yet, here, some warm-hearted friend will smooth the pillow for your feverish head, will speak to you in the manly yet soothing language of encouragement; will procure, and often prepare for you some delicacy; and, in the dark and silent hour of evening, will sit quietly by your side, consoling you by affectionate pressures of the hand, for pain and suffering, and watching anxiously that nothing may interrupt or scare your needful slumbers. Yes,—such a picture is not romantic; in civil life, men have homes, parents, wives, children, brothers, sisters; but in the profession of arms they become dependent upon friends. No where is friendship more true, more warm, more exalted, than in the army; absence from the mother-country, privation, peril, the pursuit and attainment of honour, are so many ties which bind soul to soul, in bonds right and indestructible.' pp. 74, 5.

'I well remember,' says the Writer, in another place, 'how we all gathered round our fires to listen, to conjecture, and to talk about this glorious but bloody event.' This was the Battle of Talavera, in which the division to which our Author was attached, was not engaged; and they naturally regretted,' he says, 'that they had borne no share in the honours of such a day, and talked long, and with an undefined pleasure, about the carnage.'

• Yes, strange as it may appear, soldiers, and not they alone, talk of the slaughter of battle-fields with a sensation which, though it spends the lively throb of the gay and careless heart, partakes

nevertheless of pleasure. Nay, I will go further: in the very exposure of the person to the peril of violent and sudden death, cureless wounds, and ghastly laceration, excitement strong, high, and pleasurable, fills and animates the bosom; hope, pride, patriotism, and awe, make up this mighty feeling, and lift a man, for such moments, almost above the dignity of his nature.'

Almost lift him into the fiend. 'Such moments,' it is added, 'are more than equal to years of common life.' What scenes of common life can those be fit for, then, who have been inured to such frenzied excitation? But the bivouac affords the Writer an occasion for indulging all his powers of description.

'It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guard paraded and posted, and in two minutes, all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fire places; others hurry off with canteens and kettles for water, while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed, under the more distant trees, you see the officers; some dressing, some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village, laden with bread, or, from some flock of goats, feeding near us, with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork-tree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilet, and sat down with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse, but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and by cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. An enthusiastic admirer of nature, I was glad to move and dwell amid her grandest scenes, remote from cities, and unconnected with what is called society. Her mountains, her forests, and, sometimes her bare and bladeless plains, yielded me a passing home: her rivers, streams, and springs, cooled my brow, and allayed my thirst. The inconvenience of one camp taught me to enjoy the next; and I learned (a strange lesson for the thoughtless) that wood and water, shade and grass, were luxuries. I saw the sun set every evening; I saw him rise again each morning in all his majesty, and I felt that my very existence was a blessing. Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men, delicately brought up, can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapt in a blanket, or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or a knapsack, covered by the dews of night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpetted chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down have been from infancy familiar.' pp. 42, 3.

Finally, the Writer seems to admit, that 'the romantic illu-

visions of a youthful and heated fancy have been destroyed by observation and inquiry; but his 'attachment to the profession of arms' has not deserted him. 'Confirmed and happy in my choice of it, I now follow it with more silent devotion, more rational hopes, and less obtrusive zeal.'

Such are the illusions which give seduction to a military life, in the first instance, and which, when the romance has passed away from the imagination, leave the understanding the dupe of the habits,—dignifying the trade of homicide with the high-sounding names of patriotism, valour, and professional duty. But war is what the private soldier finds it. 'The soldier's wants,' our young Officer has told us, 'are all provided for; he is fed and clothed,' &c. He should have said, *sometimes*. But he was not in the retreat to Corunna.—Let us hear our Highlander.

'From the time I entered Spain, I could not say I had ever been unfit for any duty I was called to go on. We had very bad weather after leaving this place, and the roads were very deep. My last pair of shoes were then on my feet, and the badness of the roads made me feel very much on account of my shoes, not knowing how they were to be replaced; and I was sure a prisoner I would be, if ever I came to pad the hoof. The very prospect of want is worse than actual privation. I had around me hundreds in my condition: I had seen hundreds fall victims to what I dreaded. I shudder as I reflect on the groans of the dying, and the curses of the living, who walked on in despair.'

'But we continued our retreat very rapidly. On New Year's Day morning our provisions were all eaten up. Never shall I forget that New Year's morning—it was of a Sunday too. Men, who on that day had been wont to bless God, imprecated their Maker. Nor did the authors of their calamities lack the widow's curse. Our provisions were done, and how to get more we knew not. My messmates that remained were famishing, and I proposed another foraging party. Great as the risk was, there was no alternative between it and death by starvation. "I will go for one," said I; "will any one go with me?" "I will," said one man; "and I," said another. We soon got ourselves ready, with our bayonets fixed on sticks: we were not an hour out when we fell in with ten pounds of bread, and a pig's skin full of good wine. In this part of the country, the wine is all kept in pigs' skins. We came home to our comrades, and we did not want for the first day of the year 1809; but those that won't fight for their victuals, won't fight for their king.'

'Next day we entered the mountainous district that lay between us and Corunna. By this time the army was in a wretched condition, from the want of provisions, shoes, and blankets; and insubordination began visibly to shew its capricious front in more brigades than ours. When we got upon the mountainous roads, we found them covered with deep snow, and our march that day was very long and fatiguing.'

When we halted, neither barracks nor convents offered us an asylum; the earth was our bed, the sky our covering, and the loud winds sang us to sleep. However, we had a pound of beef a man served out to us that night; but we had neither wood nor water to cook it. There were a few old houses by the way-side—their ancient inmates had fled: in half an hour these houses were in ruins. The next thing was water—it was at a great distance; so we took the snow, and melted as much as cooked our beef. We sat on our canteens and knapsacks by the fires all night, for we could not lie down on the fields of snow.

‘ Next morning we marched before day. I had, during the night, procured a pair of old shoes from a comrade, and they kept my feet off the stones for a few days, but they were very sore and painful, being all lacerated the preceding day. It was my turn for duty that morning—I had been warned for the Provost’s guard: we were to march in the rear of the whole army. It was far in the day before the march commenced. I had now a full view of the miseries of this army. It was the most shocking sight, to see the road that day after the army had passed. Dead horses, mules, and asses, and waggons, and baggage of all descriptions, lay at every step; and men and women and children, that were not able to keep up with the army, implored our aid, or, in the bitterness of their soul, cursed their hard fate, or lay dying beside the dead, and, in their last moments, seldom breathed a prayer of (for?) forgiveness. So much did their misfortunes annihilate all the feelings of their nobler nature.

‘ We stopped on this ground, on which we offered the French battle, all day. About eight o’clock at night we received orders to put on large fires to make the enemy believe we were still encamped. At nine we commenced our retreat again, and marched all night and next day till two o’clock; we then halted at a small village, wherein there were some stores of rum and blankets. We had had a great deal of rain and sleet that day; but we trudged on in spite of the pitiless plash of the pelting storm. That night our quarters were in the fields; and nothing could be more disagreeable; I was as wet as a drowned rat; every stitch upon me was soaked; and in this poor state I had the mire for my bed. We were served out with an allowance of spirits; a quart among six men; I do believe it saved many a life. Every one got a blanket who chose to carry it; this was an hospital store; the blankets were clean when we got them. There were no provisions of any kind in this store. I took one of the blankets, determined, if I could not get into an hospital, to have something to serve me instead. This was a God-send. We tarried here till about nine o’clock at night, and then took the road again.

‘ I may say this was a constant march; and on this day I was again reduced to my bare feet; not a shoe could I get. The pieces of blanket I tied round my soles soon became shreds: miserable sinner! I was now quite careless about my fate; I heeded not man; I cared not if I fell into the hands of the French; I was harassed out of my very life. Still I continued on the line of march with the regiment for four hours. Sleep at length overcame me, and I would be marching and sleeping, literally walking asleep, till I would come

bump against the man in front of me. I often thought that if I could get a convenient place, I would lie down and take a nap, let the consequences be what they might. By this time there were not 300 men with the regiment out of the 1000 who entered Spain: many had fallen a sacrifice to the hardships of fatigue, hunger, and disease, on the line of march, and many more had been taken or massacred by the French, who pursued us.

As we plodded on, some haystacks presented themselves to our view, and I resolved to repose a little. I was not many minutes down, when I felt so cold and stiff that I could not sleep: I got up again, but my feet were very sore, as if I were walking on a card for wool. I made up to the regiment in the course of an hour: it was like getting to my father's door, to join my comrades once more.

We continued our march till eleven o'clock next day, when we reached Britanzen. All that came in of our regiment to this town were 150 men. We had not an officer to carry the colours; all fell behind: but while a man was left, the 42d's colours would be where they were safe. This shews what the retreat to Corunna was. I have not language to express what hardships I endured; and if I were to tell you all the men said of this retreat, you would think I had fabricated libels on the memory of Sir John Moore, the ministry at home—

I was for duty as soon as I reached Britanzen, though I was 30 men before my turn, on account of the men who were behind. I had a pair of shoes served out to me before I mounted guard. I had been a poor miserable being before, trailing my musket after me, and drawing one leg after the other for many a long league; and I felt in shoes, as no monarch ever felt on a throne. The very feet of these necessary articles on my poor scorched feet was heaven upon earth. I can even now feel all my flesh creep on my bones, as I reflect on the joy and ecstasy of my soul when I put on the shoes I now allude to. No soul but of him who shared the miseries of that march, amidst similar privations, can have any fellowship with mine in the reminiscence of its horrors.' pp. 72—6.

So much for the retreat. And now for the battle, which is told in a manner at once so simple and so spirited as to rival the most elaborate description, in the vividness with which it presents the scene. None but a soldier could have told the story so briefly and so well.

We were looking at the French advancing with a few cannon in front of the 1st brigade: our men did not mind this till about twelve o'clock, when a few shots were fired from the enemy's battery. Some of their balls fell among our huts, and we were then very soon under arms. Five minutes sufficed. We had two field-pieces at the right of our brigade. The enemy was then seen advancing, in two very large compact columns, down on our brigade: this seemed to be their planned attack. Sir John was soon on the

ground where the attack was expected to be made. Our artillery fired a few shots, and then retreated for want of ammunition. Our flankers were sent out to assist the picquets. The French columns soon formed their line, and advanced, driving the picquets and flankers before them, while their artillery kept up a close cannonade on our line with grape and round shot. A few of the 42d were killed, and some were wounded by the grape shot. We had not then moved one inch in advance or in retreat. Sir John came in front of the 42d. He said, "There is no use in making a long speech; but, 42d, I hope you will do as you have done before." With that he rode off the ground in front of us. Sir John did not mention Egypt; but we understood Egypt was the meaning of his expressions, as Buonaparte's Invincibles were the last the 42d was engaged with. Sir John was about thirty yards in front of the regiment when he addressed us. I heard him distinctly.

' I had thought nothing of battle till now; we were within reach of the enemy's shot. There was a kind of fear on me which I think every man is struck with at first. I was never in a great battle before. Some other time I'll tell you more of this.

' This ground, on which both the French and British were, was very bad for making an engagement, being very rocky and full of ditches, and a large valley between the two positions. The French army did not advance very rapidly, on account of the badness of the ground. Our colonel gave orders for us to lie on the ground, at the back of the height our position was on; and whenever the French were within a few yards of us, we were to start up and fire our muskets, and then give them the bayonet.

' They came up the hill cheering, as if there were none to oppose them, we being out of their sight: when they came up to the top of the hill, all the word of command that was given was—"Forty-second, charge." In one moment every man was up with a cheer, and the sound of his musket, and every shot did execution. They were so close upon us that we gave them the bayonet the instant we fired. The confusion that now ensued baffles all my powers even of memory and imagination—pell-mell, ding-dong, ilka man gat his birdie, and many of us skivered pairs, front and rear rank: to the right-about they went, and we after them. I think I see the grizzly fellows now running and jumping, as the Highlanders, laughing, and swearing, and foaming, stuck the pointed steel into their loins. We followed them down to the valley, and stopped not for general or commanding officer; but still on, in the rage and wrath of the Highlanders. When we had driven them in upon their other columns, we ourselves retreated, but not pursued, and took the advantage of a ditch that was in the valley, from which we kept up a constant fire on the enemy till dark.

' All the time I was in that ditch I was standing up to the knee in mud. I had a narrow escape here: it was within a hair's breadth. In assisting a man that was wounded to the top of the ditch, we were no sooner upon it than a shower of grape shot was poured upon us, which killed the wounded man and my comrade, who was helping

him up. I got the feathers blown out of my bonnet by one of the grapes: then I soon took up my old station in the mud-ditch.

‘ There was nothing ever surprised me so much as the conduct of the French commanders that day: their men swarmed like moths in the sun; their columns might have eaten us up at a mouthful, so numerous were they, and so few and weak were we. Why did not Soult send his generals to devour us? to make us all prisoners? The fellows whom the poor weak 42d put to the rout, were ten times our number, yet they fled like a mob of women and children.

‘ As we pursued them down the hill, there was a poor Frenchman sorely wounded, and on his knees, his hands uplifted, and pleading for quarter. My next man, a robust Highlander, in his rage, exclaimed, “ You Buonaparte man! she’ll run her through.” With a sudden jerk of my musket I threw his on his shoulder, and the poor fellow’s life was saved: if he still lives, and could hear this, he would know that his preserver lives also. We were in full speed then of his comrades, and far past him, before my countryman brought his piece to the charge again. The Highlander thanked me many a time afterwards; and used to add, “ The deed would have been done but for you, John—I was in such a rage at the time.”

‘ Sir John was killed a little after we charged the French: I think I was within 100 yards of him then; he was a little, as you would say, in rear of the left of the regiment, when he was struck with the fatal ball.’ pp. 82—87.

We have two or three graphical descriptions of a bivouac, which may do to hang up by the side of our Officer’s picture. On some occasions, ‘ the men were obliged to sit by their arms all night.’

‘ Would you see our bivouac? Behold us then on the bare sward, unable to lie down from the most tremendous rain that ever drenched mortals,—the livid lightning illumining the sky, and as it were playing over our arms; the thunder rolling from one corner of heaven to another. Our canteens are of wood, and they are tied with a strap round the knapsack. The canteen being right in the centre of the knapsack, and this being placed on the ground, makes a good seat, for there is nothing in the knapsack that will receive any damage by sitting on it. And in this manner I have passed away many a long night.’ p. 128.

We have neither room nor inclination in this place, to canvass the various military movements to which these details relate. The Soldier’s brief occasional strictures are shrewd and pithy. The siege of Burgos was one of the most disastrous measures in the campaign. ‘ I think,’ says our honest Highlander, ‘ this was as foolish a piece of work as ever I saw Wellington encounter, to begin the siege without shot and without a battering train.’

‘ All we had were two eighteen-pounders and three howitzers, a

species of guns not adapted for a siege on many accounts. Such a place as Burgos would have required thirty eighteen-pounders and eight mortars. To give you an idea of our poverty of shot, I can assure you, that when the French were throwing their balls away so plentifully every day, there was an order issued, that any one who could pick up a ball, and bring it to the artillery, should have ninepence. This fact proves, that Colonels Burgoyne and Jones, commanding the attack on Burgos, were not provided for a siege of any description; but on it went, by command of Wellington. The total loss was 24 officers, and about 500 men killed; 68 officers and about 1500 men wounded and missing.'

The 42d lost upwards of 200 excellent soldiers at this unfortunate siege. 'You might as well have sent the boys of the grammar-school to take the castle of Edinburgh with pop-guns and tow-balls.' The retreat from Burgos almost rivalled in its disastrous character, that of Sir John Moore to Corunna.

'The enemy came close up to us on the banks of the Doure, but did not attack the British, except near Tordesillas. A few shot were exchanged between the piquets. The weather now became very bad; the rains fell more copiously, and for a longer fall; and very long marches made it excessively fatiguing. Besides, we hardly ever had, on this retreat, a day's complete ration; and some days we wanted altogether. Beef, however, we scarcely ever stood in want of: that we might have wanted too, but it was marched alive with the army, and whenever we halted, a certain number of bullocks were killed for the brigade, by the butchers of the different regiments. When provisions were scanty, the men, in great crowds, attended at the killing of the bullocks, with their camp kettles; and if ever you saw a butter-milk cart in Glasgow, it was the same here—a complete skirmish—shouldering, pushing, climbing one over another, and tongues going; aye, and fists too, sometimes,—for the bullock's blood. We cooked it, by boiling some of it, and eating it when cold, like cheese. We fried some of it, when we could get a little fat; but this was very rare—the joints of men, and horses, and bullocks, were too much moved in Spain for any animal oil to be gathered in the shape of fat—you would not scrape a pound of fat on the whole beast. When we could get a little oil, it served in the place of fat; and though some disliked this mess, I liked it well enough at that time. It was not the place, was not a retreat bivouac, to turn up one's nose at the blood of a bullock; and oil and garlic I could eat with any Spaniard in the country.

'The bullocks were killed in the fields, for shambles were out of the question, and cut up on the ground; and by the time their flesh was all served out in messes for the company, it was so full of sand and grass that it was impossible to clean it; and when this was done at night, it was still worse. I have seen the men eating it, and picking the grass and dirt out of it, as they ground it between their teeth; and perhaps

neither bread nor salt to it, and happy to get it. Salt was a rare article in Spain.

‘ But all this, odious as it may appear to you, is easily accounted for, if you recollect that the poor soldier has little more than what he stands upright in, except his musket, during a campaign. Tables, chairs, benches, knives, forks, spoons, salts, mustard-pots, vinegar-cruets—where I wonder were they to be kept by men that did not know who their heirs were to be.

‘ Tough as you may think it, I have been obliged to eat the ear of a bullock, or starve; and yet we were not so badly off for rations this campaign as we were in the following one.’ pp. 159—161.

* * * * *

‘ We kept up large fires, by which we sat all night on our old travelling cushion, the knapsack, upon the wooden canteen. It was so wet, was the ground, a pig could not have lain down comfortably: and we had nothing to eat all day but acorns. But about midnight every man was served out with a quarter of a pound of biscuit, and an allowance of rum. This, you will say, was a poor allowance for men that had been out day and night; so it was, but small fish are better than none.

‘ Next morning we started before daylight; but the road was so exceedingly bad, that it was with great difficulty the army could wade through it. The 42d was standing two full hours in one part of a field up to the mid-leg in mud, before it came to our turn to move off. And this day’s march was fatiguing beyond all description: when I think of it, I still seem to feel my feet and legs benumbed, cold, and stiff, my clothes wet and disagreeable, my kit a load for a camel, and my musket fit only to be moved on a carriage. But how could I feel otherwise? For two nights before I had no rest, on account of the wetness of the ground. But never shall I this day’s march forget, as long as memory holds her place.—Oh! no. It was during this day’s march that I saw two men thrown off the sick waggon! I went aside to look at them, if they were British, but I could not tell, as they were almost stripped naked; they were not dead quite; one of them moved his hand, and seemed to implore my aid,—I could render him none. This cruelty to poor sick men made me shudder. My heart fills when I write such things. I think the surgeon, whoever he was, who had charge of that waggon, was to blame for this piece of barbarity. I have often seen, where the French were on the retreat, men belonging to their army lying on the sides of the road in this manner, but dead. I never witnessed any of the British army before this day’s march, except where it was absolutely impossible to render them any assistance, left to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven a prey, to be devoured ere death came to their relief.’ pp. 167—9.

There is a very spirited account in the “*Recollections*,” of the sanguinary battle of Albuera, in which the British lost upwards of 4000 in killed and wounded, and the Portuguese and

Spaniards 2,200 ; the French, ' at the lowest calculation, 9,000.' Had Wellington commanded on that day, the Writer maintains, that, by following up its successful result, the army of Soult would have been annihilated. In this affair our Officer was personally engaged.

' To describe my feelings throughout this wild scene with fidelity,' he says, ' would be impossible. At intervals, a shriek or groan told, that men were falling around me ; but it was not always that the tumult of the contest suffered me to catch these sounds. *A constant feeling to the centre of the line, and the gradual diminution of our front, more truly bespoke the havoc of death.* As we moved, though slowly, yet ever a little in advance, our own killed and wounded lay behind us ; but we arrived among those of the enemy, and those of the Spaniards who had fallen in the first onset : we trod among the dead and dying, all reckless of them.' p. 161,

A description follows of the field of battle on the morrow. It is more laboured, and therefore, though full of horrors, less affecting than the few simple touches which tell so much in the above picture. We must, however, notice one impressive circumstance.

' I was much struck with one affecting, though simple proof, of the attachment of our Peninsular allies : the hands of vast numbers of the British corpses had been clasped together in the attitude of prayer, and placed by the Spaniards in the manner they superstitiously imagine it important to lay out their dead.' p. 165.

The Highlander, after having escaped in every action during the successive Spanish campaigns, besides getting home alive from Walcheren, received a wound, which for the time disabled him, in the murderous and unprofitable battle of Toulouse. The 42d led the attack, supported by the 79th and 91st ; and their loss was very considerable in the beginning of the conflict ; but ' all, as yet, was in the ordinary way of battle : what followed,' adds the honest corporal, ' was *more deadly than* *' Burgos.'* They had received orders to file by companies up the face of the side of the road, to charge the enemy's breast-works and redoubt in front : they obeyed, but it was on their hands and feet.

' As soon as the enemy observed us forming our line, in a moment they opened upon us a most tremendous fire of grape, shells, and small shot, that mowed down our ranks as we formed them. It was shocking to see the carnage that was made on this spot. Maccara could hardly get the right wing formed ; it was mostly all cut off before the men got to the works, although the distance was only 200 yards. I belonged to the right wing : it was, for all the world, like a target to the enemy ; for we received their first fire ; and it raged most

dreadfully. The smoke and fire obscured the sky; the cannon and musquetry roared like thunder; and many a hero fell to rise no more.

‘As soon as the wing was about formed, the Colonel went off at the charge with us, cheering all the way, and the left wing followed in the same gallant style. All the troops who saw us start, cheered us, and “Bravo, forty-second,” could be heard above all the noise of guns. “Hurra!—Hurra!—Hurra!” sounded on all sides of us, from the division, Portuguese, and Spaniards: all saw the work of death we were going on; all saw our men fall like the fruit off an apple-tree, when shook by the boisterous blast of the sky. I had escaped hitherto in all the actions I had been in, but I had no hope now of leaving the field alive. The shot was whizzing past us like hail; most of the right wing that were killed and wounded, received two, three, and some several shots at once. The man on my right hand received six grape shots in his body, and fell like a log; and his brother, on his other side, was wounded at the same time. When about fifty yards from the redoubt, I received a shot through my right arm, and was obliged to halt; but I was almost sure of receiving another before I could get under cover. I went to the rear a few yards, (my arm hung motionless by my side,) and lay down in the furrow of two rigs, thinking this might afford me some cover. I had hardly stretched myself on the wet ground, when a round shot from a cannon covered me almost wholly over with earth; then I started to my feet again, and made for the road we had marched from, knowing that I would have good cover there. My wound bled very much. I could not get it bound up. I had about half a mile to walk to the ground the surgeons were on; but I was obliged to halt by the way, I became so weak from the stream of blood flowing down my arm. I was several times so dizzy, I could with difficulty stand and look round me; then I would become sick and languid. I was parched up with thirst, but no water could I get.

‘At this moment our artillery were passing me, making for the position we had taken up: one of them dismounted from his horse, seeing the state I was in, and gave me a draught of wine out of his canteen. I bade God bless him. “You deserve it,” said he, “if it was gold you could drink, for you have fought hard: away with you to the doctors; there are crowds of the 42d about them, down at those houses which we passed.” Again I thanked this brave artillery-man: he clapped spurs to his horse, and was off after the guns.

‘I revived very much after I had swallowed the wine, and made the best of my way for the houses he pointed to. It was full two hours before the surgeons could look at my arm; they were amputating legs and arms so fast, and so many, it was very lamentable to be two hours the spectator of this sight.’

The strength of the regiment, when they marched out from camp in the morning, was about 550 rank and file; ‘all good soldiers as ever belonged to the 42d—the most self-conceited regiment in the army—a regiment that thought and said, there

was no regiment under the Crown like them—men that would not take a word, when drinking in tap-rooms, from any soldier, but in an instant up and box him—men that reckoned it their pride to conquer or die: and this was the day that was to try them.' Their loss was no less than 27 officers and 414 privates in killed and wounded.

' On the third day, the head-surgeon came and looked at our wounds, and told us, hospitals were getting ready for us in Toulouse, and that peace had been made before the battle was fought. I cannot tell how this news affected me; I was sick and wounded, and I thought on the thousands who had fallen a few days before. My period of service was up, and I cast my eyes on my native land; but all was dark and disheartening. Ten years, the best of my life, had been spent among the lowest of the army; my habits were fixed, I thought, and a soldier I must continue. I had, in that time, lost all my family but one brother: still he was my brother, affectionate and kind; and my country was dear to me even in this poor and miserable plight I now lay in. Darkness fell upon me, as a thousand schemes engaged my thoughts: at length sleep stole my senses, and I had some dozing, dreaming naps;—the visions of by-gone days, battles, places, home, my wound, poor, friendless, and maimed, perhaps for life:—these were my dreams.'

And this is War! We will not trouble our readers with reflections, but cordially recommend the poor Soldier's artless narrative to their special notice; while, to what we have said of the Officer's volume, we need only add, that, waiving the false sentiment, its author is a very agreeable traveller, and seems not an unamiable man. To his *Recollections of the Peninsula*, this one should be added, that it has all ended in the setting up of Ferdinand and the Monks!

Art. VI. *Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand*. By Richard A. Cruise, Esq. Captain in the 84th Reg. Foot. 8vo. pp. 322. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1823.

THE object of this Ten Months' detention in New Zealand, was, to obtain a cargo of timber fit for masts of large ships. The cowry-tree, which affords it, is described as having a leaf not unlike that of our box-tree, but much larger; it produces a cone, and yields abundance of resin: it rises frequently a hundred feet without shooting out a branch, and then spreads into a head almost as umbrageous as the lime.

Among the natives with whom they were brought into frequent contact was George, the leader in the massacre of the crew of the Boyd. When passing by the wreck of that ship, in company with some of the British officers, he pointed at it, and

in his broken English said, 'That's my ship; she is very sorry; she is crying.' But in no instance, adds Captain C., did he express any compunction for the horrible crime. Could this be rationally expected, when the provocation which led to this act of revenge, must, to the mind of a savage, have justified its atrocity? George persists in declaring, that Captain Thompson twice inflicted corporal punishment upon him, for having refused to work in common with the other sailors during the voyage; after which, it appears to have been madness to put confidence in the natives. In almost every instance of similar outrage on the part of savage nations, the Europeans have proved to have been the aggressors. Incalculable is the obstruction which the wanton misconduct of sailors and traders has created, to the progress of civilization. Barbarians who have never had any previous intercourse with the whites, are almost universally friendly. It is true, that sometimes offence may be unwittingly given through ignorance of their customs and manners. Permission ought in all cases to be obtained by suitable presents, before entering upon a chieftain's territory. Through neglect of this precaution, a neglect which is considered in the light of an injury as well as an insult, many a life has been sacrificed, when an axe, or a few nails, might have purchased the good-will and won the confidence of the people. Those who have first come in contact with savages, have been apt to trust too much to the effect of fear, and to their own superior physical force. But the first impression of fear soon wears off, and treachery is generally, sooner or later, a match for strength. Kröko, a New Zealander, pointed out the place where Captain Cook had been attacked by the natives, and gave a minute detail of the massacre of part of the crew of Morion's ship.

'He said that the natives, exasperated against the French captain for having *burned two of their villages*, determined on revenge; and, concealing every hostile disposition towards him and his people, pointed out a place to haul the seine, and offered to assist the sailors in doing so. The arrangement of the plot accorded with the treachery of the proffered kindness. Next to every white man was placed a New Zealander; and when all hands were busy pulling the net, a sudden and furious attack was made upon the unsuspecting and defenceless Europeans, and every one of them was murdered.'

After such an act as this, the fear of retaliation forms an almost insuperable obstacle to re-establishing a confidential intercourse. Captain Cruise states, however, that the mild and friendly manner of the soldiers succeeded in removing the distrust and prejudices of the natives.

'The exercise of troops was at all times a spectacle highly gratify-

ing to them. They were astonished that so many men could execute, with such precision, the different movements at the same instant; and they observed of the firing, "that all the soldiers were the same as one man." As their dress and duties were different from those of any white people whom they had before seen, the New Zealanders could not be persuaded that they belonged to the same tribe as the rest of the crew; and when they occasionally went on shore to amuse themselves in the neighbouring villages, the people collected all their muskets for them to perform their firelock exercise; an exhibition with which they were so pleased, that they often rewarded it with some acts of kindness or generosity.' p. 146.

'If, on our arrival, the people felt a friendly disposition towards us, it was now considerably increased: mutual confidence was perfectly established. To the hut of the New Zealander and to his humble fare the white man was ever welcome, and, as a guest, his property was sacred from violation. It is, perhaps, right to observe, that a moderate liberality was always exercised in the distribution of presents, and it was an established rule, not to receive any thing in return; but certainly, that liberality was otherwise well repaid, and we had the satisfaction to think, that not only a high degree of respect for the British character was excited among the natives, but that we carried with us, at our departure, their general good wishes, and the sincere and disinterested regret of many individuals.' p. 154.

'It has appeared in the pages of this journal, that during a stay of ten months in New Zealand, a constant intercourse took place between the people of the ship and the natives; and that distant excursions were made by different individuals into the interior and along the coast, without any unfortunate consequences. From personal experience it is but justice to the New Zealanders, to add a particular testimony to their character. Two officers of the detachment of the 84th regiment, being provided with a private boat, rowed by two soldiers, and having fewer avocations to detain them on board than the generality of persons belonging to the *Dromedary*, went on various shooting or other excursions into the country, which brought them in daily contact with the natives, whose assistance was always at their command. When badness of weather or other circumstances obliged us to seek food or shelter among them, an appeal to their hospitality was never made in vain. Perpetually at their mercy, if they chose to misuse us, not a single insult was ever offered to one of our little party; the most trifling article was never stolen; and we often experienced acts of generosity and disinterestedness from them, which would have done honour to a civilized people.' pp. 303, 4.

Capt. Cruise states, that though the New Zealanders make no scruple of thieving any thing they can conceal, when they come on board our ships, 'still, when the European goes among them, and commits himself and his property to their protection, he may place implicit confidence in their honesty'

and honour.' On their visit to Wēvere, the brother of Tōtōro, one of the most civilized and enlightened of the chiefs, their baggage was immediately put under the verandah of the storehouse, and *tabboed*. And, says the Writer,

'though our guns and powder-flasks, which to them were the greatest temptation in the world, lay at the mercy of the natives, not a single article was lost, nor did any one of them attempt to enter our tent without permission.' p. 29.

It is not, however, quite clear in this case, whether the property would have remained untouched, had it not been consecrated or *tabboed*. Superstition here came to the aid of honesty. But the hospitality of the chiefs was honourably manifested in taking this method of securing the baggage of their guests. The power of the *tabboo* was very usefully manifested on another occasion. When the Prince Regent schooner anchored in the river of Shukehanga, so many war canoes, filled with men, surrounded her, that the commander, whose crew consisted only of nine persons, was not a little alarmed at his unprotected situation.'

'But his apprehensions were soon removed by a chief named Moodopi, who came upon deck, and *tabbood* the vessel, or made it a crime for any one to ascend the side without permission. The injunction was strictly attended to during her stay in the harbour; while Mowhenna, the chief of the tribe in the immediate neighbourhood of the Heads, daily presented the people with several baskets of potatoes, and extended the same liberality to the boats of the Dromedary, when they accidentally went on shore.' p. 88.

The people of Shukehanga are represented as apparently of more industrious habits, milder manners, and far more under the control of their chiefs, than those at the Bay of Islands.

During the stay of Capt. Cruise in the Island, the Rev. Mr. Marsden made an excursion in a canoe up the Wydematta, intending, after navigating that river as far as possible, to walk to the Bay of Islands. He arrived safe at Parro Bay, having been twenty-three days upon his journey from the river Thames to the Bay of Islands. 'During that time he had suffered much fatigue and many privations, but had been universally well received by the different tribes he encountered.' The protection which the Missionaries enjoyed was nevertheless considered by our Author as very precarious, being maintained at the expense of much forbearance and humiliation. This opinion, subsequent events have in part justified; yet still, they have been able hitherto to stand their ground, and some of the natives are stated in the recent

accounts, to manifest a very favourable disposition. An interesting anecdote is given in the notes to the present volume, of fidelity in a native domestic. Mr. Hall, one of the settlers sent out by the Church Missionary Society, had resided on the banks of the Wytangy about six months, when some of the natives one evening suddenly rushed into his house, knocked down both him and his wife, plundered him of every thing they could lay hold of, and then departed. The cause of this outrage does not appear.

‘ When he had sufficiently recovered his senses to see the extent of his calamity, his infant and only child was missing. A native girl was nursing it at the time the house was attacked, and, alarmed for the safety of her charge, she covered it with her mat, and crossing the Wytangy in a canoe, concealed herself in the woods. At the end of two days, when every thing was quiet, she brought back the child in perfect safety. She still lives with Mr. Hall, and when Europeans visit his house, they generally testify their sense of her fidelity by making her some trifling present.’ p. 311.

Two years and a half after this, the settlement at Kiddeekiddee appears to have remained undisturbed, and Mr. Leigh, a missionary sent out by the Wesleyan Society, found good wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, and vegetables of all kinds here in abundance. Capt. Cruise gives a very favourable character of one of the natives, named Wheety, of whose steady fidelity they had repeated proof. When the ship got under weigh, Wheety came upon deck, and took leave individually of almost every one in the ship.

‘ He had been so general a favourite, that there were few from whom he had not received a present ; and now, rich in his own estimation and that of his countrymen, he expressed his intention of going back to Shukehanga, of building himself a house as much like the Europeans as he could, and of living in their manner. He had long laid aside his native customs and prejudices, and often remarked *that New Zealand would one day be the White men's country.*’ pp. 275, 6,

If the present unpretending volume has not added much to our information respecting the inhabitants of New Zealand, yet, we are not inclined to depreciate any work which gives us, as this does, the result of personal observation. At the same time, had the meteorological observations been thrown into a table at the end, the substance of the Journal might have been comprised, without lessening either its value or interest, in a volume of half the dimensions.

Art VII. *The Duke of Mercia*, an historical Drama. *The Lamentation of Ireland*: and other Poems. By Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt, Bart. 8vo. pp. 292. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1823.

ON the first appearance of a new candidate for literary honours, it is the readiest, if not the fairest method of trying his merits, to compare him with his predecessors; but, in a second publication, he is liable to be compared with himself. The Public are, perhaps, somewhat unreasonable in demanding that he should not merely equal, but surpass the maiden effort of his pen. *Encores* are dangerous experiments for the fame of the performer; and though, in literary performances, the subject is changed, the voice remains the same. Yet what successful poet ever had the pusillanimity or the magnanimity—call it which you will—to content himself, like Orator Hamilton of single-speech memory, with the fame of a first production?

Of Sir Aubrey's former volume, our readers will have in recollection, that we reported in very favourable terms; nor are we in the least disposed to retract or qualify the commendation bestowed upon "*Julian the Apostate*," although its Author must prepare himself to find that the Public will take their estimate of his talents from the average as it were of the two works; and if the second production be not equal, it will consequently lower the calculation. By this process the fame of Lord Byron has undergone a very considerable reduction, his latter works being so much subtracted from the value of his earlier works, on which they are a dead weight.

At the time that *Julian* fell into our hands, an historical tragedy of any dramatic merit was something new and rare. With the exception of Mr. Milman's *Fazio* and Lord Byron's didactic tragedies, there had been nothing of excellence, we believe, of this kind since Miss Baillie's plays on the passions. Within the past eighteen months, however, there has been an amazing supply of this species of poetry, and the rival and clashing claims of the competitors would not be very easily adjusted. As for those who have avowedly written for the stage, we leave them to the decision of that tribunal to which they have chosen to appeal;—though a poet might as well carry his cause into the Court of Chancery, as regards either the competency of his judges, or the chances of a hearing. The lawyers may be indeed better critics than the players, and equity would be more likely to be obtained from a master than a manager. The folly of writing for the stage inflicts, however, its own punishment, as it infallibly vitiates the whole cast and character of the composition as poetry.

But there have been put forth some two or three tragedies which, though not entirely to our taste, will require more distinct notice at some future period. We must confine ourselves at present to the volume before us, and shall enable our readers to judge how far the Author has supported the brilliant promise of his "*Julian the Apostate*."

The subject *ought* not to be considered as ill-chosen, unless the prejudice which renders it unattractive, is reason good against the choice: it is taken from English—or, must we say? from Saxon history, the principal personages in the drama being Edmund Ironside, and his brothers, and Canute the Dane. Now, we know not how it is, but these our barbarian progenitors excite extremely little interest either in or out of history. Mr. Bowles has lately fallen into "the grave of the last Saxon," and we would have his juniors take warning by his fate. Even the Author of *Ivanhoe* has failed, we think, in the attempt to make his English readers better acquainted, or more sociable with their Saxon and Norman ancestors. The young Jewess is the heroine; for the name of Cœur de Lion himself is pronounced with more respect by the Mahomedans at this day, than by his countrymen. There is, moreover, a finical distaste for the good old Saxon names, which has been caught from the French. Mr. Bowles was afraid to use the name *Magnum*, and so substituted that of *Marcus*, as he said, for euphony's sake, though nothing in this respect was gained by it. Sir Aubrey has distributed among his personages, the names of *Edric*, *Uthred*, *Edwy*, *Alghitha*, *Ethelmar*, *Anlaffe*, *Gothmund*, *Sigiferth*,—which have, it must be confessed, a somewhat uncouth appearance in the groupe, but are surely as euphous and fit for poetical use as *Frederick*, *Arthur*, *Edward*, *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*; while in *Edmund*, and *Emma*, and *Eustace*, history has furnished him with names which rival any of the favourites of verse. The poem opens with what the Author entitles "Introductory Scenes," in which the old Danish king *Sweyn* (who does not appear in the subsequent parts of the poem) lands with his son *Canute* and his train, on the coast of *Cornwall*,

' Timeless to save, yet timely to avenge.'

Gunilda, the daughter of *Sweyn*, meets them, in a state of distraction, occasioned by the butchery of her husband and children by the Saxons, and lives only to tell her wrongs. Part the first opens with a scene in the Palace of London, in which *Edmund Ironside* announces to the assembled nobles, that the King his father had appointed himself and *Edric*, his brother-in-law, joint regents of the kingdom. This intimation is received with great dissatisfaction, so far as relates to the up-

pointment of Edric, whose character is regarded with well-founded distrust;—

‘ A man of a most admirable presence,
Subtle of wit, and eloquent of speech;
Of station high, most noble in alliance,
Second to none for riches, and, with all,
Unbending in his selfishness; cool, crafty,
Scorner of truth, heartless, inexorable,—
In fine, a man without a conscience.’

Edric enters unperceived, so as to overhear part of his character, but smothered his resentment. In the following scene, his ambitious designs are developed, in a conference with the Earl of Cornwall, his friend and partizan, who whispers him that

‘ There are among our nobles, men who recognise
Queen Emma’s beauty and Duke Edric’s wisdom,
And may be wrought upon to wish them mated.’

In Part the Second, Edmund discovers to his friends, and to Edric, an attachment which he has formed to Alghitha, the ward only, as he supposes, but, as it appears, the young wife also of a Danish noble. Edwy, his brother, has fallen in love with the same lady; and Edric contrives that they shall meet, in the hope that a quarrel may ensue between the rivals. The issue is, that Sigiferth gets killed by Edwy; Edwy is severely, but not fatally wounded by his brother, and the young widow is led off by the conqueror. We cannot say that these scenes are either very pleasingly or very vigorously written. The language of Edwy is offensively coarse, and the cool atrocity with which he first assassinates Sigiferth, and then attacks his own brother, is involuntarily resented by the reader; nor can the Poet escape the charge of being an accessory before the fact, for he ought not to have wantonly married Sigiferth to his ward, when he knew the bloodshed it must indispensably cost to make Alghitha a widow. The Second Part closes with a Council of State, in which Edmund peremptorily declares his determination to put an end to the negotiations with the Danes, and to take the field on the morrow.

In the first scene of Part the Third, Edric makes his suit to Queen Emma, who coquettes with him, but intends to make a conquest of the royal Dane, if she can; in which of course she succeeds, and Edric is, in the sequel, contumeliously dismissed. In the mean time, the battle of Ashdown is fought, in which Edwy and Northumberland are slain through the treachery of Edric, and Edmund escapes only by flight. The cause of the battle is not, however, so clearly made out as it might have been, and Dane is opposed to Dane in the two armies some-

what unnaturally. There is too much despatch too in the disposal of these mighty events, and the Danes have been in London some time before the reader can be aware that they have reached Romford. By the way, how the Danes came to land at Cornwall, and to fight this first battle in Essex, is not explained. The Part closes with a scene between Canute, Emma, and Edric, in which the latter receives his *congé* from the lady, and is basely treated by the foreigner whom his treachery has put in possession of the capital and his royal mistress.

Edric now resolves on humbling himself to his brother Edmund, and playing the penitent. Ironside has rallied his partizans, and is some fifty miles off 'in the mountain-den of the 'dead fox, Northumberland.' It is unfortunate that there are no mountains within fifty miles of the metropolis, or of Ashdown. Sir Walter Scott would have explored the country, before he sketched the story. Edric finds Edmund on the eve of his marriage to Algitha, and a love-scene ensues between the bride and bridegroom, followed by a masque, which contains some elegant poetry: but it is impossible to forget, as Edmund himself does, that he is a fugitive and 'crown-less king,' not in a situation to marry with prudence, and certainly no longer competent to banish another from the soil. In the concluding part, Edmund sends a challenge to Canute, to terminate the quarrel by single combat. The Dane bravely accpts it. They meet, and Edmund at length strikes down his antagonist, shattering his sword, but bids him take another. Canute invokes some valiant arm to rid him of the shame of defeat; and Edric, catching the word, stabs his brother in the back, for which Canute unceremoniously orders him to be instantly executed.

We must, we believe, reluctantly admit, that the obvious defects in the conduct of the story, are such as no occasional beauties in the composition could redeem; and yet it is evident, that the Author has relied on the interest of the events for his success. The only character in the drama is Edric, and this is an unnatural one: the rest are shadowy outlines. But the truth is, that there is nothing like the grace, and elegance, and spirit which were conspicuous in Julian. If "the Duke of Mercia" be not an earlier production, it must be a very hasty one, and Sir Aubrey has, in either case, committed an indiscretion. We are persuaded that we shall do the Author a kindness by taking our extracts from the minor poems. Among these there is an Ode to April, which we feel pleasure in transcribing, as it breathes the spirit of the month and of poetry.

ODE TO APRIL.

‘ Sweet April month ! that, like a gentle maid,
Coms’t with a changeful look, as half afraid,
With all thy train of buds, young Flora’s daughters,
And balsam-breathing airs, and bubbling waters ;
Now walking brightly through the sunny hours,
Now, shadowy, hid behind a veil of showers :
Oh ! how I love thy blush of delicate bloom,
And that young breath of thine of faint perfume—
And all those swift varieties, that glance
Charms ever new from thy mild countenance :
Still beautiful, whatever they express,
In kindling smiles, or touching tearfulness !
Now, in thy secret places,
Where Nature tends thee with her sylvan Graces,
Thou lovest to dwell ;
Down in the bosky dell,
Where the stream lapses from its shadowy well,
Mark’d by the willow-bush that silent stoops
O’er the cool margin, and those briary groups,
With wild fern mingled, where, in furry troops,
Young rabbits gambol, and the hare sits still,
Screen’d by the golden-thronging daffodil,
These are thy haunts—and thou hast leisure hours
To clothe with bloom the blackbird’s vocal bowers ;
And thou hast some to spare
(King-cups and daisies) for the wild deer’s lair ;
Where the gorse spreads a wilderness of bloom ;
Or on the lonely heath—or in the gloom
Of some old wood, whose glades of sunny moss
Dark, ivied oaks stretch their great arms across.
Thou lovest, too, on some high-bosom’d hill,
Thy youthful lap to fill
With cowslips, and to woo
The morning sun, and the soft evening dew,
With scatter’d violets, and from primrose-banks ;
While, with his starry ranks,
The pale Narcissus, from the neighbouring mead,
Steals to the upland air his fragrant head.

‘ Blithe April ! like another Hebe, bringing
Sweets in thy cup—in primal freshness springing
From the cold bosom of a rugged nurse—
The Psyche of the kindling universe !
Although the task be thine
Some careless wreaths to twine
For thy maturer sister’s radiant brow,
That steals apace upon thy footsteps now—
(Enchanting May)—yet, in thy virgin eye,

And temperate movements, and young purity,
 Thou hast a quiet charm, more exquisite
 Than all her glories in the blaze of light:
 Nor are thy walks confined
 To the free wilderness; amid mankind
 Thou mak'st thy footprints visible in flowers;
 And thy breath palpable from cultured bowers.
 —The garden-ground is thine, and those sweet beds
 Where Flora pillows her young children's heads—
 The many-tinted hyacinths are there;
 Giving their odours to the lavish air—
 And the dark-smother'd violets, that lie
 Wrapping their sweets in their own privacy—
 The polyanthus, from his cushion'd bed,
 Mingling all tints, exalts his varied head—
 Auriculas, like some soft-scented beaux,
 Stand round the parterre, in well-powder'd rows—
 From her green shining bush
 The Indian-rose looks round, with a faint blush—
 Just where the green-house stands, a glittering mass
 In bright relief, starting from shrubs and grass:
 Coy periwinkles, too,
 Beneath their leaves peep out with eyes of blue—
 And, through the thickets of green underwood,
 The warrior wallflower lifts his crest of blood.
 —How beautiful each! but oh! 'twere vain to tell
 All those fair ministrants of sight and smell.
 Behold! the throne of Spring! Nature's proud nurse!
 Deck'd with the brighter jewels of art!

' And those who walk the farm may find thee there,
 Benignant month!—for thine is still the care
 Of the young corn-blade, struggling to the birth
 Through the dark tilth of earth;
 And, when the small lambs bleat, thou tend'st them well,
 Leading the totterers to some shelter'd dell,
 Till the sun warms them; and the teeming kine,
 When the young calf is at the heel, are thine;
 And, then, thou mak'st the juicy herbage grow
 Till the swollen udder gives the milk to flow.

' The world's increase, the springs of life, to thee
 Belong, sweet nurse of immortality!
 The breath of love is on thy lips! the light
 Of an imperishable hope is bright
 Within thine azure eye! First-born of Time,
 Sweet April month, I hail thee in thy prime! p. 261.

This is worthy of the Author of *Julian*; it has all that classic elegance and gentle feeling which constituted the charm of the

best passages in that poem; and shews, that Sir Aubrey does injustice to himself when he asserts this his proper style: There are some very beautiful Sonnets: the following two, in particular, will, we imagine, please our readers:

‘ THE FAMILY PICTURE.

‘ With work in hand, perchance some fairy cap
To deck the little stranger yet to come;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious, with a book or map—
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon drubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little ones the while;
And he, the happy man! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charms beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue.’

‘ JERUSALEM. FROM A DRAWING.

‘ And sit’st thou there, Oh lost Jerusalem!
Bow’d down, yet something still of royal state
Ennobling thee in ruin? Thee the weight
Of age regards not: thou art as the gem—
Undimm’d by time—yet is the diadem
And thrones, that made thee like the common great,
All perished, and thy people desolate;
Thy holiness a scoff, thy power a dream!
The arm of the Omnipotent is on
Thy guiltiness: a living death art thou,
An all-enduring miracle; for God
Hath set, in record of his slaughter’d Son,
His ineffaceable seal upon thy brow,
And cursed the land a dying Saviour trod.’

Art. VIII. *A Tribute of Parental Affection to the Memory of a beloved and only Daughter.* Containing some Account of the Character and Death of Hannah Jerram; who died May 9, 1823, aged 29. Drawn up by her father Charles Jerram, Vicar of Chobham. 12mo, pp. 288. Second Edition, Price 5s. London, 1824.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Gilpin’s “ Monument of Parental Affection to his Son,” we have not read any thing so affecting as the narrative contained in this instructive memorial. Miss Jerram’s character appears to have been in the highest degree exemplary, and to have been distinguished by some traits of uncommon feminine sweetness. Her fortitude in con-

cealing pain, and her self-denial under all circumstances, were such as must, we believe, be considered as peculiar to women, and yet rare in them. In her, the effects of early religious culture were fully realized, and we are extremely glad to find her excellent father expressing his firm persuasion—a persuasion
 ‘founded not only on the connexion between cause and effect,
 ‘and the declarations contained in the Scriptures, but on a con-
 ‘siderable experience in educating youth, and a long attention
 ‘to what is passing in the religious world,—that the future life
 ‘and character of most persons may be traced to the manner of
 ‘their being brought up.’

‘I say,’ adds Mr. Jerram, ‘*most persons*, for I am aware that this rule, like all others, admits of exceptions; but I have scarcely ever had an intimate acquaintance with the interior of a family, without being able, pretty correctly, to divine in what manner the young inmates of it would turn out.....No ground pays better for cultivating than that of the infant mind, both as it respects the quality and the quantity of fruit; and it as seldom occurs in the moral as in the natural world, that the reasonable expectations of a harvest are disappointed, where proper means had been employed to secure it. I have often thought that, if the same good sense were shewn in the cultivation of the infant mind as the husbandman discovers in the management of his farm, it would be as rare an event to see a total failure in the former as in the latter. God “honours those who honour him;”—and every where it will be seen, that “the hand of the diligent maketh rich.”’

The experimental advice which is offered by the much respected Writer to parents and instructors, is most judicious and salutary; and the volume will answer an important purpose, if these hints of a father should gain attention in quarters where treatises and strictures on education are read with incredulity as mere ideal theories. Mr. Jerram’s remarks on Confirmation are of course intended for members of the Established Church. We cannot refrain, however, from the passing remark, that although Confirmation is rejected by Protestant Dissenters as a sacrament or means of grace, still, provision is made by the constitution of Dissenting churches, for the very same thing that confirmation is represented by pious clergymen to have for its object. The public profession of religion which is required alike in Pædobaptist and Antipædobaptist churches, answers in all respects but that of the episcopal ceremony of imposition, to the following description.

‘As soon as it is supposed that the mind is properly stored with Christian knowledge, and the heart duly influenced by spiritual principles, and the habits formed by holy living, we are invited to make a public profession of our faith in Jesus Christ, and to seek an

increased portion of the influences of the Holy Spirit, by earnest prayer and the primitive custom of laying on of hands, that we may "continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to our life's end." We are next called upon to bind ourselves, by the most affecting and sacred tokens, to perpetual fidelity to our "Lord and Master," and to enter into the most intimate union and fellowship with him, by partaking of elements which represent the body that was crucified, and the blood which was shed for our eternal salvation. And in order to keep up a perpetual memory of these inestimable blessings, exalted privileges, and solemn obligations, we are required from time to time, to repeat the sacred ceremony, which is pregnant with such affecting considerations and beneficial results.'

Now, on the one hand, it is desirable that it should be known to those of other communions, that this is precisely what is intended by a person's joining a Dissenting church; for, though a mystery is sometimes attached to that transaction, we apprehend that the theory of Confirmation will be found satisfactorily to explain and justify the practice of the Dissenters. Had we nothing answering to this institution of the Church in our institutions, it would, we are disposed to admit, be a fair ground of objection. On the other hand, we think that this Scriptural view of the incumbent duty of making such 'public profession,' as binding upon all persons without exception who have been competently instructed into the truths of Christianity,—unless a moral disqualification for performing a duty, can be held to annul the obligation,—this view of the duty which the forms of the Church and the principles of Nonconformity alike embrace, it is of the utmost importance to instil into the minds of the young. The too common practice of deferring this step till a mature or advanced period, rests upon a very mistaken view of the matter,—as if a personal confession or profession of Christ were an optional thing; as if the ordinance of the Lord's supper was not so much a means of grace, as a reward or premium reserved for a certain stage of religious proficiency; as if this alone of our spiritual privileges lost, under that view, its character as a duty. The consequence of its not being pressed upon the young as specifically their duty, is too plainly seen in the scanty proportion of the congregation who, for the most part, are found included in the church,—a fact which sufficiently indicates the existence of error somewhere. The truth is, that what is, on a mistaken principle, indefinitely deferred, is not likely, in the greater number of instances, ever to be performed; for the false view is but too likely to operate through life, while all the obstacles which indecision,

false shame, indifference, scepticism, or fastidiousness as oppose to the step, act with tenfold force in after years.

But to return to the subject of the Memoir before us. Exemplary as was Miss Jerram's character in every point of view, and unmixed as was her reliance for salvation on the atonement and merits of the Saviour, she underwent a conflict with the King of Terrors, which exhibited the very reverse of that calmness and composure that might have been anticipated by her friends. She was filled with dreadful consternation: her father describes it as such an internal tempest as he had never witnessed. The suddenness with which the summons came upon her, and the consideration of 'the infinite stake she had in the event of a single moment,' for a time overcame all her fortitude, and rendered her unable to derive comfort from the promises of the Gospel. The circumstances admit of a satisfactory explanation, viewed in this light. At the same time, we think that there is scarcely room to question that the nature of the disease might be assigned as an adequate cause of the extreme distress and agitation which Miss Jerram suffered. To attribute to religion the power of suspending or counteracting the natural effect of disease, would be assigning to it a miraculous operation in ordinary circumstances, for which the Scripture affords no warrant. And yet, unless we suppose this, we must be prepared to expect that the symptoms of disease will shew themselves in a similar manner, whatever be the religious character of the individual. Nor have we any more reason to expect that pious persons shall be uniformly exempted from diseases of the specific kind which occasion such physical distress and agitation, than that they shall be preserved from insanity or delirium. In Miss Jerram's case, the paroxysm was succeeded by a state of the greatest composure, and her actual dissolution was preceded by a frame of mind serene and even cheerful in an unusual degree. She was perfectly sensible of the approach of death; and many minute particulars are mentioned to shew 'that her tranquillity and undisturbed repose of mind did not arise from the flattering hope of ultimate recovery, but from a settled confidence in the safety of her case, and a firm hope of a happy immortality.' That she survived long enough to exhibit this genuine effect of the assurance of faith, was, as regarded her parents, a very merciful and consoling circumstance. But had it been otherwise, doubly painful as would have been the recollection of her sufferings, there could have been no reason to doubt of the safety of her state. There have been instances in which individuals of the most exemplary piety have

been permitted to sink under the paroxysm, without an interval of ease and serenity; the extreme agitation of mind produced by the physical distress, incapacitating them to the last, for giving evidence of their sure and certain hope of blessedness. We have reason to believe, that for wise ends, though often inscrutable by us, such instances are permitted to occur; for even the specific character of the disease which destroys life, is included in the appointment of Divine Providence. One very obvious lesson to be derived from them, is to guard us against laying that undue stress which we are prone to do, on death-bed scenes. But it is important to remark, that, when the reason is not actually disturbed, the agonizing conflict is attended by no interruption of the exercise of faith, so far as regards the truth and efficacy of the principles which have been embraced and maintained through life, but merely of the "peace and joy" which spring from believing. It is hope, and not faith, that suffers the awful eclipse. Mr. Jerram has very judiciously pointed out this distinction; and 'no sinking mariner,' he says, 'ever 'clung to the last plank with so much eagerness' as his daughter did in the extremity of her agony to the cross of Christ. The influence of Christian principles is, indeed, not less *really* manifested by such a state of mind, under the circumstances of bodily disorder, than when the disease admits of the patient's maintaining his natural composure, and enjoying the steady assurance of salvation.

We have room only to add our warmest recommendation of the present memoir, as adapted to leave the most salutary impressions on the minds of the young.

Art. IX. 1. *Sylva Britannica* ; or Portraits of Forest Trees distinguished for their Antiquity, Magnitude, or Beauty. Drawn from Nature, and etched by Jacob George Strutt. folio. Nos. 1 to V, 15s. each; proofs, 1l. 5s. London, 1823.

2. *Sylva Florifera* : the Shrubbery Historically and Botanically treated; with Observations on the Formation of Ornamental Plantations and Picturesque Scenery. By Henry George Phillips, F.H.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 1s. London, 1823.

THE man deserves well of society, who contributes to multiply or extend the sources of innocent pleasure; and of all recreations, those afford the purest pleasure, which are connected with the love and study of any page of the great volume of nature. We are glad to perceive, that there is an increasing demand for works of this description; and the more popular cast now given to such publications, indicates that their readers are

no longer confined to adepts or professors, but are found among persons who can give no more attention to the science than it can claim in the character of an amusement. These works must of necessity be of a slight and superficial character; but their moral value is at least equal to that of dry, technical publications, which exclude every reference to subjects connected with the imagination or the heart. There is, however, a distinct end answered by both descriptions of works: the one promote the advancement of science, the other its diffusion.

We have lately had occasion, in introducing our readers to the elegant novelty of a "Portable Flower Garden," to expatiate a little on the biography and language of flowers. We shall now shew that there are "tongues in trees,"—though botanists have in general seemed to have no ear for them. Bending with microscopic eye over the rich carpeting of Nature, they have overlooked (or must we say *underlooked*?) the more stately and majestic productions of the vegetable world; and they have been so much occupied with the seed, and the blossom, and the phenomena of fructification, as to bring down the oak and the beech to the level of the nettle and the bull-rush, confounding all gradations of rank in a most radical equality. Nor is this a mere paper theory, a hypothetical arrangement: the French botanists have actually put in force these laws of classification. In the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, the rights of flowers and the laws of nature have been so completely and daringly set aside, in deference to system, that we have trees and shrubs intermixed with herbaceous plants, perennials with annuals, native plants with exotics, alpine productions with aquatics; and this is called the *natural method* of Jussieu. Just so have we seen, in the disorder imposed by the alphabet, Homer and Horace ranged in a library by the side of Horne on the Psalms, and Byron's Works next to Burn's Justice. But dead men cannot quarrel: these are living things, having their predilections, local habits, and family character. Give us, we say, Nature's own arrangement in the meadow and the grove, and let flowers and trees keep their proper distance.

Mr. Phillips is already known to our readers as the Author of the *Pomarium Britannicum*,* to which the present work forms a sequel. The fruit-trees are accordingly excluded from a place in these volumes; and among them the chestnut, the beech, and the oak, three of the most picturesque trees of

* Eclectic Review. N. S. Vol. xv. p. 166.

the British Sylva. For these the reader is referred to the former publication. The "*Sylva Florifera*" relates chiefly to the shrubbery, that most delightful feature of a pleasure-ground; but it comprehends within its range some of the nobler families, the natives of Alpine regions, and the pride of Italy. Mr. Strutt's work is of a biographical kind; he descends from the species to the individual. In the descriptions which accompany his portraits of the sylvan beauties of our native country,

' although the minutiae of botanical definitions are omitted as unnecessary, every circumstance of local connexion or traditional interest has been carefully attended to; and gratified,' we are told, ' will the Author be, should his performance inspire in the minds of those who may favour it with their attention, even a small portion of the pleasure which he has himself experienced, whilst haunting the woods and forests, intent on delineating those varieties and peculiarities of their noblest productions, which he has endeavoured to transfer to the following representations, with as much of the spirit of Nature as he could command, and with all the truth which minute remark and faithful imitation may, he hopes, lay claim to, without hazarding the imputation of presumption.'

We can easily imagine how pleased good John Evelyn would have been with our artist, and how he would have applauded both his pencil and his enthusiasm. Mr. Strutt, however, does not appear to want encouragement. The publication is under the patronage of the King; and dukes, earls, and bishops are amongst his subscribers. It was indeed a fortunate idea that led to the projection of the work, since it was sure to take with the Public, if competently executed; and both in the selection and treatment of the subjects, Mr. Strutt has displayed great taste and ability. The etchings are very spirited transcripts of the drawings, which are marked by great freedom, and yet display that accuracy which is less the result of minute elaboration than of feeling. In several of the plates, the back-ground is supplied by very pleasing forest scenery. The Numbers already published contain the following subjects:

No. I. The Swilcar Lawn Oak in Needwood Forest. The Beggar's Oak in Bagot's Park. The Great Oak at Fredville in Kent. The Panshanger Oak.

No. II. The Chipstead Elm. The Tutbury Wych Elm. The Enfield Cedar. The Yew-tree at Ankerwyke near Staines.

No. III. The Salcey Forest Oak. The Abbot's Oak at Woburn. The Chandos Oak. The Oak at Fredville.

No. IV. The Four Sisters Chestnut-tree in Cobham Park. The Great Beech in Knowle Park. The Elms at Mongewell. The Lime-tree at Moor Park.

No. V. The Great Oak at Shelton, Shropshire. The Bards-well Oak. The Moccas-park Oak. The Wotton Oak.

In a work of this description, the Artist has obviously a much more difficult task, than if he had merely to present a specimen of the species: he has to portray the characteristic features of the particular tree, and the familiarity of the object lays him open to the criticism of every eye that has been accustomed to rest on the original. These etchings are strictly portraits, and as such they have peculiar merit: at the same time, they will be found to furnish admirable subjects for the pencil. Mr. Sturt obviously improves, as the work advances, in the dexterous management of the etching needle; and the tasteful manner in which the work is altogether got up, does him great credit, and will ensure success. We regret that the letter-press is paged, as the engravings might form an acceptable graphical illustration of our county histories.—As a specimen of the interesting nature of the descriptive and historical observations which accompany the portraits, we shall give the account of

‘ THE SHELTON OAK.

! This stately tree stands on the road side, where the Pool road diverges from that which leads to Oswestry, about a mile and a half from Shrewsbury; whose spires form a pleasing object in the distance; whilst above them, the famous mountain called the Wrekin lifts its head, and inspires a thousand social recollections, as the well-known toast that includes all friends around its ample base is brought to mind by the sight of its lofty summit. The appearance of the Shelton Oak, hollow throughout its trunk, and with a cavity towards the bottom, capable of containing at least half a score persons, sufficiently denotes its antiquity. Tradition informs us that just before the famous battle of Shrewsbury, June 21, 1403, headed on one side by Henry IV. in person, and on the other by the gallant Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, Owen Glendower, the powerful Welch chieftain, and the first adherent of the English insurgents, ascended this tree, and from its lofty branches, then most probably in the full pride of their vigour, reconnoitred the state of the field: when finding that the King was of great force, and that the Earl of Northumberland had not joined his son Henry, he descended from his leafy observatory with the prompt resolution of declining the combat, and retreated with his followers to Oswestry

! The great age of the Shelton Oak, thus pointed out by the tradition which connects it with the name of Glendower, is likewise attested by legal documents belonging to Richard Hill Waring, Esquire, whose ancestors possessed lands in Shelton and the neighbourhood in the reign of Henry III.; probably deriving them from Waring, son of Arhel, a Saxon, who had land in the market-place of Shrewsbury before the use of dates was known. Among this gentleman's old

deeds is the following paper, subscribed, "per me Adam Waring," and entitled, "How the grette Oak at Shelton standeth on my grōunde." [Here follows the transcript.] This extract will suffice to prove that the Shelton Oak was esteemed a *great* one within 140 years of the battle of Shrewsbury, and an object of remark to old people long before that period.

'The circumference of this tree at one foot and a half from the ground, is 37 feet; and at five feet from the ground, it is 26 feet.'

Mr. Phillips's observations are of a very miscellaneous character: they cannot pretend to much originality, but some diligence has been bestowed on the compilation. The articles are conveniently arranged in alphabetical order. At the head of each is given its botanical description, according to both the Linnean arrangement, and that of Jussieu. The history of the plant is then given, beginning with the references to it which occur in the Scriptures or the Classics, and the date of its introduction into this country is also specified; we have then anecdotes relating to its cultivation, poetical illustrations, hints respecting its culture and uses, and other information of a botanical and domestic nature. As we cannot make room for an entire article, we must content ourselves with giving a few detached and desultory specimens of the amusing matter which these sylvan annals comprise.

The history of the Elm is very curious. No tree is more familiar to our citizens, or is now more universally to be found in this Island. The British Elms are scarcely less remarkable for their age, bulk, and beauty, than our native oaks; and yet, there is reason to believe that the Elm is a foreigner to our soil. Evelyn says, 'I have frequently doubted whether it be a pure indigene or translatitious; and not only because I have hardly ever known any considerable woods of them, but almost continually in tufts, hedge rows, and mounds; and that Shropshire and several other counties, and rarely any beyond Stamford to Durham, have any growing in many miles together.' Since his time, the Elm has spread itself more extensively, but still, it is never seen in forests that keep their original character. It is found growing often singly, in the neighbourhood of cities, or in avenues and hedge-rows. In fact, Mr. Phillips affirms, that though 'a tree of such easy propagation, both from suckers and cuttings, that a single tree would be sufficient to stock the whole island' in a much shorter space than the time during which the Romans had possession of this country,—it scarcely ever springs freely from the seed, and therefore cannot be regarded as indigenous to the soil, without its involving an anomalous departure from the laws which pervade the vegetable kingdom. Its parts of fructification and its

fruit would then seem to be unnecessary, because useless organs. The Romans considered the Elm as the necessary support and friend of the Vine; and their belief that a sympathy existed between them, was so strong, that they seldom planted one without the other. The gravest Latin Authors style the Elm the husband to the Vine; and Ovid has an obvious allusion to the prevailing practice in the story of Vertumnus and Pomona.

‘ If that fair elm, he cried, alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or, if that vine without her elm should grow,
’Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.’

Tacitus states, that vineyards were planted by the Romans in Britain; they would, therefore, naturally introduce the Elm along with the Vine. It was also, as well as the cypress, a funeral or monumental tree, and might be introduced for this purpose also. To the eye of an undertaker, it retains its ancient character. The Roman husbandman, too, frequently fed his cattle on its leaves.

Although an aboriginal of Barbary and of the South-eastern parts of Europe, it is stated to have been unknown in Spain, till Philip the Second introduced them from England. ‘ Spain owes her vistas, which are the pride of Aranjuez, Casel del Campo, Madrid, and its other royal demesnes, to the union of its Philip with Mary of England.’ It appears to have been a favourite with royalty. Henry IV. of France planted an Elm in the Luxembourg gardens at Paris, which stood till the Revolution; and his great contemporary, Queen Elizabeth, is said to have planted one with her own hands at Chelsea.

‘ This elm stood at the upper end of Church-lane, near the place where the turnpike now is, and was a boundary of the parish on the north side. It was felled, to the great regret of the neighbourhood, on the 11th of Nov. 1745, and sold for a guinea by the lord of the manor, who was no other than the worthy Sir Hans Sloane; which induces us to think that the tree must have become dangerous, or a nuisance to the road. It was 13 feet in circumference at bottom, and 6 feet 6 inches at the height of 44 feet: before the hard frost of 1739-40, which injured its top, it measured 110 feet from the ground.’

In the year 1600, Sir Francis Bacon planted Gray’s-inn walk with Elms, eight of which were standing in the middle of the last century. The mall on the northern side of St. James’s park was planted in the reign of Charles II., and some few of the original trees were standing at the beginning of the present century; but none are now left, that can lay claim to either an-

tiquity or beauty : from the diseased and stunted appearance which the older trees present, one would suppose either that they do not like the soil, or that they suffer, like other citizens, from the effects of the smoke-impregnated atmosphere. The Elm is said peculiarly to delight in fresh air, and in the reign of Charles II. St. James's park afforded it.

Mr. Strutt mentions a tradition connected with the Chipstead Elm, that in the time of Henry V., a fair was annually held under its branches. But this assigns to it a date more remote than either its appearance or the habits of the Elm warrant. It is no unusual circumstance for an honour of this kind to be transferrible ; and thus, as in the families of our hereditary nobility, the title never dies. The present venerable individual is 60 feet high, 20 feet in circumference at the base, 15 feet 8 inches at three feet and a half distance from the ground, and contains, notwithstanding its loss of some large branches towards the centre, 268 feet of timber.

Linnaeus considered all the European Elms as making only one species. Modern Botanists, says Mr. Phillips, distinguish only two species, considering the other kinds as varieties. He does not, however, name his authorities. The different species often closely approximate ; but still, the Common Elm (*U. Campestris*), the Wych Hazel (*U. Montana*), the Wych Elm (*U. Glabra*), the American Elm, the Hornbeam-leaved Elm (*U. Nemoralis*), and the Dwarf Elm (*U. Pumila*), are as much entitled to form distinct species, to say nothing of the Dutch Elm (*U. Suberosa*), as many varieties which are so distinguished. The Common Elm varies exceedingly in the colour of its foliage, as well as in the size of its leaves, with the least change of soil. ' Thus we often see two neighbouring Elms whose roots have run into different strata, forming almost a different variety of this tree.'

The Ash affords matter for a long and very entertaining article. None has been more highly honoured by Tradition, or invested with more numerous medicinal virtues. Of this wood, Love at first made his arrows, till he took to forming them of cypress, and Mars chose the ash for his spear. The inner bark of the ash supplied the ancients with a substitute for paper. Serpents were esteemed to have such an antipathy to it, that they would not come within its shadow, and its leaves were believed to be a cure for their venomous bite. We are told that in the south-east part of our own country, effects still more marvellous were formerly ascribed to it ; but we regret that Mr. Phillips is silent as to the authority on which the tale rests, having, we suspect, copied it from some Encyclo-

pedia. In many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, it is added,

‘ At the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife puts one end of a great stick into the fire, and while it is burning, receives into a spoon the sap or juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this as the first spoonful of liquor to the new-born babe.’

The leaves of the Ash were, in the reign of Elizabeth, commonly used as winter food for cattle, and the green spray is eaten by deer. The ash-keys were formerly gathered green, and pickled for sauce. The ashes yield potash; the bark is used in tanning; and the leaves are said to be vended as *souchong*. Finally, the husbandman is indebted to it for his plough, the gardener for his spade, the hop-planter for his poles, the thatcher for spars, the builder for ladders, the cooper for hoops, the turner for his lathe, the shipwright for pullies, the waterman for oars, and the cabinet-maker for *green ebony*.

Two foreign varieties of this tree, *fraxinus rotundifolia*, and *f. ornus* yield the manna of the pharmacopeia.

‘ Mr. Swinburn tells us, that in Calabria, the gatherers of manna commence this business about the end of July, by making a horizontal gash, inclining upwards, in the bole of the tree. But as the liquor never oozes out the first day, another cut is given on the second, and then the woodman fixes the stalk of a maple leaf in the upper wound, and the end of the leaf in the lower one, so as to form a cup to receive the gum as it distils from each slash. The season continues about a month. The men have only three carlini, 1s 1½d., for every rotolo; which quantity, containing thirty-three ounces and a third, is sold for twenty-four carlini and three quarters, or somewhat more than ten shillings; if it be in tubular pieces, the price rises one third. These pieces are called *Manna in canoli*, and these regular tubes are produced, by applying to the incision thin straw, or small bits of shrubs, upon which the manna runs as it oozes out. Formerly the Syrian manna was in the most repute, but now it gives way to the Calabrian.’

pp. 99, 100.

Mr. Phillips gets a little out of his element when he essays to treat of the manna of Scripture: that it could neither be ‘ the ‘extravasated juice of plants,’ nor ‘ condensed honey or dew,’ is most certain, if Moses is to be believed. We find this article somewhat deficient in arboricultural lore. Mr. Phillips seems to have a slighter personal acquaintance with this cheerful and elegant tree than with most others. He is not so specific, frequently, as we should have expected, on the subject of soil. The ash is rather particular in its choice, and refuses to grow, when planted in some situations. It is not often seen, we think, in its full growth in this country. Instances are men-

tioned of its attaining in Ireland, the bulk of 14, 21, and even 42 feet in circumference; and in the churchyard of Lóchaber in Scotland, there was one which, at five feet from the ground, measured 58 feet. If not felled at maturity, however, it soon decays; and 'when the woodpeckers are seen tapping these trees, they ought to be cut, as these birds never make holes in the ash until it is on the decay.'

In Autumn, the Ash retains a bright green for some time after the elm, the beech, the cherry, the wych-hazel, the willow, and other trees have put on their yellow, auburn, crimson, and silvery liveries; and when laden with its light hanging bunches of golden keys, it forms a most beautiful object in a foreground or in hedge-rows. It at length changes to a lemon colour; but frequently, on the retiring of the sap, casts its foliage, while yet green, in entire sprays, as if instinctively preparing itself the better to withstand the equinoctial winds; while the blackened keys which securely look up the future foliage, hang with impunity on the bare branches, through the winter. The fructification is very remarkable.

'On dissecting the pod carefully with a penknife, the umbilical cord will be found running from the stalk to the upper end of the fruit or seed, where it enters to convey nourishment to the germ, which (on opening from the reverse end) will be found the future tree, so formed both in trunk and leaves, as not even to require the assistance of magnifiers to see the perfect plant. We are not aware of its being seen so perfectly in any other seed, and would therefore direct the attention of the curious to this phenomenon of vegetable nature.'

There is no end to this seductive subject. Cowley finely says:

'Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?'

We shall be glad if the notice we have bestowed on these publications, should lead any of our readers to study that volume with greater attention and delight, not in the copy and the comment merely, but in the living original.

Art. X. 1. *The Works of the Rev. Thomas Adam, late Rector of Wintringham.* In three Volumes. 8vo. Price 1l. 7s. London. 1822.

2. *Private Thoughts on Religion.* By the Rev. Thomas Adam, late Rector of Wintringham. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, A. M. &c. 12mo. Price 3s. Glasgow. 1823.

THE eminently devout and pious Author whose works are now for the first time collected, ranks among the brightest ornaments of the Established Church during that darker part of the last century, when the theology of the Reformation was almost abandoned to the Dissenters, and there was scarcely an evangelical clergyman to a county. Mr. Adam was born in 1701; he was presented to the living of Wintringham about the year 1724, and he held it to his death, which took place in 1784, resolutely declining all additional preferment, although his rectory did not bring him in quite 200l. per annum. It was long after his entrance into the ministry, however, according to his own account, that he became adequately impressed with 'the nature of his calling,' and obtained an insight into the doctrines of which afterwards he became a zealous advocate. He ascribed his first serious impressions to perusing the works of Mr. Law. They led him to see how far short his hitherto decent discharge of his office came of what became the discipline of Christ, and put him upon a course of strict self-mortification and punctilious performance of his duties. But, owing to his defective views of the Christian doctrine of Justification, he remained a stranger to peace of mind, and was extremely harassed for many years with distressing doubts and apprehensions. In this state, he addressed himself to the diligent study of the Scriptures; but the perusal served only to distress him the more, as he perceived that St. Paul taught a very different doctrine from that which he had hitherto held and preached, and he found the Epistle to the Romans particularly offensive and perplexing. He had recourse to commentators—Hammond, Whitby, and Grotius; but in vain: they gave him no satisfaction, for they seemed to him to understand the doctrine of St. Paul no better than himself. His mind now became so much affected with anxiety, that many of his acquaintance began to fear that he was going out of his senses. At length he resolved, leaving the bewildering guidance of human expositors, to betake himself to the Fountain of all knowledge and wisdom. 'One morning,' says his Biographer, (the Rev. James Stillingfleet,)

'being much distressed on the subject, he fell down upon his knees

before God in prayer, spread his case before the Divine Majesty and Goodness, implored him to pity his distress, and to guide him by his Holy Spirit, into the right understanding of his own truth. When he arose from his supplication, he took the Greek Testament, and sat himself down to read the first six chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, sincerely desirous to be taught of God, and to receive in the simplicity of a child, the word of *his revelation*; when, to his unspeakable comfort and astonishment, his difficulties vanished;—a most clear and satisfactory light was given him into this great subject: he saw the doctrine of justification by Jesus Christ alone through faith to be the great subject of the Gospel, the highest display of the Divine perfections.'

His mind was instantly relieved, and from this time, (about the year 1748,) he began to preach that doctrine of Justification by Faith, which it is the glory of the Reformation to have rescued from the corrupt interpretations of an apostate church. Thus, without any communication, so far as appears, with any individual holding evangelical sentiments, without any external motive to change his opinions, without any aid from books, he was led, as Luther was, by the perusal of the New Testament alone, to embrace the evangelical doctrine.

The works published in his life-time, or left for publication, consist of a paraphrase of the first eleven chapters of Romans, printed in 1771; a volume of Sermons published in 1781, besides some single discourses; Lectures on the Church Catechism; and Expository Lectures on the Gospel of Matthew. The last of these, which occupies the first volume of the present collection of his works, is a model of that kind of plain familiar exposition of Scripture, which is peculiarly adapted to a rustic or illiterate audience. 'My business and single aim,' he himself states, 'was to instruct and awaken persons in an inferior rank of life, of small attainments in Christian knowledge, and to turn their attention to the great point of redemption by Christ, and his power and will to save them. The exposition, therefore, must of necessity be practical or exhortatory, and addressed as much to their affections as understandings.' The whole is divided into sixty-six sections, each of which contains a brief exposition of the passage, a lecture upon it, and a prayer; forming 'a complete religious exercise for the use of Christian families.' This kind of preaching can hardly be said to have fallen into disuse in this country, for it has never, we believe, been generally adopted; but it is much to be regretted, that it is not more common. 'It is evident,' says Mr. Hall, in his Life of Mr. Toller, 'from the writings of the Fathers, that this was the primitive mode of preaching, handed down to the Christian Church from the Jewish sy-

‘agogue; and wherever a people are more desirous of acquiring real knowledge, than of a momentary excitement, it will be decidedly preferred.’ But the prevailing distaste for Exposition may in part be attributed to the uninteresting manner in which it has too often been conducted, for want of better popular models than the commentators. “Henry on the Bible,” that great reservoir of divinity, which has not yet been either superseded or surpassed as a practical commentary, is no model for the pulpit: he is too tedious, formal, and sometimes fanciful. Doddridge is always worthy of being consulted for his remarks, but his style of exposition or paraphrase is very far removed from a popular or pleasing method. Scott affords excellent materials for preaching, but no part of his merit consists in pointed remark, conciseness of style, or neatness of method. The preacher’s object, indeed, is very distinct from that of the writer. A commentator must be critical and elaborate: pulpit expositions ought rarely to be either. The merit of a commentary in part depends on its copiousness: what is far more desirable in the oral exposition, is selection. The primary business of the commentator is to illustrate the letter and develop the meaning of Scripture: the preacher’s object is, or ought to be, mainly practical,—to enforce the use of Scripture, and to make explanatory remarks wholly subservient to moral impressions. The proper style of pulpit exposition will vary, indeed, in some degree, according to the general intelligence and character of the auditory; but critical disquisitions, and even lengthened expositions, are seldom introduced with any good effect: if not wearisome, they are unaffecting, and the end of preaching is lost sight of, when the hortatory style is departed from as the prevailing characteristic of the discourse.

There is another circumstance which has rendered expository discourses unpopular; the inane and pernicious mode of interpretation in which some preachers have indulged, under the pretence of expounding the sacred text. There is what is called spiritualizing Scripture, which might more properly be called evaporating Scripture; a method by which its meaning is rendered wholly enigmatical. These mystifiers impose upon their hearers by the novelty and oddness of their interpretation, which gains them the reputation of a deep insight into the hidden wisdom of God; and they are especially admired for the skill with which they ‘open’ the word—though it is, certainly, not with a key, but a picklock. Extemporaneous expositors are in general the laziest and most ignorant of preachers: they will be found priding themselves on not wasting their time over commentators,—on searching

the Scripture for themselves; they do not need the aid of human learning. These men forget, that, to be entitled to despise learning, a man must possess it; that he who derives all his knowledge of the Bible from a translation, has no pretence for affecting to dispense with commentators; and that those who will not read, ought at least to think.

But expository preaching must not be abandoned, because, in such hands, it fails of answering any good purpose. It is in the power of the Christian pastor to render it the most interesting and edifying mode of pulpit instruction to his flock. It is that which requires the most study, but the least *immediate* preparation: while it lays the superficial most open to detection, it enables the diligent student to turn to the best account his various knowledge and general reading.

Mr. Adam's expository remarks are always very plain and very brief; but they were excellently adapted to his audience. We can only give a short specimen.

‘ Matt. viii. ver. 18. *Now when Jesus saw great multitudes, &c.*—Did he withdraw from his work? no; but from their mistaken apprehensions of him as a temporal king, and because he would not bring reproach upon himself by giving the least countenance to their tumultuous proceedings.

‘ Ver. 19. *Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.*—It was well said, if the heart had been right. But the answer shews, he did not think of following Christ *for Christ*, but for the world.

‘ Ver. 20. *The foxes have holes, &c.*—Giving him to understand that he was not what he took him for, and had none of those things to bestow, which he hoped to gain by following him.

‘ *But the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.*—The Son of man, and the Son of God too; that by this union the human nature might be exalted to a participation of the Godhead. Behold the great abasement of the greatest of all the sons of men! And how powerfully it preaches lowliness to grandeur, and contentment to poverty.

‘ Ver. 21. *Suffer me first to go and bury my father.*—Either then dead, or to stay till his death. It was a plausible pretence; but this doing something else first, ruins us; and if we have an excuse for not coming to Christ now, it is to be feared we shall die with one in our mouths.

‘ Ver. 22. *Let the dead bury their dead.*—Christ, you see, speaks a different language from the world. In his account, not the deceased, but the dead to God and their souls, are the dead.

‘ *Follow thou me.*—As we all should, for the reason here intimated, because we are dead without him.

‘ Ver. 26. *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?*—Considering what they had seen, and knew of him, they should have concluded against all appearances, that they were safe whilst he was in the ship with them. Let his servants be warned by this rebuke. They are

too apt to dishonour him, destroy their own peace, and hinder their progress by their desponding fears.

‘ *He arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, &c.*—When your doubts are up, and run mountains high, think you see him in the very action and posture of rebuking the winds and the sea.

‘ Ver. 27. *What manner of man is this?*—Blessed are we when we can say this from our own experience of his power in us. And we do not believe in him at all, if we do not believe in him for this very end.

‘ Ver. 28. *Two possessed with devils, &c.*—In the mischievous disposition, madness, despair, and blasphemy of those possessed with the devils, hell is as it were naked before us. How dreadful to think this may be our condition!

‘ Ver. 29. *What have we to do with thee, &c.?*—They knew what they said, and that he did not come to help *them*. Blessed be God, he came to deliver *us* from their power and malice. But what less, in effect, do all those say, who prefer their lusts to him, refuse his help, and despise his salvation?

‘ *Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?*—The day of judgment. They know their sufferings are not yet at the highest, and think of the time with dread and horror. They are here preaching to us. What is your choice from this day forward? Will you follow Christ, or go with them into their place of torment?

‘ Ver. 32. *And he said unto them, Go.*—Better any where than in man. But why must the owners of the swine suffer this loss? It is a sufficient answer to say, that Christ saw fit. We all know who sends calamities, and for what end; and why then should this, more than other instances of the same nature, be thought a reflection on Divine goodness?

‘ Ver. 34. *Besought him that he would depart out of their coasts.*—The miracle wrought no effect among them. They preferred their swine to his presence and teaching.

‘ Good Lord, deliver us from the dreadful guilt of saying, what have we to do with thee? Thou tookest on thee the seed of Abraham, and camest in great pity to heal and help us, to rescue and save us, to cleanse us from the defilement of sin, and restore the decayed powers of our natures; and without the grace of thy redemption, we perish. Grant us so perfectly to believe in thee, that, renouncing all self-dependence, and trusting only in thy help, we may follow thee without delay, as the life of our souls, and by thy mighty aid be defended in all danger, and against all the enemies of our salvation.’

In expounding the Epistle to the Romans, the Author has adopted the mode of a running paraphrase, with reflections, which was most suitable to his design in the publication. His remarks are often extremely judicious; and the circumstances in his life already adverted to, give both value and interest to this portion of his works. The Sermons are plain and familiar, not distinguished, however, by any very striking qualities. The publication by which he has been most extensively known

to religious readers, is the posthumous selection from his Diary, entitled by his Editor, "Private Thoughts." This consists of his sentiments on a variety of subjects, written down as they arose in his mind, without order or method, and very seldom with any date; obviously not designed for the public eye, although he committed his papers generally to the Editor, with a discretionary power to publish or to suppress. The selection and the arrangement are, therefore, not Mr. Adam's, but the Editor's; and though on the whole judicious, are by no means unexceptionable. A large proportion of these Thoughts are exceedingly pithy, striking, and instructive; but some are trite, others coarse, and a few injudicious. The value of the publication would have been quadrupled, if a more rigid selection had reduced its size by one third. Mr. Wilson appears to us to have characterized it very correctly.

'They are,' he says, 'the produce of a very pious, a very acute, and a very honest mind. It is not a volume which charms by the force and purity of its style, by the closeness of its reasoning, or the tenderness of its persuasion. . . . The topics are detached and unconnected. Some of the expressions are brief and even obscure, and others strong and unguarded. But, with all these, and perhaps some other defects, the thoughts are so acute and penetrating; they spring from such a mature knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; they open the recesses of the human heart with such skill and faithfulness; they lift up so boldly the veil which conceals the deformity of our motives; and the whole conception of Christianity which they exhibit, is so just and so comprehensive; as to render them a most valuable monument of practical and experimental divinity. Such a writer as Mr. Adam takes us out of our ordinary track of reading and reflection, and shews us ourselves. . . . The characteristic of the entire Volume is depth of scriptural and experimental knowledge. It requires, therefore, thought and time, in order to be appreciated. But it will amply repay both.'

The present edition of the "Private Thoughts" forms one of a series of republications, under the general title of "Select Christian Authors," to which we shall take some future opportunity to advert. It is neatly printed and commendably cheap. A large impression of the same work was printed at the expense of a benevolent individual in the course of 1822, the greater part of which were gratuitously distributed. The title-page simply announces that the edition was 'printed for Edward Powell.' The work has perpetually been republished; but we shall be glad if Mr. Wilson's recommendation should obtain its introduction into a circle of readers to whom its Author's name has been hitherto unknown. A few notes, attached to the 'unguarded' expressions, would much have enhanced the value of the edition.

Art. XI. *A Brief Statement of the Reasons for Dissent from the Church of England*: being the Substance of an Address delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. John Woolridge, at Bristol. By the late Rev. Samuel Lowell. 8vo. pp. 48. Price 1s. London. 1823.

THIS production, which bears the impress alike of sound sense and genuine candour, was the last effort of the highly respected Author in the service of his heavenly Master. 'It was undertaken while health and strength afforded a cheering prospect of many future years of labour; but he was unexpectedly arrested by death in his course of honourable usefulness, and his purposes were broken off.' The concluding part of the Address has been supplied by the Rev. Mr. Crisp, to whom he consigned the unfinished manuscript, from the short notes which were used by Mr. Lowell in delivering it.

'It is a fact,' Mr. Crisp very properly remarks, 'which ought to be stated, as giving peculiar fitness and propriety to the selection of this subject at such a season, that far from being frequently brought forward in Dissenting Congregations, it is in general scrupulously avoided, so as seldom to be even slightly touched upon in the ordinary exercises of the pulpit.'

We believe that this is all but universally the case, and we applaud the motives which lead our ministers to avoid such topics in addressing a mixed audience. If they neglect other opportunities of conveying instruction to their flock on this subordinate but still most important subject,—in the parlour, or in the vestry, we commend them not. The ordination of a minister is, however, a fit occasion for the public declaration of the principles of Dissent; and it is to be regretted that ordination services do not excite more general interest.

'I shall be forgiven,' said Mr. Lowell, 'if I so far venture to speak of my own ministry as to state, that being now in the twenty-fifth year of my residence as the pastor of a church in this city, I have in no instance made our Dissent the subject of even a branch of any single Discourse. But on an occasion like the present, I persuade myself that no candid person will be surprised, much less displeased, by your attention being directed to this topic, especially as, from ignorance of the principles of Nonconformity, trivial and insufficient reasons are not unfrequently assigned for our conduct as Dissenters. And as we think that we are adopting the rules prescribed by Him who is "the head over all things to the church," we "beseech you to hear us patiently."

If a man be a good man, it is often said, it does not signify whether he be a Churchman or a Dissenter. Most true; and yet

most untrue. It does *not* signify, as regards the claims of the individual to our cordial esteem and regard; nor, if he be conscientious and consistent in the maintenance of his principles, can it ultimately signify to himself. But it may not be such a matter of indifference, and cannot be, if truth is important at all, whether a man should turn Churchman or turn Dissenter, as it may suit his caprice or interest, without examining the principles of either party, or in spite of the misgivings of his own mind. This discourse will shew that a firm attachment to the principles of Nonconformity involves no breach of the law of candour. We hesitate to decide whether even a bigoted Episcopalian is not in some points of view more respectable than the trimming, compromising Dissenter. Strange to say, none are less truly charitable than the *ultra* candid, none more censorious than the latitudinarian.

‘ I wish, I ardently wish, to cultivate whatever deserves the name of Christian candour; but do not conceive that amiable virtue to consist in concealing whatever is comprised in our own views of truth, but rather in making all possible allowance for what we deem the mistakes of others, and in conducting ourselves in the spirit of meekness and love towards those whose religious investigations have not terminated in agreement with our own. By this kind of standard I hope I shall never be unwilling to be tried. I think it is not possible for the human mind to be more clearly or more strongly convinced of the truth of any proposition, than I am convinced of the firmness of the ground, the scriptural ground, on which we rest the cause of our Dissent, and which I conceive to be the cause of God and of truth. Still, brethren, all Dissenter as I am, if I could not embrace with affection a pious Churchman, if I could not with Christian ardor press him to my heart, and hail him as a brother in Christ, I should think my own Christianity to be extremely doubtful.’ p. 36, 37.

ART. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Preparing for publication, now first collected in 6 vols. 8vo. (uniform with the Works of Bishops Taylor and Beveridge) **The Whole Works of Edward Reynolds, D. D., Lord Bishop of Norwich.** With a Life of the Author, by Alexander Chalmers, Esq., and a finely engraved Portrait.

Preparing for publication, **The Sermons of the Right Rev. Hugh Latimer, Lord Bishop of Worcester.** A new edition, in which the passages suppressed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth are restored, and the whole carefully corrected according to the first editions; with Notes illustrative of Obsolete Phrases, Particular Incidents referred to, &c. To which is prefixed, an Original Memoir of the Author, from the most authentic sources, and an Account of the Manner of Preaching common in his time. With a finely engraved Portrait, by Warren. In 2 vols. 8vo.

On the 1st of March will be published, Part I. (containing Palestine) of a new Work, to be entitled **The Modern Traveller; or, a Popular Description, Geographical, Historical, and Topographical, of the various Countries of the Globe,** compiled from the latest and best authorities. The work will appear in monthly parts, price 2s. 6d. each. It will be printed in the best style, and will correspond in size (though with a fuller page) with Sharpe's edition of the Poets, and the Percy Anecdotes. Two parts to form a volume. Each country will occupy a part or parts, according to the interest of the subject, so as to form a distinct work. Every number will be illustrated with a map of the country, compiled from the best and latest authorities, or some other elegant embellishment; and occasionally, when the subject requires it, additional plates will be given, without charge. The countries will not be given in strict geographical order; but directions will be given, together with general titles, at the conclusion of the work.

Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo., a **Short History of the Christian Church,** from its first erection at Jerusalem to the present times; designed chiefly for the use of schools, and for those persons with whom the size of Milner's Church History (should that very

valuable publication ever be continued) would be an objection. By the Rev. John Fry, B. A., late of University College, Oxford; and Rector of Driford in Leicestershire; Author of "Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans;" of "A New Translation and Exposition of the Psalms;" and of the "Second Advent of Our Lord Jesus Christ," "Present to the Convalescent," &c. &c.

Preparing for publication, a **Series of Lectures on the Hebrew Language,** so arranged as to form a complete and easy system of Hebrew Grammar, and to be adapted to the use of learners, as well as of others who have made some progress in the language. By the Rev. S. Lee, A. M., and professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. This work is intended to comprehend what is most valuable in the publications of Schnitler, Schröderus, Storr, Gesenius, Glavins, and others, with such original matter as the compiler shall deem it necessary to give.

Preparing for publication, **Memoirs of Eminently Pious Men: containing Lives of the Confessors, Reformers, and Martyrs, of the English Church, eminent Clergymen, and Laymen.** Intended as a companion to the "Memoirs of eminently Pious Women of the British Empire." In 3 vols. 12mo. with portraits.

In the press—**Six Months Residence and Travels in Mexico.** By William Bullock, F. L. S., with a map and many plates.

The **Latin Grammar of I. J. G. Scheller,** translated from the German, with notes, by George Walker, M. A., head master of the grammar school, Leeds. Printed uniformly with Matthiæ's Greek Grammar, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The **Conchologist's Companion.** By the Author of "The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom," &c.

The **Life of Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore.** By the Right Rev. R. Heber, D. D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. In 2 vols. post 8vo. with portrait.

An **Anglo-Gaelic and Gaelic and English Dictionary;** to which will be prefixed, a Grammar of the same Language. By Robert Archibald Armstrong, M. A. Deputy Secretary to the Highland So-

ciety of London. Demy 4to. To subscribers 2l. 18s. 6d.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Joseph Hinton, A. M. of Oxford. By his son, the Rev. J. Hinton, of Reading, is preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo.

In the press, the second edition of the New Guide to Prayer; or complete Order of Family Devotion, containing 126 prayers, each prayer accompanied with appropriate reflections on a passage of Scripture. By the Rev. J. Hinton. M.A. 1 vol. 8vo.

The publication of the Rev. Mr. Platt's new Self-interpreting Testament, will shortly be resumed; and, as the whole of the copy is in the printer's hands, its completion may speedily be expected. Part IV in 4to., and Part V in 8vo. will be ready in the course of the month.

Mrs. Lanfear has a small volume nearly ready, entitled, Letters to Young Ladies on their first Entrance into the World; to which will be added, Sketches from real Life.

Preparing for publication, Biographia Poetica; or, Lives of the British Poets, from Chancer to Cowper, in 4 vols. 8vo., including every poet in the collection of Chalmers, Campbell, &c; and in those of the early bibliographers, whose writings or whose names retain sufficient interest to be comprised in an historical collection. Vol. I is nearly ready.

Count Pecchio has in the press, a Diary of Political Events in Spain during the last year. This work, like his Letters on the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions, is interspersed with anecdotes of public men, and on the Manners and Customs of the Peninsula.

In the press, "Scurry's Captivity under Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib." This little volume contains a simple unadorned statement of the horrid cruelties and insults exercised on himself and his companions in misfortune, by those two Eastern despots.

ART. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ARCHITECTURE.

Essay on the Origin and Progress of Gothic Architecture, from the German of Mollor; crown 8vo. 6s.

Sciagraphy, or Rules for Projecting Shadows; second edition, much improved by J. Gwilt. 24 plates. 8vo. 14s.

Ornaments, Grecian and Roman Architecture, &c. selected from "Stuart's Athens, &c. &c. for the use of architects, workmen, &c. 24 plates. Imperial folio, 25s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Scottish Wanderer; or, Patience and Contentment in Humble Life exemplified: in an interesting memoir of Thomas Hogg. By the Rev. W. Read, A.M. Stone Easton Lodge, near Bath, Domestic Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 8d., or 7s. per doz.

A Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Jules Charles Rieu, pastor of the Reformed Church, Fredericia, in Denmark; with Practical Remarks and Illustrations, and an Introduction, containing an Account of that Colony, and Anecdotes of some of the most eminent Protestant Ministers on the continent. In 1 vol. 18mo. with an engraving. 1s. 6d.

BOTANY.

First Steps to Botany; intended as popular illustrations of the science, lead-

ing to its study as a branch of general education. By James L. Drummond, M. D., &c. 12mo. with 100 wood-cuts, 9s.

EDUCATION.

A Dictionary of Latin Phrases. By W. Robertson. 15s. bound.

Astronomical and Philosophical Lessons. By Olinthus Gregory, LL. D. A new edition, revised. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bd.

FINE ARTS.

Sylva Brittanica; or, Portraits of Forest Trees. Drawn and etched from nature. By Jacob George Strutt. No. VI. folio, 15s. On India paper, 25s.

Portraits of the British Poets. Nos. XXII and XXIII (completing the work), royal 8vo. 14s. Proofs 18s.

GEOLOGY.

A new edition of Professor Buckland's Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, attesting the action of an Universal Deluge, with 27 plates. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The Naval History of Great Britain. By W. James, (now completed). 5 vols. 8vo. with 2 of tables, 4l.

Sir Robert Naunton's Court of Queen Elizabeth, her Times and Favourites. A new edition, with biographical illustrations and 9 portraits. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Original Letters in the Times of Henry VI, Edward IV and V, Richard III, and Henry VII. By various persons of rank and consideration, with portraits, fac-similes, &c. With notes, &c., by the late Sir John Fenn. 4to. 2l. 2s.

Adventures of Hajji Baba, 3 vols. fc. 8vo. 2ls.

A Philosophical Treatise on Malting and Brewing. By George Adolphus Wigney, of Brighton. 8vo. 12s.

Rational Stenography, or Short-hand made easy: founded on the principles of the late Rev. John Byrom, with numerous improvements. By the Rev. J. Nightingale. 2s. 6d.

Graduati Cantabrigienses; or, a List of Degrees from 1659 to 1824. 8vo. 12s.

POETRY.

The Vespers of Palermo. A tragedy. By Mrs. Hemans. 8vo. 3s.

The Night before the Bridal, a Spanish tale. Sappho, a dramatic sketch, and other poems. By Catherine Grace Garnett. 8vo.

THEOLOGY.

Christian Philosophy: or, an Attempt to display, by internal testimony, the evidence and excellence of Revealed Religion. By the late Vicesimus Knox, DD., Master of Tunbridge School. 8vo. 2s.

A Concise View of the Scriptures, 8vo. 6s.

Youth Warned: a sermon to young men. By the Rev J. A. James. 6d.

The Preacher. Vol. VI. 12mo. 4s.

The Works of Dr. John Owen. Vol. IX. 12s.

A plain Address on the Fear of the Lord, adapted to children. By a Minister of the Established Church. 4d., or 3s. 6d. per dozen.

The Anti-Swedenborg; or, a Declaration of the principal Errors contained in the Theological Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. By G. Beaumont. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, Manners, and Superstitions of the Peasantry; from personal observations, ancient authorities, and original manuscripts. By T. Crofton Croker. With 16 engravings, wood-cuts, &c. 4to. 2l. 2s.

Information and Directions for Travellers on the Continent. By Marian Starke. A fifth edition, thoroughly revised, with important additions. In a portable volume, post 8vo. 15s.

Sicily, and its Islands. From a complete Survey undertaken by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N. With 14 plates, beautifully engraved by Daniel. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia. With maps and plates. 8vo. 15s.

* * The Title, Contents, and Index, will be given in the Number for March. Our Readers are requested to excuse the postponement.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR MARCH, 1824.

Art. I. *Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends.* Now first published from the Originals in the Possession of his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne in Norfolk. In two Volumes. 8vo. pp. xxiv, 728. (2 Portraits) Price 1l. 8s. London. 1824.

WE suppose that there is now but one opinion as to the utter unfitness of Cowper's Biographer for the office which he assumed. It proved a lucrative one to himself, and the poor Poet had, in his friend William Hayley, a rich legatee. But, within the circle of his private friends, an individual could scarcely have been selected, less qualified to do justice to the memory of Cowper, whom, in his best days, he never knew, whose character he could not appreciate, and with whose inmost feelings he could have no sympathy. If we have a reader who retains a doubt on this point, the present publication will, we think, remove it. The letters contained in these volumes were 'equally submitted,' we are told, 'to the selecting hand of Mr. Hayley;' and without going the length of condemning him for not inserting the whole, (for many might unquestionably have been suppressed without any serious loss to the public,) it is impossible to account for his rejecting a large proportion of them, on any supposition creditable either to his head or to his heart. The reason of their being excluded, is, however, obvious: they would have shewn the want of fidelity in the Biographer. Their insertion would not have comported with that studied concealment of the morbid peculiarities of Cowper's mind, which a sickly delicacy or an unmanly fear of giving offence led him to adopt, and to which must be ascribed the prevalence of the most unfounded and prejudicial notions respecting the true source of Cowper's singular and afflictive malady. The present Editor adverts to this conduct on the part of Mr. Hayley, in the mildest terms.

'There are,' he says, 'many letters addressed to Mr. Newton, with two or three to Mr. Bull, on the subject of religion, which, though not of general application, but confined to its aspect on the mind of the writer, were decidedly worthy of Mr. Hayley's insertion; and the more so, indeed, on that very account, his concern, as biographer, being rather with the individual than with the community. But these, out of tenderness to the feelings of the reader, I am persuaded, and for the gloominess they attach to the Writer's mind, he has utterly excluded. In doing this, however, amiable and considerate as his caution must appear, the gloominess which he has taken from the mind of Cowper, has the effect of involving his character in obscurity. People read the Letters with the Task in their recollection, (and vice versâ,) and are perplexed. They look for the Cowper of each in the other, and find him not. The correspondence is destroyed. Hence the character of Cowper is undetermined; mystery hangs over it; and the opinions formed of him are as various as the minds of the inquirers.'

This is perfectly just; only that, with regard to the Biographer's tenderness to the feelings of his readers, we are tempted to employ the expressive monosyllable by which Mr. Burchell intimates his provoking incredulity in the Vicar of Wakefield. Mr. Hayley, no doubt, wished to present his distinguished friend under what he judged the most advantageous aspect,—as the poet Cowper, such as Romney has portrayed him, with only that slight shade of melancholy thrown into the expression, that might give the effect of an interesting pensiveness, and only those faint traces of indisposition which might touch the reader's sympathy, without drawing upon his pity. That tasteful night-cap wonderfully aided the desired impression; and therefore, Cowper was to be exhibited only in that costume, although the picture by Abbot, from which the portrait in the present work is engraved, is much more characteristic, and is esteemed by far the best likeness; it is, moreover, excellently painted; but, alas! it exhibits the Author of the Task, habited like an ordinary gentleman of the day, and wearing, in place of the cap, a wig! Now if even Dr. Johnson's wig could not gain admittance into St. Paul's cathedral, it being deemed indispensable to Romanize the venerable inhabitant of Bolt Court before a tolerable statue could be made of the uncouth original, we need not marvel that Cowper's wig was deemed by his sentimental Biographer, quite incompatible with the effect which he sought to produce by his ideal portrait of the recluse of Weston. We could have forgiven, however, the suppression of the wig;—though worthy Mr. Wilson of Olney had a good right to be hurt at the ill compliment tacitly paid to his professional

skill ; yet, out of tenderness to the feelings of the reader, we could have tolerated the concealment of this humiliating infirmity in the Poet, had the sacrifice of truth and nature to effect been carried no further than the outward man. But the same motive led Mr. Hayley to alter the whole story of Cowper's life, and to give a false view of his character. He could not endure the thought, that the Author of the *Task*, his friend, should be known to have been insane. He seems to have feared that it would tarnish the lustre of the Poet's name, were the secret divulged, that the mind of one who could so rule the harp of poetry as to command the feelings of others, was itself, according to his own affecting image, a harp unstrung. But this consideration, if allowed to have any other influence than that of leading him to touch the subject with all the delicacy of friendship, should have deterred him altogether from writing and publishing the *Memoirs*. There was no necessity imposed upon him. Had the life of Cowper been deemed a tale unfit for the public ear, it might have been left untold. But this, the Biographer's vanity would have endured no better than the disclosure of the whole truth ; and he therefore adopted the middle course,—which, when speaking the truth and saying nothing are the alternatives to be escaped from, is seldom either an honest or a wise one,—that of adapting both the selection of letters and the statement of circumstances to the imperfect view which he has given of Cowper's mental history.

It was inevitable that this ill-judged attempt at concealment should eventually produce an effect the very opposite to what was intended. Cowper's malady was not a secret : he had himself alluded to it in the poem on *Retirement*, in language which few readers could misinterpret ; and it was impossible to avoid all reference to it in the *Memoirs*. But the mystery which was suffered to hang over the subject, only served the more to excite curiosity, and to draw attention to the subject. In reference to all cases of this afflictive nature, there is an invariable propensity which prompts persons busily to inquire the supposed cause ; and there is a prejudice which disposes them to believe that there must always be a moral cause for this species of bodily ailment ; and of all assignable causes of this description, love or religion is the first that suggests itself. Now as it was not generally known, that Cowper had ever exhibited these morbid symptoms before he was somewhat too old to become the victim of disappointed love, it was a natural conclusion, that his gloomy religion was the cause of all his suffering. The 'methodism and 'mysticism' with which his poems are tinctured, seemed to

favour this supposition ; and a writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* thought that he had found out the whole secret, when he jumped to the conclusion, that ' the theory of Christian justification ' which Cowper had adopted, was the source of all his alarming and distressful apprehensions ; his natural disposition fitting him ' to receive all the horrors without the consolations of his faith.' There is nothing in Hayley's *Memoirs*, to say the least, to forbid this inference. Could we believe the Biographer to have been ignorant of his friend's early history and constitutional infirmity, we should imagine that this was his own opinion. Either he was not aware of all the facts that bore upon the case, or, knowing them, he withheld the information that would have obviated a most pernicious misapprehension. Either he mistook in supposing that religion was the exciting cause of Cowper's distemper, overlooking all the circumstances of the case which prove beyond contradiction the contrary, or he was not unwilling that Cowper's religious tenets should form as it were the apology for his mental aberration.

Now it is this false delicacy and disingenuousness on the part of the Biographer, that has rendered it necessary to expatiate on a topic which otherwise might have been thrown into the back-ground. Cowper's friends must thank Mr. Hayley, that it has ever been found necessary to lay bare his character to its very anatomy, in order to expose the erroneousness of the diagnosis which ascribed its morbid symptoms to his theological opinions. Our readers will recollect that we were among those who warmly deprecated the exposure to the public eye, of that agonizing memoir of his own case, (interesting as it is in a physiological or psychological respect,) which the amiable sufferer left behind him. We objected to it as an unfeeling violation of the secrets of the sepulchre, as a throwing open of the closet of the anatomist to the gape of the vulgar. But what was the plea set up for its publication ? The ' persuasion that its details would be the most efficient means of correcting certain false notions unfriendly to spiritual religion, which some have thought themselves sanctioned in entertaining, by the vague and indistinct accounts which were previously before the world.* There ought not to have been given occasion for this plea. The memoir, in the hands of a man of philosophical mind and Christian principles, would have been invaluable as *data* for a just representation of all the

* See *Eclectic Review*, N. S. Vol. VI. p. 13. Art. *Memoirs of Cowper*.

phenomena of the case it describes, and some extracts might have been given from the manuscript, which would sufficiently have vouched for its correctness; it was unpardonable not to make this use of the document; but, this end being answered, it might then have been consigned to the sacred silence of the grave. We should have honoured the sensibility of the Biographer, if, having once distinctly disclosed the nature and traced the origin of the malady, he had forborne to dwell on the fearful details. The case once understood, there would have been a stop put to the prying of a prurient curiosity.

The fact is, however, that the *offence* which Cowper's Biographer was most sedulous to obviate, related as much to his religious character as to his physical ailments. There are persons who would far sooner tolerate a poet's being a madman, than his being a saint. That Cowper laboured under a very peculiar species of hypochondriasis, which left him the entire command of his faculties in reference to every subject but one, and that one subject himself, was so clearly understood, that there could be no pretence, on the score of delicacy, for suppressing the letters in this collection which allude to the false impression on his mind. The gloom which they bespeak, is not of a deeper shade than some of his published poems betray; in particular those exquisitely affecting stanzas entitled "The Castaway." Nothing can be more touching than Cowper's story even as told by Hayley. Why then withhold these interesting illustrations of his history? We can conceive of no other reason, than because they exhibit what is far more repulsive to many of his admirers than insanity itself,—that practical sense of religion which is deemed a sort of madness. What this pious sufferer imagined that he had for ever lost, and was miserable because he despaired of regaining, was the presence and favour of God,—an object which the madness of the sane consists in despising. His concern would not have appeared less irrational to the irreligious, had no delusion existed in his mind to give it the character of despair. In fact, the period of his history at which he enjoyed, together with the unclouded sunshine of reason, the peace and joy of religion,—the interval from 1764 to 1773, during which he was most truly himself, is precisely that stage in which he retreats the furthest from the admiration of worldly-minded persons. It was then that his genuine character broke through the mists and shadows which veiled alike his morning and his sunset, and he appeared the cheerful and affectionate, though timid and retiring man, the devout and elevated being which religion had made him. But it was then, too, that he appeared to many of his relatives the most mad, though, if his own account may

be taken, he was not only sane, but happy. With precisely the same theological views that he retained through the remainder of his life, he derived only comfort from religion, and this during a period more than sufficient to develop their characteristic influence. And when he became subsequently the victim of that afflictive hallucination, he could not avoid acknowledging, that his gloomy persuasion was at variance with every article of his creed, and he was driven to regard himself as an inexplicable exception to his own principles.

One of the most striking letters in this collection, is that addressed to the Rev. Mr. Newton, March 14, 1782, in which he comments on the closely analogous case of the learned Simon Browne, who imagined that the thinking faculty within him was annihilated by the immediate hand of an avenging God.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ I was not unacquainted with Mr. B——’s extraordinary case, before you favoured me with his letter and his intended dedication to the Queen, though I am obliged to you for a sight of those two curiosities, which I do not recollect to have ever seen till you sent them. I could, however, were it not a subject that would make us all melancholy, point out to you some essential differences between his state of mind and my own, which would prove mine to be by far the most deplorable of the two. I suppose no man would despair, if he did not apprehend something singular in the circumstances of his own story, something that discriminates it from that of every other man, and that induces despair as an inevitable consequence. You may encounter his unhappy persuasion with as many instances as you please, of persons who, like him, having renounced all hope, were yet restored ; and may thence infer that he, like them, shall meet with a season of restoration—but it is in vain. Every such individual accounts himself an exception to all rules, and therefore the blessed reverse that others have experienced, affords no ground of comfortable expectation to *him*. But you will say, it is reasonable to conclude that, as all your predecessors in this vale of misery and horror have found themselves delightfully disappointed at last, so will you :—I grant the reasonableness of it ; it would be sinful, perhaps, because uncharitable, to reason otherwise ; but an argument hypothetical in its nature, however rationally conducted, may lead to a false conclusion ; and in this instance, so will yours. But I forbear. For the cause above-mentioned I will say no more, though it is a subject on which I could write more than the mail would carry. I must deal with you as I deal with poor Mrs. Unwin in all our disputes about it, cutting all controversy short by an appeal to the event.—W. C.’

The melancholy ingenuity with which a disordered mind can baffle all argument, was never perhaps so strikingly displayed. Here is an admission, or rather an anticipation, of every thing

that could be urged to shew the irrationality of despair; the Writer seems all but conscious that his own persuasion was a delusion; and yet the impression remains—it will not yield to the force of logic. How can a man be reasoned out of what he admits to be irrational, but still feels or fancies to be real? In another letter to the same invaluable friend, at the beginning of 1784, he thus pours forth the anguish of his feelings, sensible that the cause must appear to others imaginary, and that the doctrines of religion forbade his despair.

• MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ The new year is already old in my account. I am not, indeed, sufficiently second-sighted to be able to boast by anticipation an acquaintance with the events of it yet unborn, but rest convinced that, be they what they may, not one of them comes a messenger of good to me. If even death itself should be of the number, he is no friend of mine. It is an alleviation of the woes even of an unenlightened man, that he can wish for death, and indulge a hope, at least, that in death he shall find deliverance. But, loaded as my life is with despair, I have no such comfort as would result from a supposed probability of better things to come, were it once ended. For, more unhappy than the traveller with whom I set out, pass through what difficulties I may, through whatever dangers and afflictions, I am not a whit the nearer home, unless a dungeon may be called so. This is no very agreeable theme, but, in so great a dearth of subjects to write upon, and especially impressed as I am at this moment with a sense of my own condition, I could choose no other. The weather is an exact emblem of my mind in its present state. A thick fog envelops every thing, and at the same time it freezes intensely. You will tell me that this cold gloom will be succeeded by a cheerful spring, and endeavour to encourage me to hope for a spiritual change resembling it;—but it will be lost labour. Nature revives again; but a soul once slain lives no more. The hedge that has been apparently dead, is not so; it will burst into leaf and blossom at the appointed time; but no such time is appointed for the stake that stands in it. It is as dead as it seems, and will prove itself no dissembler. The latter end of next month will complete a period of eleven years in which I have spoken no other language. It is a long time for a man whose eyes were once opened, to spend in darkness; long enough to make despair an inveterate habit, and such it is in me. My friends, I know, expect that I shall see yet again. They think it necessary to the existence of Divine truth, that he who once had possession of it, should never finally lose it. *I admit the solidity of this reasoning in every case but my own.* And why not in my own? *For causes which to them it appears madness to allege,* but which rest upon my mind with a weight of immovable conviction. If I am recoverable, why am I thus? Why crippled and made useless in the church, just at that time of life when, my judgement and experience being matured, I might be most useful? Why cashiered and turned out of service, till, according to the course of nature, there is not life enough left in me.

to make amends for the years I have lost ; till there is no reasonable hope left that the fruit can ever pay the expense of the fallow ? I forestal the answer :—God's ways are mysterious, and he giveth no account of his matters :—an answer that would serve my purpose as well as theirs that use it. There is a mystery in my destruction, and in time it shall be explained.—Yours, W. C.'

“ In all this,” we may truly say in the language of holy writ, “ he sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.” Perhaps there never was a finer instance of filial submission to the Divine will, than is here exhibited, under the heaviest visitation that can befall an intelligent being. The sufferer does not indeed say, “ If he slay me, yet will I trust in him,” because the idea which overspread and eclipsed his mind, forbade the possibility of such a trust. But, wild and irrational as was the supposition, the surrender of soul was not less implicit, the resignation not less real and exemplary, which in effect said, Though he damn me, yet, I will justify him. Cowper's despair was, in fact, a purely physical sensation. He had not been led into it by any mental process ; it was not a conclusion at which he had arrived by the operation of either reason or conscience ; for it was unconnected with any one tenet or principle which he held. It had fallen upon him as a visitation, and he struggled with it as with an incubus, half suspecting that it was a phantom that seemed to weigh him down, but still it was there ; and he here argues from its continuance to its reality. ‘ If I am recoverable, why am I thus ?’ The sensation was real : it could not be reasoned away, any more than can a head-ache or a fit of the stone. It was as clearly a case of hypochondriasis, as those instances in which the patient has fancied himself a tea-pot, or a sack of wool, or has imagined his thinking substance destroyed. Cowper's only seemed to be a more rational impression : that it was not really so, is evident from the specific nature of the idea on which he fixed, namely, that he was excluded from salvation for not having committed suicide. That this idea produced his melancholy, no one who deserves to be himself considered as rational, can pretend : it was his melancholy which produced the idea. Religion could not have given birth to it, nor could it have survived one moment the presence of distemper. The patient more than half suspected at times that disease was the cause of all his mental suffering ; but he could not *know* it, the impossibility of discerning between what is delusive and what is real, constituting the very essence of the disease : that knowledge would have involved his being sane on the very point to which his irrationality was limited ; he would then have been well. It is observable, that he never attempts to give a reason for his despair,

ut only assumes that its existence in his mind proved the truth of the impression which seemed to himself to cause it: this, he argued as all hypochondriacs and maniacs do. But, in fancying himself crippled, and made useless, and turned out of service, he argued not irrationally; he was only mistaken; and it is pleasing to reflect, (as it has long since been to him a source of the purest joy and gratitude to know,) how greatly he was mistaken. All the mystery has long ago been explained to him.

In the above letter, he evidently alludes to his belief in the doctrine of Final Perseverance (which, properly understood, is but the doctrine of Regeneration) as flatly opposed, in every case but his own, to his mournful conclusion, or rather delusion. He does not doubt his having been truly made a partaker of spiritual life, but, with his own peculiar force of expression, intimates that his soul had been slain by the hand of God. Mr. Newton appears to have seen the total unutility of combating this impression by argument, and to have attempted to dissuade his afflicted friend from suffering himself to dwell on the topic. Cowper's reply throws still further light on the true nature of his disorder, as well as on his social habits and amiable character.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ I converse, you say, upon other subjects than that of despair, and may therefore write upon others. Indeed, my friend, I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible, for the sake of my company; but I will venture to say that it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day. I do not mean to say that I am never cheerful. I am often so: always, indeed, when my nights have been undisturbed for a season. But the effect of such continual listening to the language of a heart hopeless and deserted is, that I can never give much more than half my attention to what is started by others, and very rarely start any thing myself. My silence, however, and my absence of mind make me sometimes as entertaining as if I had wit. They furnish an occasion for friendly and good-natured raillery; they raise a laugh, and I partake of it. But you will easily perceive that a mind thus occupied is but indifferently qualified for the consideration of theological matters. The most useful and the most delightful topics of that kind are to me forbidden fruit;—I tremble if I approach them. It has happened to me sometimes, that I have found myself imperceptibly drawn in, and made a party in such discourse. The consequence has been, dissatisfaction and self-reproach. You will tell me, perhaps, that I have written upon these subjects in verse, and may, therefore, if I please, in prose. But there is a difference. The search after poetical expression, the rhyme, and the numbers, are all affairs of some difficulty; they amuse, indeed, but are not to be attained

without study, and engross, perhaps, a larger share of the attention than the subject itself. Persons fond of music will sometimes find pleasure in the tune, when the words afford them none. There are, however, subjects that do not always terrify me by their importance; such, I mean, as relate to Christian life and manners; and when such a one presents itself, and finds me in a frame of mind that does not absolutely forbid the employment, I shall most readily give it my attention, for the sake, however, of your request merely. Verse is my favourite occupation, and what I compose in that way, I reserve for my own use hereafter.'

One feature of Cowper's complaint, and one medium of suffering to him as to almost all patients labouring under nervous disorder, was dreams. He alludes, in the above letter, to the salutary influence on his spirits of unbroken slumber. In another letter, he says: 'I have been lately more dejected and more distressed than usual; more harassed by dreams in the night, and more deeply poisoned by them in the following day.' There are many persons not labouring under any alienation of reason, who will feelingly understand this language. Poor Bloomfield used to complain of the unutterable horror of his dreams, dreams reiterated night after night, from which he awoke more exhausted than when he retired to rest, and the dread of which would pursue him through the day. The letter in which the description given by Cowper, occurs, closes with the following striking expressions.

'I now see a long winter before me, and am to get through it as I can. I know the ground, before I tread upon it. It is hollow; it is agitated; it suffers shocks in every direction; it is like the soil of Calabria—all whirlpool and undulation. But I must reel through it; at least, if I be not swallowed up by the way.'

We have said enough to shew the nature of Cowper's malady; but, strange to say, the misunderstanding which has prevailed in consequence of the partial disclosure of his history, has, in some directions, extended to the Poet's character—we mean his religious character, which has been censoriously charged with apparent inconsistencies, for want, partly, of better information, and partly of more Christian charity. We find, indeed, from these Letters, that even in his life-time, Cowper's conduct was made the subject of much unfeeling and impertinent observation among the good people of Olney; and nothing can be more characteristic of the genuine humility of the Christian, or more decisively shew the Writer's tenderness of conscience, than the letter in which he vindicates himself to Mr. Newton from these ungenerous aspersions.

Your letter to Mrs. Unwin concerning our conduct and the offence taken at it in our neighbourhood, gave us both a great deal of concern; and she is still deeply affected by it. Of this you may assure yourself; that, if our friends in London have been grieved, they have been misinformed; which is the more probable, because the bearers of intelligence hence to London are not always very scrupulous concerning the truth of their reports; and that if any of our serious neighbours have been astonished, they have been so without the smallest real occasion. Poor people are never well employed even when they judge one another; but when they undertake to scan the motives and estimate the behaviour of those whom Providence has exalted a little above them, they are utterly out of their province and their depth. They often see us get into Lady Hesketh's carriage, and rather uncharitably suppose that it always carries us into a scene of dissipation, which, in fact, it never does. We visit, indeed, at Mr. Throckmorton's and at Gayhurst; rarely, however, at Gayhurst, on account of the greater distance; more frequently, though not very frequently, at Weston, both because it is nearer, and because our business in the house that is making ready for us often calls us that way. The rest of our journeys are to Beaujeat Turnpike and back again; or, perhaps, to the cabinet-maker's at Newport. As Othello says,

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

What good we can get or can do in these visits, is another question, which they, I am sure, are not at all qualified to solve. Of this we are both sure, that under the guidance of Providence we have formed these connexions; that we should have hurt the Christian cause, rather than have served it, by a prudish abstinence from them; and that St. Paul himself, conducted to them as we have been, would have found it expedient to have done as we have done..... I speak a strict truth, and as in the sight of God, when I say, that we are neither of us at all more addicted to gadding than heretofore. We both naturally love seclusion in company, and never go into it without putting a force upon our disposition. At the same time I will confess, and you will easily conceive, that the melancholy incident to such close confinement as we have so long endured, finds itself a little relieved by such amusements as a society so innocent affords. You may look round the Christian world, and find few, I believe, of our station, who have so little intercourse as we with the world that is not Christian.

* We place all the uneasiness that you have felt for us upon this subject, to the account of that cordial friendship of which you have long given us proof. But you may be assured, that, notwithstanding all rumours to the contrary, we are exactly what we were when you saw us last:—I miserable on account of God's departure from me, which I believe to be final, and she, seeking his return to me in the path of duty, and by continual prayer. Yours, my dear friend, W. C.'

Persons who could affect to be scandalized at an invalid's

taking an airing every day in a friend's carriage, and that friend his own cousin, would not be very likely to form either a competent or a charitable judgement of Cowper's conduct in other matters. One would have thought, if any human being could be safe from the busy malice of slander or the more specious detraction of professed friends, that this amiable recluse might have enjoyed such an exemption, to which his virtues, his affliction, and his retiring habits alike entitled him. But the good folks at Olney thought otherwise, and some individuals who ought to have known better, took part against the most unoffending of mortals. We have sufficiently disposed of one charge, that which related to his worldly connexions. The others may, we believe, be reduced to three; they relate to his non-attendance on public worship, his Homer, and his domestication with Mrs. Unwin. With respect to each of these, the disclosures contained in these Letters are amply satisfactory.

The first circumstance, unexplained, might seem a legitimate subject for surprise and regret; but it ceases to be so, when the truth is once told, that he considered himself as Divinely excluded by an imaginary sentence from all his religious privileges. A single passage from a letter to Mr. Newton (June 1785), will sufficiently shew the nature of the cause which kept him from the house of prayer. Mr. Greatheed had been preaching at Olney.

‘I should have been glad,’ writes Cowper, ‘to have been a hearer; but that privilege is not allowed me yet. Indeed, since I told you that I had hope, I have never ceased to despair, and have repeated that I made my boast so soon, more than once. A king may forbid a man to appear before him, and it were strange if the King of kings might not do the same. I know it to be his will that I should not enter into his presence now: when the prohibition is taken off, I shall enter; but, in the mean time, I should neither please him, nor serve myself, by intruding.’

To this we need only add a reference to the letter addressed to Mr. Bull, which we gave to the public in a former article,* and which we regret not to find in the present collection, as it is one of the most singular and interesting of all Cowper's epistolary effusions. Hayley has printed it only in a mutilated form, and the present Editor knew where to apply for the original. ‘Prove to me,’ he says to his venerable friend in that letter, ‘that I have a right to pray, and I will pray without

* See Art. Memoirs of Cowper. E. R. Vol. vi. p. 337.

ceasing,—yes, and praise too, even in the belly of this hell, compared with which Jonah's was a palace, a temple of the living God.' Yet, the sin by which he was excluded, he admits that his Correspondent would account no sin, would even consider as a duty. He goes on to tell him: 'I have not even asked a blessing on my food these ten years.' This was written in 1782. To have urged on a person labouring under such an imagination as this, an attendance upon public worship as a duty, would have been as injudicious as ineffectual; and we can scarcely find words harsh enough to characterise the unfeeling pharisaism that would found a reproach or a surmise unfavourable to his piety, on his involuntary seclusion.

The next charge of inconsistency—we almost blush at repeating them,—founded itself on his giving, so much of his time to a translation of Homer, when he might, as his self-constituted judges have been pleased to determine, have employed his talents so much more for the honour of God and the good of society. That he should select a heathen bard for his unremitting study, has been thought a sad proof of religious declension, a sign, if not a cause, of deteriorated spirituality. How unkindly he was wronged by such suspicions, shall be shewn from his own language. In the following letter, he tells Mr. Newton how he came to undertake the translation. Its date is Dec. 1785.

'..... Employment, and with the pen, is, through habit, become essential to my well-being; and to produce always original poems, especially of considerable length, is not so easy. For some weeks after I had finished the Task, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the Iliad; and merely to divert attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the first twelve lines of it. The same necessity pressing me again, I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day consequently added something to the work; till at last I began to reflect thus:—The Iliad and the Odyssey together consist of about forty thousand verses. To translate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. I have already made some progress, and I find it a most agreeable amusement. Homer, in point of purity, is a most blameless writer, and, though he was not an enlightened man, has interspersed many great and valuable truths throughout both his poems. In short, he is in all respects a most venerable old gentleman, by an acquaintance with whom no man can disgrace himself. The literati are all agreed to a man, that although Pope has given us two pretty poems under Homer's

titles, there is not to be found in them the least portion of Homer's spirit, nor the least resemblance of his manner. I will try, therefore, whether I cannot copy him somewhat more happily myself.'

He afterwards intimates his intention to issue proposals for a subscription to it; 'and if,' he says, 'it should prove a profitable enterprise, the profit will not accrue to a man who may be said not to want.' This hope was amply realised, and Homer proved both his physician and his banker. The employment had the happiest effect upon his spirits, and his temporal comfort was not a little promoted by the profits of the work. Towards the close of this very letter, we find him stating that his spirits were somewhat better than they had been.

'In the course of the last month, I have perceived a very sensible amendment. The hope of better days seems again to dawn upon me; and I have now and then an intimation, though slight and transient, that God has not abandoned me for ever.'

A clear proof that his attention's being diverted from himself, had no tendency to lessen either his religious comfort or his spirituality. It is remarkable, that he complains at this time of obstinate dyspeptic symptoms, while, when his mental ailments seem at their height, he uniformly speaks of himself as well in body,—a circumstance not unimportant in a medical point of view, as illustrating the morbid affection under which he habitually laboured: it looks as if there was at this period a partial metastasis of the complaint. This comparatively bright interval lasted for rather more than a year, and the references to his own feelings, contained in several of the succeeding letters, are of a far more cheerful kind. Mr. Newton, with his characteristic good sense, encouraged his friend to proceed, anxious only that he should not over-work himself, or indulge too sanguine expectations of public success. Cowper replies:

'I thank you heartily, both for your wishes and prayers, that should a disappointment occur, I may not be too much hurt by it. Strange as it may seem to say it, and unwilling as I should be to say it to any person less candid than yourself, I will nevertheless say, that I have not entered on this work, unconnected as it must needs appear with the interests of the cause of God, without the direction of his providence, nor altogether unassisted by him in the performance of it. Time will shew to what it ultimately tends. I am inclined to believe that it has a tendency to which I myself am, at present, perfectly a stranger. Be that as it may, He knows my frame, and will consider that I am but dust; dust, into the bargain, that has been so trampled under foot and beaten, that a storm less violent than an unsuccessful issue of such a business might occasion, would be sufficient

blow me quite away. But I will tell you honestly, I have no fears on the subject.'

'You need not fear for my health,' he says in the next letter to the same estimable Correspondent: 'it suffers nothing by my employment.' In one written three months after that from which the preceeding extract is taken, there occurs a further explanation relative to the same subject, too interesting to be omitted, but which shews that the salutary effect of the stimulus was subsiding, and that the Writer was again relapsing into unmitigated gloom. After acknowledging the receipt of three copies of Mr. Newton's sermons on the Messiah, he proceeds:

'I shall be happy (and when I say that, I mean to be understood in the fullest and most emphatical sense of the word) if my frame of mind shall be such as may permit me to study them. But Adam's approach to the tree of life, after he had sinned, was not more effectually prohibited by the flaming sword that turned every way, than mine to its great Antitype has been now almost these thirteen years, short interval of three or four days, which passed about this time of the month, alone excepted. For what reason it is that I am thus long excluded, if I am ever again to be admitted, is known to God only. I can say but this: that if he is still my Father, this paternal severity has, toward me, been such as that I have reason to account unexampled. For though others have suffered desertion, yet few, believe, for so long a time, and perhaps none a desertion accompanied with such experiences. But they have this belonging to them: that as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it; for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter, as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven. If the ladder of Christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. And if Paul stood, as no doubt he did, in that experience of his to which I have just alluded, at the topmost round of it, I have been standing, and still stand on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended. In such a situation of mind, encompassed by the midnight of absolute despair, and a thousand times filled with unspeakable horror, I first commenced an author. Distress drove me to it; and the impossibility of subsisting without some employment, still recommends it. I am not, indeed, so perfectly hopeless as I was; but I am equally in need of an occupation, being often as much, and sometimes even more worried than ever. I cannot amuse myself, as I once could, with carpenter's or with gardener's tools, or with squirrels and guinea-pigs. At that time I was a child. But since it has pleased God, whatever else he withholds, to restore to me a man's mind, I have put away childish things. Thus far, therefore, it is plain that I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providen-

tially led to it; perhaps I might say, with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it: for certainly, could I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it even now, those hours which I spend in poetry, I would spend with God. But it is evidently his will, that I should spend them as I do, because every other way of employing them he himself continues to make impossible. If, in the course of such an occupation, or by inevitable consequence of it, either my former connexions are revived, or new ones occur, these things are as much a part of the dispensation as the leading points of it themselves; the effect, as much as the cause. If his purposes in thus directing me are gracious, he will take care to prove them such in the issue; and, in the mean time, will preserve me (for he is able to do that in one condition of life as in another) from all mistakes in conduct that might prove pernicious to myself, or give reasonable offence to others. I can say it as truly as it was ever spoken,—Here I am: let him do with me as seemeth him good.'

And Mr. Hayley could suppress this letter! Was it, does the reader imagine, out of tenderness to the reader's feelings, or through a deficiency in his own? Was it on account of the gloominess attaching to the Writer's mind, or the religious enthusiasm, so deemed, which it breathes? Whatever explanation be given, we rejoice at having gained possession of so interesting a document.

We perceive that our limits will not admit of much more quotation, and we must pass over the very affecting letter dated Aug. 5. 1786, in which he complains that all his hopes had been blasted, all his comforts wrested from him. 'More than a twelvemonth,' he says, 'has passed since I began to hope that, having walked the whole breadth of the bottom of this Red Sea, I was beginning to climb the opposite shore, and I prepared to sing the song of Moses. But I have been disappointed.' It is melancholy to trace the progress and alternations of disease; but the reader is amply repaid by the lesson of piety which is conveyed by the example of the sufferer—a piety not less exemplary because the light it casts, left the mind from which it emanated, in darkness. Homer is again adverted to in a letter written in January of the following year; and from this we must make a short extract.

'I have many kind friends, who, like yourself, wish that, instead of turning my endeavours to a translation of Homer, I had proceeded in the way of original poetry. But I can truly say that it was ordered otherwise, not by me, but by the Providence that governs all my thoughts, and directs my intentions as he pleases. It may seem strange, but it is true, that after having written a volume, in general with great ease to myself, I found it impossible to write another page. The mind of man is not a fountain, but a cistern; and mine, God

knows, a broken one. It is my creed, that the intellect depends as much, both for the energy and the multitude of its exertions, upon the operation of God's agency upon it, as the heart, for the exercise of its graces, upon the influence of the Holy Spirit. According to this persuasion, I may very reasonably affirm, that it was not God's pleasure that I should proceed in the same track, because he did not enable me to do it. A whole year I waited, and waited in circumstances of mind that made a state of non-employment peculiarly irksome to me. I longed for the pen as the only remedy, but I could find no subject. Extreme distress of spirit at last drove me, as, if I mistake not, I told you some time since, to lay Homer before me, and translate for amusement. Why it pleased God that I should be hunted into such a business, of such enormous length and labour, by miseries for which He did not see good to afford me any other remedy, I know not. But so it was; and jejune as the consolation may be, and unsuited to the exigencies of a mind that once was spiritual, yet, a thousand times have I been glad of it; for a thousand times it has served at least to divert my attention, in some degree, from such terrible tempests as I believe have seldom been permitted to beat upon a human mind. Let my friends, therefore, who wish me some little measure of tranquillity in the performance of the most turbulent voyage that ever Christian mariner made, be contented that, having Homer's mountains and forests to windward, I escape, under their shelter, from the force of many a gust that would almost overset me; especially when they consider that, not by choice, but by necessity, I make *them* my refuge. As to fame, and honour, and glory, that may be acquired by poetical feats of any sort, God knows, that, if I could lay me down in my grave with hope at my side, or sit with hope at my side in a dungeon all the residue of my days, I would cheerfully waive them all. For the little fame that I have already earned, has never saved me from one distressing night, or from one despairing day, since I first acquired it. For what I am reserved, or to what, is a mystery; I would fain hope, not merely that I may amuse others, or only to be a translator of Homer.

'Sally Perry's case has given us much concern. I have no doubt that it is distemper. *But distresses of mind that are occasioned by distemper, are the most difficult of all to deal with. They refuse all consolation; they will hear no reason.* God only, by his own immediate impressions, can remove them; as, after an experience of thirteen years' misery, I can abundantly testify.' Your's, W. C.'

We have mentioned a third imputation on the character of this excellent person; it is almost too vile and base to deserve notice, and yet, it has been entertained in respectable quarters. It has seldom assumed a definite shape, but attributes impropriety of some kind to Cowper's domestication with Mrs. Unwin. How he himself felt towards her, will be best shewn by a short extract from a letter to Mrs. King, March 12, 1790.

‘ I have lately received from a female cousin of mine in Norfolk, whom I have not seen these five and thirty years, a picture of my own mother. She died when I wanted two days of being six years old ; yet I remember her perfectly, find the picture a strong likeness of her, and because her memory has been ever precious to me, have written a poem on the receipt of it ; a poem which, one excepted, I had more pleasure in writing than any that I ever wrote. That one was addressed to a lady whom I expect in a few minutes to come down to breakfast, and who has supplied to me the place of my own mother—my own invaluable mother, these six and twenty years. Some sons may be said to have had many fathers, but a plurality of mothers is not common.’

But it has been remarked, that Cowper's language on other occasions, with regard to his inestimable Mary, partook more of the fondness of the husband, than of the attachment of the son. The fact is, that his feelings naturally partook of the peculiarity of his situation, which had rendered him an object of maternal solicitude to his elder companion, rather than, what he otherwise would have been, her equal partner and protector. But it was well known to his friends, that their engagement to each other would have been consummated by legal ties and the closest union, but for the distemper which more than once prevented its taking place after the day had been as repeatedly fixed. And the age of both parties, it was probably thought, rendered the step inexpedient at a later period. That Cowper, the most affectionate and most grateful of beings, should love, and that most tenderly, the faithful friend to whom he was so deeply indebted, whose companionship had been attendant on his happiest days, and was the only solace of long years of darkness,—that this love should be more than is implied by mere friendship, though it fell short of passion,—that he should have wished to give perpetuity and a legal sanction to their intimacy in the first instance, and that afterwards, the more apparent disparity of years and growing infirmities of his venerable companion should have suggested the idea of the filial relation as more appropriate,—all this is so natural, so intelligible, and we might say, was so inevitable, that one cannot but admire, while we reprobate the ingenuity that could extract matter of scandal from such materials. The manner in which Cowper, in all these Letters, associates Mrs. Unwin with himself, (in one instance playfully subscribing their joint names *Guillaume—Marie*,) plainly indicates that the common nature of their interests and the sacred character of their intimacy, were sufficiently understood by his friends, as well as that there was nothing equivocal about the circumstances of their domestic intercourse. If we have a reader

who, after perusing the preceding extracts, can harbour a doubt on the point, we leave him to the curse of a polluted imagination.

There were persons who would have thought it far better that Cowper should have been provided with a younger, and fairer, and more sprightly companion : and we have heard Mrs. Unwin unfeelingly reproached with a deficiency of cheerfulness, under circumstances that would have consumed alike the mind and the heart of any ordinary woman. It is scarcely worth while to advert to useless surmises and unprofitable peradventures ; but we will give our opinion, that the appointment of Providence was in this instance, as in every other, wiser than the wisdom of the world. Excitement of a gentle description was undoubtedly beneficial to Cowper's mind : the stimulus supplied by the presence of Lady Hesketh and other gay accomplished friends, had for a time the happiest effect, but, like all other stimulants, its efficacy was soon spent. Familiarity with an object, while it may strengthen its power over our affections, of necessity renders it less capable of ministering that excitation which things of a novel or occasional kind produce. The sprightliest companion would have failed, after a time, to cheer by her gayety ; and something more than sprightliness was requisite to qualify for the arduous task which devolved upon Cowper's companion in the awful season of his deepest dejection, when, but for Mrs. Unwin's strength of mind and unwearied fidelity, he must have been consigned to the hired nurse and the medical practitioner. With her, it ought not to be forgotten, he shared some of his happiest hours, and to her he was indebted for all the alleviation of which his gloomiest seasons were susceptible. If she could not excite, she could soothe him ; and what the heart requires for its happiness is, an object on which the affections can repose.

‘ O ye to whom the hand of heaven assigns
The sacred ministry to guard the sad,
Dare not to struggle with that last desire,
That friendly instinct, that survives the wreck
Of hope and happiness, desire for rest.’

That Cowper himself both valued and loved her society, is evident from his own unreserved declaration to Mr. Newton. In a letter written after the departure of Lady Hesketh, he mentions their being once more reduced to their dual state, and then adds :—

‘ There are those in the world whom we love, and whom we are happy to see ; but we are happy likewise in each other, and so far

independent of our fellow-mortals, as to be able to pass our time comfortably without them ;—as comfortably, at least, as Mrs. Unwin's frequent indispositions, and my no less frequent troubles of mind, will permit. When I am much distressed, any company but her's distresses me more, and makes me doubly sensible of my sufferings ; though sometimes, I confess, it falls out otherwise ; and by the help of more general conversation, I recover that elasticity of mind which is able to resist the pressure. On the whole, I believe I am situated exactly as I should wish to be, were my situation to be determined by my own election ; and am denied no comfort that is compatible with the total absence of the chief of all.'

Mrs. Unwin was an eminently pious woman, and this was to some of Cowper's friends her real offence. Those who chose to ascribe his melancholy to his religion, naturally regarded Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin as persons who had contributed to his distemper. We have seen how judiciously the former acquitted himself as a correspondent, and we have reason to believe that, in the latter, Cowper had a not less judicious companion. It was she who urged him in the first instance to employ his mind in poetical composition. Though religion was for the most part an interdicted, because unapproachable theme, yet, he could never have been happy, united to one who was not in his estimation religious ; and there were his bright moments in which he could have relished no other intercourse. Perhaps no man is ever more religious for having his mind constantly occupied with religion. This may seem a paradox ; but those who know how little necessary connexion there is between theological studies and spirituality of mind, and how much a professional familiarity with such subjects, tends to deteriorate their influence, will subscribe to the truth of the assertion. Our religious character depends, not on the nature of our avocations, but on the motives from which we engage in them, the principles by which our ordinary actions are regulated. The mind must have an external object, a pursuit, to prevent its becoming the prey of its own energies. Religion, as connected with the personal interests and internal feelings, supplies the highest motives, but cannot be said to furnish such an object. A man might as well expect to grow in strength by watching his appetite, as a Christian to grow in grace merely by watching his internal feelings. But religion, in any other reference, considered as a matter of speculation, of philosophical inquiry, or of public instruction, is as secular an object of pursuit, (or is liable to become so,) as geology, poetry, or Greek criticism. God has so constituted the mind, that employment and amusement are essential to the healthful play of the faculties. The common business of life and the pursuits of science are wisely designed to provide the one,

while the natural and ideal worlds, together with the pleasures of society, afford an inexhaustible fund of the other. Happy is he who can use them without abusing them, and woe to him that despises them.

It has been one object which we have had in view in the preceding remarks, to shew that the force and beauty of Cowper's example are in no degree diminished by the hallucination under which he laboured, since, in fact, the influence of religion on his mind was never suspended, even when he religiously forbore to pray. The piety that shines through all his despondency, the filial submission with which he utters the mournful complaint, "Why hast thou forsaken me," indicate, that, through all the bewilderment of reason, his heart was singularly right with God. But the present Editor anticipates an objection to the publication of the desponding letters.

'Am I not afraid, it may be asked, lest, in affording an indiscriminate inspection into the gloomy interior of Cowper's mind, I should minister to the melancholy contemplations of some depressed spirit, and thus eventually assimilate it to his own? I answer, I should indeed fear it, but for the circumstance already mentioned; the striking irregularity of the Writer's intellect on the subject of his own salvability. This is the frame, if I may so express it, in which all his gloomy pictures are *conspicuously set*; and as they cannot be separated, they must be transferred, both or neither, to the mind of another. But as experience teaches me that insanity is not transferable, so I set my heart at rest as to a transfer of the gloom which in this case resulted from it.'

The answer is, we think, most satisfactory; and indeed, to any person suffering under religious dejection that admits of being rationally dealt with, the experience of Cowper is adapted to afford genuine consolation, and to disprove those melancholy suggestions which are grounded on the singularity and consequent hopelessness of the person's own case. Although, however, our extracts have partaken of a sombre hue, the present volumes are by no means altogether of this character. A large proportion of them are of a very lively description, replete with that playful humour which is so peculiar to the letters of Cowper; and the most trifling of them are marked by an inimitable ease and the purest taste in composition. The greater part of those in the first volume, are addressed to Joseph Hill, Esq., commencing at July 1765, and extending through the ensuing twenty years. Up to the close of the year 1772, the letters, though brief, and chiefly on business, abound with indications of the Writer's happy temper, unclouded mind, and fervent piety. Then occurs a chasm of four years; and when the series recommences, the letters are still more

brief, and are confined to indifferent subjects. In the year 1780, begins that most interesting portion of his correspondence, the letters to Mr. Newton, which extends throughout the remainder of the volumes, intermixed with letters to Mr. Hill, the Rev. Mr. Bull, Mrs. King, and the Editor. About the same period, he began to busy him with verse as a relief to his melancholy. 'While I am held in pursuit of pretty images,' he says to Mr. Newton, 'or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipt again.' The beneficial effect on his mind is discernible in the letters. Throughout the first volume, with the few exceptions which we have extracted, the prevailing character of the composition is light and playful, and sometimes there are gleams of cheerfulness in regard to his own spiritual condition. The supposed history of an antediluvian day at p. 287, and the poetical epistle to the Rev. Mr. Bull, whom he elsewhere facetiously addresses as *charissime taurorum*, may be referred to as very happy specimens of the same playful humour that shines in John Gilpin, and in so many of the letters published by Hayley. In the second volume, a more serious style prevails, and the letters are of a deeper interest. In the year 1787, another melancholy blank of ten months occurs. The Writer's own account of his instantaneous recovery from this attack, is most interesting. In the year 1792, he appears to have derived temporary benefit from a visit he received from his invaluable friend Mr. Newton. 'I rejoiced, and had reason to do so,' he tells him, 'in your coming to Weston, for I think the Lord came with you.' The feelings of his better days seemed, during two or three transient moments, to be in a degree renewed. 'You will tell me,' he says, 'that, transient as they were, they were yet evidences of a love that is not so; and I am desirous to believe it.' This was written in July, 1792. In a letter dated the following October, he notices a similar 'manifestation of God's presence' vouchsafed to him a few days before; 'transient, indeed, and dimly seen through a mist of many fears and troubles, but sufficient to convince me, at least while the Enemy's power is a little restrained, that He has not cast me off for ever.' The last letter in the collection is addressed to Mr. Hill, Dec. 10, 1793, just before he was visited with that last calamitous attack which preceded his final removal from Weston.

The thanks of the public, more especially of the religious public, are due to the excellent Editor, for having rescued

these most interesting documents from the neglect to which Hayley had consigned them. He has but done justice to his inestimable relative, while, by the manner in which he has executed his task, he has done honour to himself. At the close of the preface, having, he remarks, exercised the mind of the reader with recitals not of the most enlivening tone, he has presented us a *jeu d'esprit*, written by Cowper, when a young man in the Temple, as a contribution to the "Nonsense Club," in which Bonnel Thornton, Lloyd, and Colman were his associates. For the same reason that Dr. Johnson has assigned, we shall transcribe it for the amusement of our readers.

• LETTER FROM AN OWL TO A BIRD OF PARADISE.

• SIR,

• I have lately been under some uneasiness at your silence, and began to fear that our friends in Paradise were not so well as I could wish; but I was told yesterday that the pigeon you employed as a carrier, after having been long pursued by a hawk, found it necessary to drop your letter, in order to facilitate her escape. I send you this by the claws of a distant relation of mine, an eagle, who lives on the top of a neighbouring mountain. The nights being short at this time of the year, my epistle will probably be so too; and it strains my eyes not a little to write, when it is not as dark as pitch. I am likewise much distressed for ink: the blackberry juice which I had bottled up having been all exhausted, I am forced to dip my beak in the blood of a mouse, which I have just caught; and it is so very savoury, that I think in my heart I swallow more than I expend in writing. A monkey who lately arrived in these parts, is teaching me and my eldest daughter to dance. The motion was a little uneasy to us at first, as he taught us to stretch our wings wide, and to turn out our toes; but it is easier now. I, in particular, am a tolerable proficient in a hornpipe, and can foot it very nimbly with a switch tucked under my left wing, considering my years and infirmities. As you are constantly gazing at the sun, it is no wonder that you complain of a weakness in your eyes; how should it be otherwise, when mine are none of the strongest, though I always draw the curtain over them as soon as he rises, in order to shut out as much of his light as possible? We have had a miserable dry season, and my ivy-bush is sadly out of repair. I shall be obliged to you if you will favour me with a shower or two, which you can easily do, by driving a few clouds together over the wood, and beating them about with your wings till they fall to pieces. I send you some of the largest berries the bush has produced, for your children to play withal. A neighbouring physician, who is a goat of great experience, says they will cure the worms; so, if they should chance to swallow them, you need not be frightened. I have lately had a violent fit of the pip, which festered my rump to a prodigious degree. I have shed almost every feather in my tail, and

must not hope for a new pair of breeches till next ing; so shall
 think myself happy if I escape the chin-cough, which is generally
 very rife in moulting season. I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

MADON.

‘ P. S. I hear my character as first minister is a good deal censured ; but “ Let them censure ; what care I ? ” ’

Art. II. *Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano.* Small 8vo. pp. 286. London, 1823.

MUCH remains to be done before we can be said to have even collected materials for the history of Art. There is indeed a large amount of outstanding anecdote, and date, and criticism, which might readily be called in ; but, before it could be made available, it would require a very rigid process of comparison and authentication. The extensive currency of details and opinions which is afloat among dilettanti writers and talkers, must be subjected to the severest tests before it can be received as genuine mintage ; and these discriminating processes would reduce the circulating medium to a very scanty supply. It was but the other day that we met with a revival of the old falsehood which charges Michael Angelo with stabbing a man, whom he had bound to a cross, that he might minutely trace the various gradations of ebbing life ; and a formidable wood-cut was prefixed to make the legend more attractive. And, in connexion with the subject of the memoir before us, scarcely any circumstance in the annals of painting is more unhesitatingly repeated and believed, than the tradition which ascribes to Correggio extreme poverty, and which even attributes his death to the excessive fatigue consequent upon carrying from Parma to his own home, a distance of several miles, a payment, made in copper coin, amounting to sixty crowns. This absurd invention is sufficiently disproved by the suggestion, that the load which he is thus represented to have conveyed, ‘ must have considerably exceeded two hundred weight ; ’—a burden under which it is quite impossible that he could have borne up through a twentieth part of the assigned interval. Were the case otherwise in this respect, the Writer of this memoir has effectually disproved the *si dice* which originated the idle tales about the exigent circumstances of Correggio. We have, indeed, been altogether exceedingly pleased with this little volume. Notwithstanding its unpretending character, it is the result, not merely of competent reading, but of accurate comparison ; and while it furnishes much satisfactory information respecting the admirable artist whose life and labours it commemorates, it gives, incidentally,

important illustrations of collateral points connected with the records of Art. It is to be wished that the Author may feel encouraged to continue his investigations, and to proceed in clearing away the rubbish of misconception and misrepresentation which still chokes up so many of the avenues to this division of the temple of history.

We think, too, that he has been judicious in his selection of a subject. Amateurs (and perhaps artists themselves are not wholly clear of the imputation) are too much in the habit of identifying Art itself with the efforts of three or four distinguished individuals; and when they have traced the progress of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Leonardo, and perhaps Titian, cast a transient and negligent glance on the contemporaries and successors of those illustrious men. We shall not betray such debility of judgement as to question the supremacy of those great leaders of their respective schools; but we will affirm, unhesitatingly, that not less infirmity is exhibited by those who place a wide interval in the gradation by which we descend—we have in vain tried to recollect some intermediate word—to such men as Correggio. With less of pathos and less of high intellectual character in his style, than the master of the Roman school,—inferior in energy and powerful conception to the mighty Florentine,—Correggio might yet exclaim in the language ascribed to him by the well-known tradition,—*Anch'io son pittore*. The comparative elevation or beauty of his style, we shall not here discuss, but that it was perfectly original, cannot be doubted. Few painters have so completely worked from their own resources, and none have displayed more profound conversance with the learning of their art; none have, in a greater degree, possessed the rare faculty of invention. His was the almost exclusive secret of placing his figures in the midst of light, and of making shade a privation, rather than a positive existence. His skill in anatomy was not inferior to that of Buonaroti, and he employed it with univalled dexterity and success in the adjustment and foreshortening of his figures. But we are at once wandering from our immediate point, and anticipating observations which will find a more appropriate place at the close of the present article. We repeat it, then, that we think the present Author has, in his choice and treatment of a subject, entitled himself to the gratitude of all the lovers of art; he has thrown light upon circumstances which were previously involved in uncertainty and obscurity, and he has communicated important information, mingled with sound criticism, on a section of the history of painting that much required elucidation. It is very probable, that Italian literature may supply this, both on the

general subject and on its particular branches, to an extent with which we have not had an opportunity of making ourselves acquainted; but, in our own language, we are by no means rich in able illustration of the progress and vicissitudes of the arts of design. Mr. Duppa's *Memoirs of Michael Angelo* are inadequately written, and his sketches of the life of Raffaello are altogether unsatisfactory. The most interesting illustrations of pictorial biography which have recently attracted our attention, are, in our own language, the present volume, and, in French, the *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, by the Count de Stendahl (M. Beyle). The latter, however, has a large alloy of flippancy and affectation, from which the former is entirely free.

Antonio de' Allegri was born in 1493 or 1494, at Correggio, a small independent principality in the dutchy of Parma. His father, Pellegrino, was a respectable tradesman; and his uncle, Lorenzo, was an artist of no very brilliant reputation, if the sarcastic intimation of Rinaldo Corsi be correct:—'One of our painters at Correggio, named Master Lorenzo, wishing to delineate a lion, drew a goat, and affixed to it the title of a lion.' If this illustrious son of art ever gave lessons to his nephew, his claims to be considered as the master of Correggio will be easily adjusted. Nothing, in fact, is known respecting the early studies of Antonio. It is not improbable that he received instruction from Tonino Bartolotto: it is possible that he might, at the age of 12, have come in contact with the celebrated Andrea Mantegna, or that he might

'have studied under his sons Ludovico and Francesco, who succeeded to the school established by their father, and might have profited by the rich collection of models and copies, which it contained. This opinion would be strongly corroborated, could we give full credit to the statement of the Abate Lanzi, that several of Correggio's juvenile productions are still preserved at Mantua, and display the germ of future excellence, blended with the stiff and rigid style of the old school. The pictures, however, which he mentions, as attributed to Correggio, are authenticated by evidence too slight, to form a valid foundation for argument.

'The other painter under whom Correggio is said to have studied, was Francesco Bianchi, who was distinguished for his fine colouring and graceful airs, two perfections which eminently mark the works of our painter. From the vicinity of Correggio both to Mantua and Modena, and the reputation which Mantegna and Bianchi enjoyed at the time, we are inclined to assent to the opinion, which has been delivered down by tradition, that, either directly or indirectly, he owed the first improvement of his great talents to these two masters. Correggio did not, however, content himself with a mere mechanical practice of his art; for his pictures display an intimate acquaintance

with the principles of perspective, sculpture, and architecture, as well as with the philosophy of colours; and, above all, his knowledge of anatomy is generally recognized, in his accurate delineation of the human form. From whom he drew his acquaintance with the former sciences is unknown; but his recent biographer, Pungileoni, has enabled us to ascertain his instructor in anatomy: this was Doctor Giambattista Lombardi, a native of Correggio, who had been professor at Bologna, and afterwards at Ferrara. He finally settled in his native town, as physician to Nicolo, a prince of the reigning family, towards the beginning of the 16th century, and was held by him in high consideration.' pp. 19—22.

Amid all this uncertainty, the early distinction of Allegri is placed beyond all doubt, by the fact, that before he had completed his twenty-first year, he was employed to paint the altar-piece of the Franciscan convent at Correggio, for the liberal remuneration, considering his youth, of one hundred ducats, clear of all expenses. This picture represented the Virgin and the infant Saviour, with St. Joseph and St. Francis on either side; its dimensions were about five feet by four. In 1638, the governor, Annibale Molza, permitted a Spanish painter to study from the painting, and the knave took the opportunity of substituting his own copy, and making off with the original. When the theft was discovered, the town was in a complete uproar; a general council was convoked; a large assemblage demanded from the governor vengeance on the spoliators, and a deputation of nobles was sent to the duke of Modena and the bishop of Reggio, requesting permission to prosecute the friars who were charged with conniving at the robbery. The pope, the cardinals, the general and provincial of the Franciscans, were all memorialized; but nothing was done, and the original has never yet been discovered. It seems to us extremely probable, from all the circumstances of the case, that the robber was a mere instrument in the hand of some higher power, and that the only method for recovering the stolen goods would have been, a search warrant for the governor's palace, or an action of trover against the proprietor of the Escorial. It seems, in transactions of a different kind, to have been frequently a part of the bargain for the transfer of a picture, that a good copy should be substituted at the expense of the purchaser. Another altar-piece, painted about the same period, is either destroyed or lost sight of; and the abeyance of these works deprives us of all certain means of ascertaining the early manner of Correggio. The finest remaining specimen of his intermediate style, is the picture, now in the Dresden gallery, formerly distinguished as the St. Pietro Martire, but at present better known by the name of its most

striking figure, the St. George. This noble production executed for the Modenese monks of St. Peter the Martyr, contains a number of figures, in various positions, paying homage to the infant Jesus in his mother's arms. St. George stands on one side, in armour, but bareheaded, and looking off the picture; his bearing is at once graceful and dignified, and so vigorous is the relief of the painting, that he seems to stand out from the canvas.

In July 1520, Antonio married Girolama Merlini, an exquisite beauty of seventeen, whose portrait is supposed to be extant in her husband's delightful picture of the Madonna Zingarella. It was, probably, at no very distant period, that he painted the admirable 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' which has been so often copied by eminent masters, and, among them, Annibal Caracci. Small in size, about eleven inches by eight, it is fraught with unrivalled excellencies. The Virgin, sitting, and the saint, kneeling, are in profile, and the Saviour, represented as a boy of eight or nine years, rests on his mother's lap, with one foot reaching the ground, and the other leg shortened. The expression and effect of this gem of art are inimitably beautiful, and the artist has displayed singular skill in the graceful arrangement of the six hands meeting in the centre of the painting. But this season of his life was chiefly remarkable as the period at which he may be considered as having acquired the peculiar character of his style, and standing forth as the originator of a new and brilliant school of art. He was engaged by the monks of St. John, at Parma, to ornament the cupola and other parts of their church; the date of the agreement appears to have been in 1519.

'The subject is the Ascension of Christ in glory, surrounded by twelve Apostles, seated on the clouds; and in the lunettes the Evangelists, and four Doctors of the church. The situation of the painting presented difficulties which none but so great an artist could have overcome; for the cupola has neither skylight nor windows, consequently the whole effect of the piece must depend on the light reflected from below. The figures of the Apostles are chiefly gigantic, and in a style of peculiar grandeur.' p. 75.

The monks were so much gratified by the labours of Antonio, that, long before he had completed his task, they conferred upon him a patent of confraternity; a privilege then much in request and rarely conferred, entitling him to a share in the spiritual blessings resulting from the masses and good works of brotherhood, and to the *post mortem* benefit of the same offered for the repose of his soul as were performed for the brethren themselves. It was while engaged in this undertaking, that

he painted his celebrated Nativity, now in the Dresden gallery; and universally known under the name of the *Notté*. Of this noble composition we shall insert the description.

• This picture is doubtless the most singular, if not the most beautiful work of this great master. Adopting an idea hitherto unknown to painters, he has created a new principle of light and shade; and in the limited space of nine feet by six, has expanded a breadth and depth of perspective which defies description. The time he has chosen, is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation, proclaimed by the heavenly host, hastened to hail the new-born King and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has, however, thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant, and illuminates the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a groupe of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorising the expression of Scripture, that Christ was the true light of the world. Nor is the art with which the figures are represented, less admirable than the management of the light. The face of the child is skilfully hidden by its oblique position, from the conviction, that the features of a new-born infant are ill adapted to please the eye; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, and yet so disposed, that in bending with maternal fondness over her offspring, it exhibits exquisite beauty, without the harshness of deep shadows. The light strikes boldly on the lower part of her face, and is lost in a fainter glow on the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. The figures of Joseph and the shepherds are traced with the same skilful pencil; and the glow which illuminates the piece, is heightened to the imagination, by the attitude of a shepherdess, bringing an offering of doves, who shades her eyes with her hand, as if unable to sustain the brightness of incarnate Divinity. The glimmering of the rising dawn, which shews the figures in the back ground, contributes to augment the splendor of the principal glory. "The beauty, grace, and finish of the piece," says Mengs, "are admirable, and every part is executed in a peculiar and appropriate style." ' pp. 81 - 85.

It was at nearly the same time that he produced the *St. Jerome*, so warmly eulogized by Annibal Caracci, and the *St. Sebastian*, formerly in the collection of the Dukes of Modena, and now at Dresden. In November 1522, he contracted with the chapter to paint the cupola and other parts of the cathedral at Parma. This great and arduous work he executed with transcendent skill and beauty. The central figures are foreshortened with a science and boldness which drew from Mengs the strongest expressions of astonishment. The peculiar shape and angles of the dome presented difficulties which nothing but the most consummate ability could have overcome; and so

anxious was Correggio to effect his object with perfect accuracy, that he is said to have had many of his designed figures modelled in chalk, before they were painted on the compartments of the cupola. This engagement was not conducted quite so pleasantly as the former transaction with the good monks of St. John. The canons of the cathedral were displeased at the slow progress of the work, and he was disgusted at their ignorant interference. For the sake of variety, he had painted some of his groupes on a smaller scale than usual, and one of his enlightened employers complained that he had given them a fricassee of frogs. So far, indeed, did these profound *cognoscenti* carry their critical disapprobation, that, when Titian visited Parma, they are said to have consulted him on the expediency of cancelling the whole, and to have been diverted from their intention only by his assurance, 'that it was the finest composition he had ever seen.' Correggio did not, however, live long enough to conduct this noble work to a close, for he was prematurely carried off by a malignant fever. He died on the 5th of March 1534, in the 41st year of his age.

In design, it has been usual to place Correggio below the great masters of the Roman and Florentine schools, and we shall not entangle ourselves in the discussions which an inquiry into the grounds of this opinion would necessarily involve. It is, however, obvious to remark, that Correggio's peculiar talent lay in a track untried by Sanzio and Buonaroti. That he was profoundly skilled in the human figure, he has proved in numberless instances, and that he was a master of expression, is not less evident; but his magic colouring, his luminous medium, his harmony and grace, demanded the partial sacrifice, or at least the subserviency, of those severer exhibitions of character and form which mark the style of those distinguished men.

'Correggio appears to have delighted in the expression of the milder passions; and in those of love, affection, and tenderness, he is almost without a rival. He has discriminated, with equal felicity, the different shades of grief; and has beautifully contrasted them in the dead Christ, painted for the church of St. John. It is profound in the Virgin, tender in the Magdalen, and chastened in the third female figure. He has also manifested his power of indicating manly dignity in the St. George; and though he seldom embodies the fiercer passions, he has shewn his ability in that class of expression, by the figure of the executioner, in the Martyrdom of St. Placido, which was copied in the St. Agnes of Domenichino.

'But perhaps the passion which he has represented with the most striking effect, is that of dignified resignation. In the celebrated *Ecce Homo*, or Christ shewn to the Multitude, the divine air of meekness and patient suffering, which he has given to the Redeemer of

mankind, awakens the sublimest emotions, and embodies the animated descriptions of Holy Writ. The same remark applies with equal truth to the Agony of Christ in the Garden.

‘ We cannot close our observations on his powers of expression, without adverting to a beauty which he possessed exclusively; or, at least, shared only with Leonardo da Vinci; namely, the lovely and exquisite smile, which plays on his female countenances, and which has been distinguished by the epithet of the *Corrigesque*, or the grace of Correggio. This trait, as difficult to describe as to imitate, has been happily indicated by Dante, the father of Italian Poetry, in his

‘ “ Della bocca il disiato riso.”—*Inferno*.

‘ In this rare and fascinating expression, Correggio alone was capable of discriminating the precise boundary between grace and affectation, and his delicate pencil was fully competent to execute the conception of his mind. His best copyists, even the Carracci themselves, generally failed in preserving this original feature; and in many modern copies and engravings, it often degenerates into mere grimace.’
pp. 158—161.

Correggio was remarkable for the attention he paid to the quality of his colours; his lakes are peculiarly rich, his white brilliant and permanent, and he was profuse in the employment of ultra-marine.

The life of Parmegiano is a brief but interesting sketch, of which the materials have been chiefly derived from the biographical work of Father Affo, whose researches have detected innumerable errors in all previous accounts. Valuable in its statements of dates and circumstances, this memoir is less substantial in its critical qualities than the history of Correggio. It errs on the side of eulogy: we find ample justice done to the high excellencies of the Parmesan, but very little intimation of his conspicuous faults. His grace, and ease, and fine colouring are duly lauded, but his affectation and theatric air pass with little animadversion. We shall cite, in preference to any of the comments in the present volume, Fuseli’s masterly and discriminating, though somewhat severe criticism of this artist.

‘ The principle of Correggio vanished with its author, though it found numerous imitators of its parts. Since him, no eye has conceived that expanse of harmony with which the voluptuous sensibility of his mind arranged and enchanted all visible nature. His grace, so much vaunted, and so little understood, was adopted and improved to elegance by Francesco Mazzuoli, called Parmegiano; but, instead of making her the measure of propriety, he degraded her to affectation. In Parmegiano’s figures, action is the adjective of the posture; the accident of attitude; they ‘ make themselves air, into which they vanish.’ That disengaged play of elegant forms, the ‘ *Sveltezza*’ of the

Italians, is the prerogative of Parmegiano, though nearly always obtained at the expense of proportion. His grandeur, as conscious as his grace, sacrifices the motive to the mode, simplicity to contrast: his St. John loses the fervour of the Apostle in the orator; his Moses the dignity of the lawgiver in the savage. With incredible force of chiaroscuro, he united bland effects and fascinating hues, but their frequent ruins teach the important lesson, that the mixtures which anticipate the beauties of time, are big with the seeds of premature decay.'

His family and baptismal names were Girolamo Francesco Maria Mazzola; the epithets Parmegiano or Parmegianino are merely indicative of his birth-place. He was born in 1503, of respectable parents, received a liberal education, and displayed an early propensity to the study of painting. He was singularly attractive both in person and manners; his habits were profuse and improvident, and there seems to have been some degree of unsteadiness in his pursuits. He died in August 1540.

An interesting portrait of Correggio is given; it is, indeed, imperfectly authenticated, but the physiognomy is so entirely expressive of the peculiar qualities of the individual, that it *must* be the *vera effigies* of Antonio de' Allegri.

Art. III. *Thoughts chiefly designed as preparative or persuasive to private Devotion.* By John Sheppard, Author of a 'Tour in 1816, with incidental Reflections on Religion; and of an Inquiry on the Duty of Christians respecting War. 8vo. pp. xix. 276. Price 5s. London. 1824.

IT is well observed by Bishop Wilkins, that 'the true happiness of every Christian does properly consist in his spiritual communion with Gsd.' He, therefore, who endeavours to prepare our hearts for devotion, and to excite us to greater earnestness, fervency, and frequency in prayer, aims at the promotion of our highest enjoyment. Criticism might be disarmed of its severity by so benevolent an intention, were it to originate in an uncultivated mind, and to be developed in unpolished language, ordinary ideas, and feeble arguments. But when executed by one who evidently possesses a refined understanding and an elegant taste, combined with genuine religious feeling, we cannot refrain from expressing our cordial wish that the success of the undertaking may be commensurate with the excellence of the design, and exerting all our influence in its favour. In order to satisfy our readers that we do not overrate the qualifications of the Author and the

merits of his performance, we shall give a few specimens of the manner in which Mr. S. *thinks* and writes.

- The volume consists of twenty-four chapters or Essays, under the following heads. I. On a right sense of the Divine greatness. II. On the omnipresence of Deity. III. On the efficacy of prayer. IV. On apathy respecting revealed truth. V. On imperfection of human thought and language. VI. On the greatness of the blessings sought in prayer. VII. On the importance of Divine influence on the thoughts. VIII. On exemption from disease. IX. On intercession for relatives and friends. X. On the moral perfections of the Deity. XI. Praise should be excited. XII. Private worship should be specific. XIII. On the prevalence of good. XIV. On torpor as to spiritual objects. XV. On the intercession of Christ. XVI. On the influence of slothful and sensual inclinations. XVII. On pre-occupation of the mind. XVIII. On recent sin. XIX. On prayer for fellow-Christians. XX. On dejection. XXI. On the power of God to correct. XXII. Want of joy should not discourage prayer. XXIII. Anniversaries should peculiarly prompt us to serious devotion. XXIV. On the capacities for worship in heaven.

Our first extract is selected from the second Essay, 'on the omnipresence of Deity.

' We are apt to attribute to the signs of thought an importance which is not at all essential to them, but which arises (great as it is to us) merely out of our own imperfection. Thought, when unrecorded, still more when unuttered, is, to us, an evanescent thing; which, from its fugitive unfixed character, seems hardly to have a real subsistence. And hence proceeds much illusion, both with regard to the extent of our moral responsibility, and the nature of prayer. It is not only our imperfection which needs these signs, but they are likewise, although to us most precious, exceedingly imperfect in themselves. Language dies in the very utterance. Inscriptions, even on brass and marble, perish. Writings and books, the most valuable repositories of thought, are more perishing still, and can only be perpetuated by renewal. Thus none of those symbols of thought, on which all our present knowledge, even the knowledge of a Saviour, and of eternal life depends, (and which, therefore, may be regarded as the best gifts of God's providence,) are permanent, or indelible. *They*, on the contrary, are the truly evanescent things. When "the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up," those *works* in which the thoughts of human genius and erudition have been for ages treasured, and, as it were embalmed, will become fuel for that awful pile, as many like them have already perished in lesser conflagrations, and by other modes of destruction. We know not that even the records of revelation will be excepted

from this doom. But, when all mortal signs both of error and truth are effaced, truth will remain perfect and unchanged in the Divine Mind, where also every thought of every thinking being must eternally dwell, or at least can be obliterated by no cause, except the Divine volition.

‘ It would be a denial of God’s omniscience, a supposition of imperfection in the Deity, not to believe this.

‘ We are not, however, hence to infer, that silent or mental prayer is usually desirable for us even in secret. On account of our weak and limited nature, it is probably for the most part otherwise. The utterance of words contributes to fix and form our thoughts, to give them order and connexion, and even to affect our hearts more deeply; we recognise more fully by this means the reality and continuity of prayer, and are more guarded against its distractions and inconstancies. Yet the firm persuasion that mental prayer is effective, and that we may really address an ever-present God, like that devout petitioner who “spoke in her heart,” (even although our “lip” should not “move” as did hers,) is of great value, as encouraging a habit which can make every place and scene an *oratory*; a habit which will best prepare us for those last moments or hours of earthly devotion, (we trust by far the most fervent and most blest,) when the tongue, the lip, the hand, the eye, shall successively fail in their weak and transient offices, but when the Spirit shall more closely commune with Him, as our Father, “who hath come unto us, and made his abode with us.” ’ pp. 13—16.

The fifteenth Essay, ‘ On the encouragement which the Intercession of Christ affords to Prayer,’ opens thus :

‘ When I consider how defective, how mean, and how defiled are the most solemn of my devotional services, I might well despond of their being any way acceptable to the Deity, or procuring for me any communication of his mercy and favour, were it not for the peculiar way of access and acceptance revealed. Not only my previous character of an offender, but the offences contained in acts of worship might suffice to defeat my hopes. If a petitioner were to approach the most exalted, benevolent, and venerable of men, without manifesting any due impression of his dignity and excellence; if he were visibly and audibly to manifest the contrary, by unseemly gestures, and by wandering, incoherent, and even disgraceful expressions, mingling in every part of his professed supplication; if that supplication, though not a precomposed form, were evidently in many of its parts, mechanical; a sort of half-conscious exercise of memory, combined with vague desire; while the mind was chiefly occupied with the irrelevant and often base imaginations, which seemed interposed as insults to the majesty and patience of the hearer;—what should we augur of the reception and success of such a suppliant? Would not the servants or the friends of the personage addressed, be ready to remove the intruder unanswered, except by reproof? But my addresses to One who is ineffably more august and venerable than any created being, have often corresponded to this description, and

have always, more or less, partaken of this character. For thoughts and feelings not vocally expressed, are quite as substantial and apparent before the Omniscient God, as those which are uttered; they form, undeniably, as real a part of the action of the mind during any act of worship, as the confessions, petitions, or adorations, verbally pronounced. What then would be the texture and series of my prayers, if all the ideas and emotions which arise during their continuance, could be submitted to the view of others and my own, as they unquestionably are to the view of Him "that searcheth the hearts!" Would not the irreverent confusion and impious intermixture of things sacred and profane, solemn and trivial, spiritual and carnal, be enough to mortify the pride of a Stoic, and confound the self-righteousness of a Pharisee? If such a copy of the acts of my soul during secret devotion, could be faithfully noted down and set before me, it would certainly confirm in a most humbling manner, my conviction of spiritual weakness and depravity, and might justly induce despair of such services being well-pleasing to God; were it not for the consoling and cheering assurance that Jesus "ever liveth to make intercession for us:" that "we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, though without sin." It is in this belief alone, that I can, or ought to "come boldly unto the throne of grace;" but *with* this belief, notwithstanding the experience and the foresight of exceeding imperfection and unworthiness in my offerings, I may "have access with confidence." ' pp. 145—48.

The following appropriate and beautiful illustration occurs in the twenty-second Essay, entitled, 'We are not to be discouraged in prayer by the want of sensible fervour and joy.'

'We can imagine two seamen navigating the opposite extremities of the same broad ocean. On one, the sun has genially risen, and cheers his heart as it scatters brightness over the rippling waves. A favourable gale springs up. He is bid weigh anchor and hoist all sail. He obeys with alacrity and delight. There is no sense of fatigue or reluctance: with every strain of the cable his heart bounds homeward: he seems to descry already the cliffs of his native shore, and his loud cheers keep time with his animated efforts.—On the other, the dew of night is falling, or the sharp blast whistles round him. Every star is hidden. The vessel makes no way. Nothing can be seen, and he hears only the gloomy dash of the billow. He is directed to ascend the mast, to reef a sail, to labour at the pump. He steadily obeys: but it is in sadness. His heart is heavy, and his eye dull. No lively anticipation of the desired haven visits his mind. No note of animation or pleasure is heard. Still he continues instant in toil. Will it be said that this man shows no genuine trust and allegiance? Rather, surely, that the principle of faith or confidence in the master of the vessel is much more decisively proved and exhibited in his situation, than in that of the first named.' pp. 219, 220.

Mr. S. has shewn us at the close of the first Essay, that he can happily embody his *Thoughts* in verse. He has been endeavouring to illustrate the different degrees of real devotion in Christian worship, arising from a more profound and a feebler sense of the Divine being and greatness, by imagining three idolatrous worshippers of the Sun, engaged in their superstitious adoration at midnight, 'so that their sentiments or contemplations cannot be immediately derived from outward perceptions.' He supposes one of these to have such a knowledge of the magnitude and distance of the glorious luminary which he has converted into a God as modern astronomy teaches; another, though destitute of that information, is an admiring observer of the facts and appearances which indicate the Sun's power and influence; and the third is represented as 'not having been at all accustomed to the contemplation of nature, or not feeling the importance of realizing the attributes of the object adored.' 'This last,' Mr. S. remarks, 'can hardly be said to believe that the *Sun* exists. He believes in the existence of a something so called; but, not investing the object by steadfast contemplation with any of its attributes, the belief seems to be in a sign, rather than in that which is signified,' 'Has not my worship,' he adds, 'of the infinitely glorious Creator, sometimes, for want of preparation, thoughts of his majesty, partaken of this character?'

'Bethink thee, slumberer, *whom* thou wouldst adore!
 Not that illustrious idol; but the Power
 Who lighted up its lustre; in whose grasp
 The fancied God, by sages idoliz'd
 That knew not half its grandeur, the vast orb
 Whose bright diameter a hundred earths
 Would scanty measure, is but as a lamp;
 One midst the countless lamps his hand upholds
 And feeds with brightness.—From this solar lamp
 Whose shining mass a million-fold exceeds
 Our "atom world," yet by remoteness shrinks
 To a mere disk, *He* bids the radiance fall
 On every rolling mountain of the floods,
 On every trembling drop that gems the plains;
 Tinge with its rosy touch the giant peaks
 Of the firm Andes, and the bending cup
 Of the minutest flower: exhale at morn
 The dews that fertilize a hemisphere,
 And dry some swift ephemeron's folded wing;
 Blaze in its torrid strength o'er sandy zones,
 Yet cheer the living microscopic mote
 Which flutters in its glow.—Thou worshipping Him

Who fix'd this gorgeous lamp, but who can quench
 And spare its splendour ; can reveal his works
 And bless them, were that orb extinct, and heaven
 Grown starless at his word : who, when he made
 Thee, conscious spirit, of the Eternal Mind
 Reflective, wrought a work more marvellous,
 More sumptuous, than a galaxy of suns !
 He is the Sun of spirits, and his beams
 Of all-pervading, all awakening thought,
 Irradiate every angel's intellect,
 Yet touch with gentlest light an infant soul !' p. 6.

We have been much pleased with Nos. VI. and XXIII.; we cannot afford room for any further quotations. The ninth Essay, 'on the importance of Divine influence on the thoughts,' is treated in a very interesting manner, though it is not quite so perspicuous as we could wish. Indeed, the author's principal fault appears to be, an occasional obscurity, which is increased by some of his sentences being of an moderate length. As the work is calculated for extensive circulation and general utility, we think that Mr. S. has given rather too much indulgence to a philosophical and metaphysical taste ; and, on this ground, we should like to see the th and fourteenth Essays considerably modified and simplified, nor should we regret the entire omission of the ended Notes. The parentheses are by far too numerous, many of the Italic words had better have retained the roman type. The frequent use of Italics is a reflection on the earnestment and penetration of the reader ; and perhaps Mr. S. should cease to be so partial to sentences in the midst of paragraphs, when we remind him of Lindley Murray's severe censure of a parenthesis, but which we are far from intending personally to apply,—'the perplexed method of dissolving of some thought, which a writer wants judgement to introduce in its proper place.'

It would, in our estimation, have been an improvement, if the Essays had been addressed to the reader, instead of assuming the form of soliloquies. Though egotism cannot with any fairness be imputed to the Writer, on the ground of the form of expression he has adopted, yet, the repeated introduction of the pronoun I, will call our attention to the person who speaks or writes, even though we know that he intends us to apply his observations to ourselves. Hoping that these few critical hints and suggestions will be as candidly received as they are kindly intended, we must again express our decided approbation of this excellent little volume.

Art. IV. *Supplementary Annotations on Livy* : designed as an Appendix to the Editions of Drakenborch and Crevier : with some prefatory Strictures on the present State of Classical Learning in Great Britain. By John Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. pp. xlix. 290. 8vo. Price 12s. London, 1823.

IN a copious and rather desultory preface, the Author of these Annotations refers to the dissolution of his connexion as Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, the circumstances of which are briefly detailed. To *him*, the entire history of that transaction is highly creditable : it conveys the most honourable testimony to his Christian integrity. The resignation of his employments, and the abandonment of his honours and prospects, when he could no longer conscientiously exercise the functions of a minister of the Established Church of England and Ireland, was a noble sacrifice ; and it forms a striking contrast to the compromising principles upon which so many others have been able to subdue their scruples, and to retain their offices and emoluments within its pale. What Mr. Walker might now have been if he had less faithfully followed the guidance of the monitor within, it may not perhaps be easy to conjecture. He, however, counted the cost ; his probity has had its trial ; and we are glad to learn that, at this distance of time, a distance of nearly twenty years, he has never regretted the relinquishment of his former situation with all its advantages. We have read his statements with interest and sympathy, and we sincerely wish him the continued and increasing enjoyment of the pleasures of a good conscience.

In his prefatory strictures, Mr. Walker complains of the decline of classical learning in this country ; not that he would seem to apprehend any great actual diminution in the number of classical teachers, compared with those of former periods ; nor does he ground any of his objections on a supposed falling off in the circulation of classical books : his complaints respect quality, rather than quantity. Both the instructions and the publications of classical professors appear to him wanting in the qualifications essential to the attainment of the object for which a classical education is chiefly desirable—‘ a correct judgement and taste.’ This object is unquestionably one of primary importance, among those for which a literary culture is provided ; and if there be a failure of the former, it is not unreasonable to attribute it to the defects or errors of the latter. The popularity which so many recent works have obtained, that are as much to be censured for a careless and incorrect diction, as they are to be admired for the brilliant genius which they display, has to many sober persons appeared ominous of

a corruption of the national taste, if not a proof that its deterioration has already commenced. It is not, however, from vouchers of this description that Mr. Walker makes his report; nor has he adduced in support of his representations, any evidence derived from a survey of the great public seminaries of classical education in England. It is to the character of the Scholars of this country as writers, that he devotes the considerations of his preface, and to their defects that he ascribes the impoverished state of classical learning. 'If,' he remarks, 'scholars, in the prosecution of classical learning, had given the due prominence of attention to objects of many taste; I conceive that classical learning would not have lost its hold, so much as it has, on the public feeling.' Now whatever may be said on the other side, either by those who would dispute the correctness of the Author's assumption, or by those who would account for the alleged decline on different principles, and attribute the decreasing interest of classical literature to other causes, there is, we apprehend, some show of reason in Mr. Walker's complaints. The excessive attention which the more eminent scholars of this country have bestowed on verbal criticism, is one of the circumstances, perhaps the principal circumstance, to which the Author ascribes the fact which he assumes as indisputable. Remarks from an editor on the beauties of his author, or in explanation of his sentiments and his diction, seem, Mr. Walker remarks, to be excluded by a rule which has been practically established by the most critical editors of the Classics. 'And where any, like professor Heyne, have departed from that rule, their vague and meagre notices of undefined elegancies, in structure or in phrase, have little contributed to the refinement of the taste or information of the judgement.' We are not insensible to the value of those means by which the text of an ancient writer must be purified, or to the accomplished scholarship which has rendered illustrious the names of many editors of the Classics; we are thankful for their labours, and hold them in high respect. A correct text is the first object of attention to a critical editor, and it must be the result of very varied and ample erudition. But, with these admissions, it is not, we think, to be denied, that the passion for emendatory criticism among the scholars of our own times and country, has been in some respects injurious, though in others beneficial, to the cause of learning. It has been not only excessive, but almost exclusive. And in this location, a critical editor may, possibly, be labouring only to the detriment of his author: the errors which require to be corrected, and the obscurities which should be removed or elucidated, may be overlooked, where the keenest scrutiny of

verbal anomalies has been employed. The criticism from which a reader shall receive the proper means of improvement, should be enlightened, liberal, and comprehensive. It is to a deficiency of this kind of criticism that Mr. Walker refers. He has no objection to the niceties and abstrusities of criticism. 'I am,' he remarks, 'very well satisfied that *some* should devote their whole lives to the study of the Greek Choral Metres; if they be only as liberal in clearing the path for others, as they are industrious in pursuing it for themselves.' But there are, we agree with him in thinking, higher and more useful results than these verbal niceties, which the less learned have reason to expect from scholars of superior pretensions. The diffusion, in a state of advanced improvement, of that knowledge which is to enlarge, to purify, and to exalt the human faculties, to meliorate the institutions of society, and to establish and amplify the liberty of mankind, is within the scope of their obligations, and within the reach of their exertions. The extent to which classical literature may be made available for the promotion of objects like these, cannot be mistaken or underrated by any enlightened scholar, or considered as of little account, even by those persons who may be disposed to regard its uses and its facilities as belonging rather to the embellishments of society than to the higher interests and destiny of men. In either case, the services of the classical editors of this country will probably be regarded as less meritorious than the celebrity which some of them have acquired would seem to imply. To enter fully into the subject, would lead us into a wider field of discussion than we are at liberty to traverse. Thus much, however, we may say; that if the names of the most celebrated and instructive authors of antiquity be passed through the minds of our readers, the instances will not, we think, be found very numerous, in which the labours of modern scholars in England have been extensively and beneficially applied to their correction and interpretation.

If, with the real knowledge of the classics, 'the interests of all correct taste, all sound literature, and all solid science also, are inseparably connected,' every indication of its decline must be considered as threatening evils of too serious a kind to be viewed without alarm. The prevention of the implied consequences becomes not only a useful, but a necessary care. That the consequences may be prevented, and the credit of classical learning be restored, is the opinion of the present Annotator. The means of correction and improvement are, he thinks, at hand, and require only to be vigorously employed that they may be completely successful. Some of

the proposed remedies are suggested in the following paragraph.

‘ Why should not the Universities employ their scholars and their printing presses, for supplying our schools with proper editions of the Classics ; and with all the literary apparatus needful for their study ?—Why should not the two Universities of England throw open their gates *for education* to the Dissenters,—(as the one University in Ireland has long done with safety,)—however they might still confine their emoluments and their offices to those who conform to the religion of the state ? Why rather should not the Dissenters of England—(with whom, however, either in a religious or political view, I should be very sorry to be considered as making a common cause)—why should not a body so numerous, so wealthy, and so powerful, have such a seminary for the highest education, as should rival our Universities in literary character, though not in opulence or splendour ? The continued want of any such seminary is at once their opprobrium, and one of the glaring evidences of the decline of solid learning in the country. It is not by the opening of Theological Academies for the education of *non-conforming* ministers, that the want can be really supplied.’ Pref. xxii.

These proposed remedies will, we apprehend, be regarded by persons not less acquainted with the Universities and with the Dissenters than Mr. Walker, as insufficient for the removal of the evils which are supposed to exist, or for the securing of the advantages which are represented as so important and desirable. One of the remedies, it appears, has been applied in Ireland, where Dissenters are admitted, in common with Churchmen, to the benefits of a University education. Is the state of classical learning, then, more flourishing in Ireland, than it is in England ? Are the educated classes there more distinguished for correctness of judgement and taste, than those of this country ? Have the classics been edited with a decided superiority of learning and adaptation to usefulness by Irish scholars ? Are the evidences of an erudite and accomplished education more common and more decisive among the gownsmen of Trinity College, Dublin, than they are among the gownsmen of Trinity College, Cambridge ? If these queries should receive a negative answer, it will be reasonable to infer, that the remedy in question would not be sufficient to effect the object for which it is proposed. We can easily understand that the admission of Dissenters into the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, might be a means of extending the advantages which those seats of learning confer ; but, as no essential difference in the pursuits of learning, or in the inducements to engage in them, could be consequent on the introduction of Dissenters, we cannot so easily perceive that this measure,

would be in favour of a better cultivation of Classical literature. The admission of Dissenters would only increase the number of residents ; it would not supply either better means, or stronger motives than those which exist. We are not disputing either the benefit to Dissenters of a superior education, or the reasonableness of admitting them to a full participation of its advantages, by throwing open to them the gates of the Universities ; but we are referring to such a measure simply as a means of advancing to higher degrees of excellence ' the real knowledge of the Classics.' To the proposal of increasing the number of correct and useful editions of the Classics from the University presses, we subscribe our cordial approbation. Who does not regret that the publication of such a work as Dr. Maltby's edition of Morell's *Thesaurus* from the Cambridge press, is so rare an occurrence ? Or that the editions of Cicero and Livy from the Clarendon press, are only republications of Ernesti's and Drakenborch's texts ?

Mr. Walker has been very careful not to identify himself with the Dissenters of England ; he likes not either their religious or their political character. He has, however, shewn himself friendly to their reputation in one respect, and has thrown out a suggestion in reference to an object which he considers as closely connected with their importance in society. Why, he asks, should not a body so numerous, so wealthy, and so powerful, have such a seminary for the highest education, as should rival our Universities in literary character ? The continued want of such a seminary, he pronounces to be at once their opprobrium, and one of the glaring evidences of the decline of solid learning in the country. As such a seminary has never existed among Dissenters, we cannot perceive the cogency of the proof which would seem to be relied on in this last assertion. That such a seminary has not been instituted by Dissenters, is, perhaps, owing to the circumstance, that, though they are numerous and wealthy, they are not a *body*. There are not either common feelings or common interests to unite them in a measure of this nature. The project of a Dissenting University will appear little less than visionary, we think, to persons whose acquaintance with the several classes of Dissenters is sufficiently particular and extensive to enable them to form a competent opinion on the subject. Admitting the desirableness and the utility of such an institution, the difficulties which must suggest themselves to the consideration of persons favourable to its establishment, are so numerous and so formidable as to forbid their cherishing the hope of seeing its commencement. Funds, permanent endowments, and other necessary means of support must

be provided. Whence shall they be obtained? Dissenters have no spells to bind on the consciences of men, from the operation of which they might receive the chattels and the lands of the dying as bequests to pious uses. Their ministers perform no masses, enjoin no penances; they have no purgatory in their creed; these sources of ecclesiastical revenue would supply nothing towards rendering them wealthy. Their customary method of raising supplies must be their only dependence,—voluntary contribution. It is a University that is contemplated, not a number of separate, independent Colleges. Would it not be a previous point, to consult on the propriety of relinquishing the several academies for the education of 'Non-conforming Ministers,' and of consolidating their respective funds in aid of the new Institution? Or, shall these be preserved distinct, and retain their original character as Theological seminaries, a residence in which shall still be deemed requisite after the completion of a University education, or during the intervals of University vacations? Will it be necessary to obtain the concurrence of *all* Dissenters in the project? If so, is there the probability that a system of primary articles in which they shall all agree, can be provided? If the union of all Dissenters be not considered as an essential preliminary, will the proposed Institution answer the end for which it is wanted? Shall subscription to articles of faith be required as a condition of admission to the new Institution? Or shall pledges be taken from the resident conductors of its business, for the profession of any definite tenets of religion? These are some of the questions which will obviously occur in connexion with the proposed measure. There are many others which must be considered. It would, we know, be quite easy for some persons to sit down, and devise a plan, in which buildings, localities, revenues, professors, masters, a rector, or chancellor, modes of education, and every other requisite of a University should appear very distinctly. But the question must necessarily be viewed in reference to the existing state of Dissenters; and so viewed, it is, we think, a question of impracticabilities.

Whether there be any urgent considerations which may be supposed to interest Dissenters generally in the question, is, we conceive, doubtful. It is quite obvious, that 'the highest education' is not required for their ministers, who are but too frequently selected apart from every consideration of learning, and whose qualifications are expected to be of a different kind from those which it is the design of an University education to impart. For classical attainments in Dissenting Ministers,

there is scarcely any demand among Dissenters. There are but few other offices or situations among Dissenters, that require from candidates even so much as a superficial acquaintance with ancient literature; and therefore, though we agree with Mr. Walker, that the opening of Theological Academies for Non-conforming Ministers will never supply the place of a seminary for the highest classical learning, yet, we think that they are fully adequate to confer all the learning which those who have the choosing of non-conforming ministers, are concerned about finding in them.

One object which would be in some minds connected with the existence of a Dissenting University, the obtaining of degrees, is abundantly provided for by other means. There are degrees which are somewhat rare among Dissenters, but they are such as indicate inferior graduation: of the higher titles there is an ample number. A. B. is an appendage which is, we believe, altogether unknown among Dissenting divines; M.A. sometimes glitters at the end of a name; but of LL.D.'s and D.D.s, there is quite a galaxy. Where, then, the highest honours are so profusely obtained by Dissenters, without a Dissenting University, what inducement is there to found such an institution for the denomination, from which literary titles may be derived?

Previous connexion with one or other of the two Universities, is considered as at least affording facilities in respect to the higher branches of the legal profession; and so long as the excluding statutes are in operation, which forbid the honours and emoluments of office to be conferred upon Dissenters, University residence, either at Oxford or Cambridge, will be regarded as affording peculiar advantages to young men preparing for their entrance into public life. Would the establishment of a Dissenting University be the means of providing an effective substitute for the advantages of connexion with Oxford or Cambridge? We should imagine not. The latter would still retain its superiority. We know the charm which subsists in a name, the importance which antiquity confers upon Institutions of royal and noble foundation, the effect of association, where present circumstances bring an ardent mind into connexion with the illustrious men of former times. We know the difference too between eligibility to the highest offices and entire exclusion from offices. Even if the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, the advantages of University residence would remain nearly, or altogether the same. The inferior estimation in which any new Academic Institution on a large scale among Dissenters would necessarily be held, must present to the projectors of any such object

a further check to their zeal, and should induce them to count well the cost before they begin to build. We advert to this point because we well know that it is among the anticipations and purposes of some persons who have thought of the subject, to provide by such means for the equal eligibility of Dissenters to the honours and offices of the State.

We have Mr. Walker's Annotations before us, and must therefore attend to our proper business as Reviewers. Before, however, we dismiss the present topic, we would express our hope, that the restrictions which exclude professed Dissenters from the English Universities will in time be removed. They ought to be the Universities of the nation, not of the Church. They are no more the property, on the original tenures of their endowment, of the Protestant Church of England, than they are of the Protestant Dissenters. Many of the Statutes of their founders are a dead letter: the conditions of the grant by which much of their wealth has been conveyed, are not being fulfilled. There can, therefore, be no irresistible force in the arguments which are so pertinaciously urged in support of the restrictive system, derived from the design of the founders of those ancient Institutions, and asserting the principle of justice as opposed to innovation. The progress of knowledge will effect, we are persuaded, changes in the state of society equally great with the object to which we have alluded, when the obligations of religion shall be exhibited apart from the means and the rewards of learning. Then, the classic groves on the banks of the Isis and the Cam will no longer be interdicted ground; and the invitations which encourage the aspirants after literary honour to press forward to those venerable shades; will be addressed to them without the restriction which at present qualifies them. *Cuncti adsint, meritaq. expectent Præmia, Palmæ.*

An edition of Livy in seven volumes octavo, intended to combine the advantages of Crevier's and Drakenborch's editions of the Roman Historian, with original notes, was published several years ago by Mr. Walker, under the sanction of the University of Dublin. The knowledge and use of this edition seem to be nearly confined to the sister kingdom, as the Author complains in his preface, that he was unable, with the assistance of his friends, to introduce it to the notice of the scholars of this country. That edition we never had an opportunity of seeing; but if the notes before us afford a tolerably fair means of estimating the value of Mr. Walker's former editorial labours, we should say, that they are not less worthy of being patronised, than those of some other editors which have become better known. He may perhaps be right in his conjecture, that the

booksellers of this country would not be very forward to support the copy-right publications of the University of Dublin; but he is, we should hope, mistaken, when he attributes the unpopularity of his Livy to the control of the trade over Reviewers. Our own Journal, we assure him, is under no such control; nor are booksellers, any more than authors, able to influence our proceedings. The success of a publication is often the consequence of adventitious circumstances, which even those Lords of Literature, the booksellers, cannot prevent, and which the whole fraternity of Reviewers are unable to direct.—Mr. Walker's edition of Livy may be a very meritorious publication, though it is little known, and still less used, on this side of the Irish channel.

Of Mr. Walker's qualifications for the office which he has undertaken, the volume now before us contains most respectable proofs. Livy never came into the hands of a scholar who felt more forcibly or more warmly the impression of his excellencies, or was prepared to accompany him through his narrative with greater animation and delight. The Roman Historian never had a more zealous guardian of his fame. He has not, indeed, entered into any formal discussion of the merits of his author, compared with other writers on the Roman affairs; he has not endeavoured to establish the credibility of particular events which have been considered as of doubtful character; nor have we any critical dissertations on the merits of the History as a composition; but the occasions are not few in which we find, in addition to matter purely critical and emendatory, observations discriminative of the varied excellencies of Livy's writing, and distinguishing its beauties. The office which Mr. Walker has undertaken, is simply that of an Annotator; and much of the labour which he has employed, is directed to the determination of the value of readings sanctioned by preceding commentators, or neglected by them, and particularly to those in respect to which the editions of Drakenborch and Crevier differ from each other; his opinion being generally in favour of the superiority of the French critic. Mr. Walker shews himself to be well versed in the niceties of construction, and in the knowledge of the power of verbal expressions; his penetration is acute and accurate, seldom misleading his judgement; and the emendations which he proposes, are frequently improvements, and always entitled to consideration. We shall copy some of these Annotations as a sample of the collection. In the following observations, we think the Author is wrong: they relate to the description of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, Livy lib. i. c. 25.

There is an expression, at the close of the narrative, which I think calls for some remark; though from the silence of the commentators it seems to have presented to them no difficulty. *Romani ovantes ac gratulantes Horatium accipiunt; eò majore cum gaudia, quò prope metum res fuerat.* What might seem at first view the most obvious interpretation of these words, is certainly inconsistent with the preceding narrative. The matter had been more than *prope metum*; for, at one period of the combat, we are told that—*Romanas legiones jam spes tota, nondum tamen cura, deseruerat, examines vice unitis, &c.* Assuredly therefore Livy does not mean to tell us, that the Romans had been almost afraid of the issue. I conceive his meaning to be, that the success of their champion had followed close upon their apprehension for his safety;—that their joy at his triumph was the greater, from the suddenness with which it succeeded their fear of his defeat.

But Livy makes no reference to the suddenness of the champion's success, and *prope metum* has evidently no other meaning than as it denotes the perilous state of the combat as against the Romans. Nor is the phrase *prope metum*, as Mr. Walker supposes, at all inconsistent with the *spes tota deseruerat* of a preceding sentence; the expressions referring clearly to different times and states of the combat, and the former being limited to the case of the surviving Horatius. The Romans had given up every expectation of victory when they saw two of their champions fall, *spes tota deseruerat*; but when they beheld Horatius uninjured in fight, separating by stratagem the three Curiatii, all of whom were wounded, the probability of success immediately dawned upon them; and when the first of the Curiatii was slain, the Romans cheered their champion, *clamore, qualis ex insperato juvenitum solet*, in the manner customary with those who receive unlooked for advantages. The issue of the combat, however, was still doubtful; as depending on their surviving champion, it was to the Romans *prope metum*. And as the issue was to determine their sovereignty or their subjection, the Historian referring, at the close of the description, to this state and period of the combat, describes the apprehension of the Romans as being that of fear or doubt, *prope metum res fuerat*. The Romans received the victor Horatius with joy so much the greater as the case with respect to him, and depending upon him, had been exceedingly perilous.

Lib. I. c. 27. *Ubi satis subisse sese ratus est, erigit totam aciem.*

Crevier seems to me altogether to mistake the meaning of the word *erigit* in this passage. His interpretation is—"Stare jubet; ubi enim agmen sistitur, miles et corpus et hastam erigit."—Livy has told us that the Alban chief at first slowly approached the hills—*sensim ad montes succedit*. But now, when he has drawn sufficiently

near them, he makes a more rapid movement up the mountains. Of this use of the verb *erigere* we have a decisive example in III. 18. *in clivum Capitolinum erigit aciem*. So also X. 26. *Scipio...loco adjurandam paucitatem suorum militum ratus, in collem...aciem erexit* :—for thus certainly we ought to read the passage, and not *in colle*, as it stands in all the editions which I have examined, except Ruddiman's. The alteration is supported by a few MSS. but, independently of all MSS., I conceive there can be no doubt that it restores the genuine reading. The phrase *agmen in collem erigere* occurs also in Sil. Ital. III. 512.'

No critical reader can hesitate to receive the interpretation given by Mr. Walker as the true one : Crevier is obviously in error. To the instances quoted above, many others might be added equally pertinent, or more decisive :—in *adversos montes agmen erigeret*. 2. 31.—*erigere agmen in tumulum*. 7. 34.—in *adversum clivum erigitur agmen*. 9. 31.—*montes proximos...eo et Romana erigitur acies*. 43.—*erigere in montes agmen*. 10. 14. The description of the demolition of Alba, C. 29. which Mr. Walker has commended to the youthful reader as a study worthy of his closest attention, is a fine specimen of Livy's descriptive powers, and merits all the praise which the Annotator has bestowed upon it. The entire paragraph is most exquisitely written : not even a poet could have represented the entire scene with more striking effect.

' Lib. I. c. 43. *In his accensi cornicines tubicinesque, in tres centurias distributi*.

' The editors generally suppose that Livy here states *three* distinct descriptions of persons, thrown into three centuries : but whom we are to understand by the *accensi*, they are quite at a loss to say. Perizonius alone seems to intimate, that the word *accensi* is to be taken for *accensi sunt* ; and I have little doubt but that this was Livy's meaning. But I am also strongly disposed to think, that we should read (with one M.S.) *INTER centurias distributi*, instead of *in tres*. The *cornicines* and *tubicines* were rated and assessed with the fifth class ; but not forming distinct centuries of their own, nor in the military levy taking the field together, but distributed among the other centuries, as there was occasion for them. We may easily account for the change of *inter* by the copyists to *in tres* ; and for the confirmation of the error by the supposition that *accensi* was a substantive. The proposed change also will give an *odd* number for the sum of all the centuries ; and that it was so is more than probable.'

This proposed correction is ingenious, but not, we think, of unquestionable character. Mr. Walker's reference to the *accensi* would seem to exclude the meaning of the word as an appellative noun. But the *accensi* are mentioned as attendants upon the magistrates, L. 3. c. 33. Dr. Adams;

in his account of the *Decemviri*, (Roman Antiquities, p. 156. Ed. 1801.) has strangely mistaken the meaning of this passage of Livy. 'The twelve *fascēs*,' he states, 'were carried before him who was to preside, and his nine colleagues were attended by a single officer, called ACCENSUS, Liv. iii. 33.' What Livy says, is, that each of the nine was attended by an *accensus*,—'collegis novem singuli accensi adparebant.'

'Lib. II. c. 5. *Quum inter omne tempus pater, vultusque et os ejus, spectaculo esset, eminente animo patrio inter publicæ pænæ ministerium.*

'I am persuaded that Crevier rightly interprets the latter words:—*the feelings of the father being obviously distinguishable, during the execution which he superintended as the public magistrate.* There is an evident antithesis between the words *patrio* and *publicæ*: and the sense assigned to *eminente* is abundantly confirmed by numerous classical authorities. Let two suffice from Cicero. Pro S. Rosc. Amer. 41. *Quod, quo studiosius ab ipsis opprimitur et absconditur, eo magis eminet et apparet.* V. In Verr. 62. *Ardebant oculi: toto ore crudelitas eminebat.*—Drakenborch indeed gives another, and a most strange interpretation of the words. And I am aware that Dionysius and others relate, that Brutus viewed the execution of his sons without betraying any emotion. But I confess, I think that Livy shews better taste in the narrative: and in a matter of such remote antiquity, circumstances of this kind must be described according to the taste of the narrator.'

'C. 15. *Non in regno populum Romanum, sed in libertate esse.*

'This is another passage, on which I could wish that the commentators—generally so liberal of their expositions—had not been absolutely silent. I cannot persuade myself that the real meaning of the words is—what they might be supposed most obviously to present—that the Roman people were not now under a kingly government, but in the enjoyment of a free constitution. Did not Porsena know this fact, without their informing him of it? But I conceive, that the words are intended to confirm the immediately preceding sentiment—*nisi in perniciem suam faciles esse vellent.* In a kingly government, the Roman people had (as it were) no existence, i. e. were of no weight in the state; *in regno non esse populum Romanum*,—or *nullum esse*:—their political being therefore was involved in their liberty.'

'Lib. IV. c. 20. *ea libera conjectura est. Sed (ut ego arbitror) vana versare in omnes opiniones licet quum auctor pugnae, &c.*

'I conjecture that these words ought to be very differently pointed; as follows:—*ea libera conjectura est, sed, ut ego arbitror, vana; (versare in omnes opiniones licet) quum auctor pugnae, &c.* That is—"this may afford another conjecture, [viz. about the time when Cossus won the *spolia opima*] which any who please are at liberty to adopt; the field of conjectural opinion being open on all sides: but, in my judgment, the conjecture is idle; as Cossus himself has left it on record that he was Consul when he won the spoils."

‘ On the question itself, concerning the proper nature of the *spolia opima*, I would observe, in opposition to Perizonius and most of the commentators, that I hold the authority of Livy, Plutarch, Dio, and others, as of much greater weight, than the supposed assertion of Varro, which we have at second hand through Festus,—*opima spolia etiam esse, si manipularis miles detraxerit, dummodo duci hostium*. If Varro ever said so,—(and Perizonius himself confesses that Festus is mistaken on other points)—I conceive that he must have used the term *opima spolia* in that laxer sense, in which it occurs, xxiii. 46. and which Livy here sets aside by the words—*caritè opima spolia habentur, quæ dux duci detraxit*. To me it appears very improbable, that the highest military honour among the Romans, which none but three persons ever attained, should have been open even to common soldiers. It appears also little consistent with the origin of the custom, and the recorded language of Romulus at the dedication of the first spoils:—*hæc tibi victor Romulus rex regia arma fero*. i. 10.—But I am still more strongly persuaded, that the opinion which Crevier hazards is unwarrantable; namely, that Livy in this chapter purposely obscures historic truth, in order to ingratiate himself with Augustus. That imputation is abundantly repelled by the freedom and manly spirit, with which he expresses himself in various passages of his history, and which appears even in his preface, when he speaks of—*hæc tempora, quibus nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus*.’

Crevier is certainly right in representing the account given by Livy in Lib. iv. c. 20, as very obscure. That Cossus was only a military tribune when he slew Tolumnius, and deposited the *spolia opima* in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, is repeated by Livy, c. 32. The reason assigned by Crevier to account for the confusion apparent in the text of Livy, is unfavourable, certainly, to the reputation of the Historian. But, though Crevier has, in this instance, hazarded an opinion which imputes unfair dealing to Livy, justice requires that the imputation should be limited to the particular circumstance which is the subject of that editor's animadversion. The testimony borne by Crevier to the independence and probity of Livy, is ample and decisive: no editor, not even Mr. Walker himself, could more explicitly or more strongly assert his integrity as a writer. ‘ *Nec vero eloquentia tantum claruit Livii, sed laudatur et fides, quæ prima virtus ab historiarum scriptore requiritur.—Ausum esse eum vera etiam cum offensionis periculo dicare, veritatisque studiosiorem fuisse, quam gratiæ imperantis.—Sed et in iis quæ hodie supersunt, nulla apparet assentationis erga eum qui rerum potiretur suspicio.—eius fidem, quæ adversus gratiam potentiorum inconcussa stetit.*’ (*Pref. in Livium*.) ‘ Livy is distinguished not more for eloquence than for integrity.—He dared, at

the hazard of giving offence, to publish truth, and was more studious of veracity than of the favour of great men. In the books of his History which remain, there is no evidence of his being a flatterer of men in power.—his integrity was incorruptible and immoveable.' We have cited these passages at length, for the purpose of obviating any injurious impression against Crevier which might arise from the perusal of Mr. W.'s note.

C. 37. *Primo prælio, quod ab Sempronio incautè inconsultèque commissum est, &c.*

Crevier would expunge the word *primo*, because this was the only battle fought by Sempronius. But all the MSS. give *primo prælio*; and it may well stand, if we only consider it as equivalent with *initio prælii*: just as he uses *prima pugna*, vii. 17. So in c. 38. *ultimo prælio* is used for *fine prælii*, and *postremo prælio*, xxx. 18. Ter. prol. in Adel. 9. in *prim. fabulâ*, for in *primâ fabulæ parte*: and commonly *extremo anno*, for *anni extrema parte*.

The word *primo* should certainly be retained, it is evidently used with *prælio*, as Mr. Walker states, in the sense of *onset*, like *primo concursu*, *primo impetu*, and other similar expressions. In c. 47, we have *primo prælio* again:—*itaque primo statim prælio quum dictator equitatu inmisso antesignanos hostium turbasset.*

Lib. XXIV. c. 40. *Hæc nunciantes arabant, ut opem ferret, hostemque haud dubium Romanis terrâ aut maritimis viribus arceret; qui ob nullam aliam causam, nisi quod imminerent Italiæ, peterentur.*

The text is here confessedly corrupt; and various emendations have been proposed. I would suggest as the most simple, that we should merely expunge *aut*, and (with Gronovius) read *urbibus* for *viribus*, and *que* for *qui*. I would then interpret the words—*hostem haud dubium Romanis terrâ*—as importing the certainty that Philip would cope with the Romans *on land*. Macedon was never a considerable maritime power; nor had the Romans any thing to apprehend from Philip *by sea*. But the ambassadors suggest that the maritime cities, of which he was endeavouring to possess himself, would facilitate his descent on Italy. It is to be observed that the MSS. give—not *aut*—but *ac*: and I conceive that the transcribers naturally inserted that copulative, from not perceiving that *terrâ* was to be connected with *hostem haud dubium Romanis*.

Crevier thought the emendation proposed by Gronovius too hazardous to be admitted, and he has ventured to do nothing more in his note, than mark the passage as corrupt. We doubt the propriety of the reading which Mr. Walker would adopt, retaining *terrâ*, which Gronovius rejects; for, if it were not the design of Philip to oppose the Romans *by sea*, where else could he contend against them but *on land*? It

may be true enough, that Macedon was never a considerable maritime power; but it is not so evident that the Romans had nothing to apprehend from the naval equipments of Philip: singly, they might not fear him, but, in alliance with other enemies, he might be formidable. Philip, says Livy, became an enemy to the Romans at a very inauspicious juncture—*hostis tempore haud satis opportuno factus*, 26. 38. And when the correspondence between Philip and Hannibal, which had been intercepted, was laid before the senate at Rome, ‘*gravis curae Patres incessit, cernentes, quanta vir tolerantibus Punicum bellum, Macedonici belli moles instaret*,’ the prospect of a Macedonian war, to them scarcely able to bear that in which they were engaged with the Carthaginians, was alarming. (23. 38.) Now the terms of the treaty between Philip and the Carthaginians were, that he should pass over into Italy with as large a fleet as possible, and that he should make war against the Romans, both *by land and sea*,—‘*bellum pro parte sua terra marique gereret*.’ (23. 33.) We should therefore think, that *maritimis viribus* is to be retained in the text of Livy, and that *urbibus* is inadmissible. That it should be so, would seem to be confirmed by the account given in the close of the chapter—‘*Itaque, Philippus, neque terrestri neque navali certamine satis fore parem se fidens*.’

‘Lib. XXVI. c. 8.....imperatoribus, qui ad Capuam essent, scribendum censuit, quid ad urbem praesidii esset: quantas autem Hannibal copias duceret, aut quanto exercitu ad Capuam obsidendam opus esset, ipsos scire.’

‘The mode of printing and pointing this passage in Drakenborch’s edition is very bad, and quite vitiates the sense.—At the close also of the 6th chapter, his punctuation falsely connects the words—*is... honores detrectantibus*—with the preceding clause of the sentence, instead of with the following.—In the 7th chapter I suspect that the words—*quæ salutaris illis foret*—are a gloss.

‘The rapid sketch which Livy draws in the 9th chapter, of the state of Rome on the news of Hannibal’s march for the city, is wonderfully animated; and the two leading objects in it are finely contrasted,—the lamentations and prayers of the helpless females, with the calm activity of the magistrates and the senate. Observe the fine asyndeton, in which the narrative proceeds, from the words:—*Senatus magistratibus in foro praesto est*. But I forbear.—I have been forced however to remark on the latter part of the 16th chapter,—“*Ceterum hæc omnia nollem Livium scripsisse. Apage istam lenitatem, consiliumque ab omni parte laudabile! At, qui totus Romanus est, omne non Romanum a se alienum putat.*”’

‘Lib. XXX. c. 44. *Nec esse in vos, odio vestro, consultum credatis. Nulla magna civitas diu quiescere potest: si foris hostem non habet, domi invenit, &c.*

Walker's *Annotations on Livy.*

‘Crevier’s exposition of this passage will scarcely satisfy any one ; as indeed it did not satisfy himself. Drakenborch would read *Necesse est, in vos, &c.* But though it would be perfectly admissible to read *necesse* for *nec esse*, and though we may often interpret *odio vestro* as equivalent with *odio erga vos* ; yet the sentiment thus deduced—(at least as presented by Drakenborch)—seems to me most meagre, unworthy of Livy, and unsuitable to the force and spirit with which Hannibal is described as expressing himself. For what marvel that the Romans should have been instigated by their *hatred* to take measures against the Carthaginians ?

‘My own opinion is, in the first place, that the words *in vos* are the mere gloss of a scholiast, interpreting *odio vestro* as importing *odio in vos*. In numerous instances I am persuaded that the text of Livy has been deformed by the insertion of such marginal glosses. Now, if we merely expunge these words, and read—*Necesse, odio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis*—I think we shall have a considerable improvement in the text and of the sentiment ; taking *odio vestro* in the dative case, and considering the words *ab ROMANIS* emphatic. “When they disarmed you, and interdicted you from foreign wars, then it was ye ought to have wept. That was the deadly blow. For surely ye must be persuaded of the *Romans*, that in this they consulted – not your good and quiet—but their own animosity.”

‘Still I do not think that we have the text of Livy. I am more than suspicious that he wrote—*nec esse otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis*. Let the classical reader examine this conjectural emendation in connexion with the whole context, particularly with the words immediately following,—*Nulla magna civitas diu quiescere potest* ; and I should expect that he will not lightly reject it. After the transcribers had changed *otio* to *odio*, the second error of inserting *in vos* naturally followed. My attempt to restore the text has proceeded in an order the converse of that in which I think it was corrupted.—In my edition of Livy I have proposed another remedy : but I am not now disposed to recommend it.’ pp. 178—9.

Drakenborch has more than once fallen under the reprehension of Mr. Walker, for adopting as his own the conjectural emendations of Crevier, without acknowledgement. A severe critic might, in the case before us, be disposed to follow his example, and remind him how little claim the proposed alteration in the text of Livy has to be considered as original. It was suggested many years ago by Gibbon, and was perhaps then not proposed for the first time. It would be an amusing employment, to trace some readings through the very numerous adoptions which they have undergone, till we should find them under the patronage of their proper authors. The proposed correction may be probably of a less recent date than Gibbon’s apparent title to it would seem to denote. In the *Memoirs of his own Life and Writings*, the Historian of the “Decline

"and Fall of the Roman Empire," gives an account of his communicating to Crevier, an account of the difficulties which he felt in reading the part of Hannibal's speech which is comprised in Mr. Walker's extract; and in the Appendix, he has inserted the answer of Crevier to his letter. 'It occurred to me,' says Gibbon, 'that the change of a single letter, by substituting *otio* instead of *odio*, might restore a clear and consistent sense.' Crevier approved this conjecture, but, in addition to Gibbon's emendation, would change *in vos* into *in his*, and read thus: *Nec esse in his otio vestro consultum ab Romanis credatis*—'Do not believe that the Romans, when they deprive you of your forces, and forbid you to make war on foreign nations, meant thereby to promote your tranquillity.' We much doubt whether this be an admissible reading. The alteration is entirely founded on conjecture, and is too extensive to be received without authority. Nor does it, we confess, appear to us to restore a clear and consistent sense. It does not seem to accord with the spirit and tenor of the speech. It was surely unnecessary for Hannibal to assume in his address to the Carthaginians, that the Romans intended their repose by the severe measures which they had taken against them. Besides, Hannibal's speech is, from beginning to end, a bitter taunt. A writer in the *Classical Journal*, (No. xxx. p. 369.) who proposes to retain the old reading, which he thinks may be vindicated by a passage in Justin—'*odis consulens*, (Lib. VI. 6.) quotes the second edition of Hooke's *Roman History*, where the passage is translated as if *otio* were the reading. We have referred to the *first* edition, where the passage is given (Vol. I. p. 298.)—'Do not flatter yourselves that the Romans have consulted your quiet.' Gibbon's correspondence with Crevier is dated 1756; Hooke's *History* was published in 1745, and very probably suggested the reading to Gibbon. Mr. Walker, therefore, has no claim to the honour of being the original proposer of *otio*. Perhaps, after all the objections which have been raised, and all the criticisms which have been applied to the passage, the old reading is entitled to the preference, though we consider the construction as differing from the supposed parallel in Justin:—Believe not that, in your hatred (while you were hating each other), the Romans had designs against you—'*Nec esse in vos, odio vestro, consultum ab Romanis credatis*.'—q. d. Your mutual hatreds have been more destructive to your interests than the Roman arms.

Art. V. *Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the Years 1821 and 1822.* By a Field Officer of Cavalry. 8vo. pp. 372. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1823.

ALTHOUGH this volume does not contribute much information of a topographical kind, nor, as a book of travels, is it distinguished by merit of the highest order, yet, it cannot be read without pleasure, or, we might say, without instruction, and the pious spirit which pervades it, must inspire in every one a high esteem for the Writer. He states himself, indeed, to be anxious that his readers should understand, ‘ that his efforts have been mostly directed to the collection of information connected with the exertions of those Societies which have been instituted for the conversion and instruction of Pagan nations; and that if any profits shall arise from the sale of the work, they are intended to be entirely devoted to the promotion of Christian Missions in general.’

‘ Circumstances of a private nature having led me to determine on passing a few years in India, I planned at an early period the tour I was afterwards enabled to execute, through the southern province of that country. A visit to the Syrian churches in the neighbourhood of Travancore being the principal object I had in view, with the additional intention of inquiring into the state of the Christian Missions of various denominations, now existing on the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, and of learning whether the progress made in the great work of converting the native heathen to Christianity, justified the pecuniary sacrifices made by the English nation to that effect; as well as whether the reports of the Missionaries themselves were sufficiently accurate to admit of my own future reliance on their judgement and truth.’

On the 1st of December 1820, the Author left Bangalore for Madras. The road, on the first day, lay through a flat, uninteresting tract without wood, and the country continues to wear a wild and uncultivated aspect as far as the Pedanaigdoorgum Pass through the Ghauts. About half way, however, between Colar, a tolerably large Mahomedan town, and Bait-mungalum, the last town in the territories of the Mysore Rajah, is a village presenting a singularly romantic appearance. It is built in the midst of huge masses of granite, from which the rudely formed cottages are scarcely discernible. ‘ The traveller is altogether surprised at seeing a wild rocky desert suddenly peopled, and swarming with natives in all directions, eyeing him over the summits and through the crevices of these primeval mansions.’

‘ The road through the pass is in a totally neglected and ruinous state; but the scenery almost makes amends for it even in the eyes

of the luxurious inhabitant of India. Successive rocks covered with verdure, and intersected by deep, narrow ravines, through which the road winds, conforming its direction to the course that Nature herself seems to have traced out, and in some few places indebted to art only in its rudest state, afford an agreeable contrast to that unvarying sameness of feature which the Mysore almost every where presents.'

The route on the fifth day led through 'the valley of Amboor;' a tract where, for the first time in India, the Author beheld the richest cultivation extending for many miles on both sides of the road. Beyond this, a low marshy country stretches to Arcot, where the Author passed the sabbath, and then pushed on for Madras. Here he remained three weeks, awaiting the cessation of the periodical rains, and then proceeded southward along the coast to Tranquebar. The road in many places was under water, and scarcely passable. At Pondicherry, the ocean is rapidly undermining the beach, as at Madras: 'the custom-house and warehouses have been already washed away and buried in the deep.'

At Tranquebar, the Author was much satisfied, as well as highly interested, by an interview with a Protestant native catechist, John Dewasagayam, a scholar of the late Dr. John. He has in charge thirty-one schools of various denominations, containing 1,630 children. A class under his immediate superintendence are preparing for the Christian ministry.

'In these few hours,' he says, 'I have become acquainted with that which is quite sufficient to convince me that those pious men who bestow labour and money on the maintenance of missions among the heathen, neither labour nor spend in vain. The harvest may be delayed, but it will come, and the sower shall reap the fruits of his seed.'.....'I had almost forgotten to mention, that John shewed me a letter from an English gentleman at Jaffna in Ceylon, dated in February last, and mentioning that the natives there had *of themselves* formed a Tamul Bible Association, and that there was not a single European member on the committee.'

At Tanjore, the schools of the mission are considerable, and have many others dependent on them in several parts of the territory. The present Rajah, who is one of the richest native princes in the South of India, (his income amounting to 140,000*l.*) was educated by Swartz, and is a liberal benefactor to the native Christians, who are numerous in his dominions. His eldest son, a youth of thirteen, has been brought up under the care of Mr. Kolhoff, the worthy successor of Swartz. From the bequest of that admirable Missionary and the munificence of the Rajah, the mission is rich; and they were en-

deavouring to establish a silk manufactory for the employment of the children.

‘ In the church is a grave-stone inscribed to the memory of Swartz. Some lines of bad poetry are engraved upon it, which are remarkable only as a testimony of affection, and in that they are supposed to have come actually from the pen of the present Rajah of Tanjore. The last two lines, if I remember accurately, run thus :

“ May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wishes and prays thy Serbojee !” ’

From Tanjore to Tritchinopoly, a distance of thirty-seven miles, the country is an almost uninterrupted desert waste, with but one village, Serringapattah,—celebrated for the dexterity of its thieves, of which the following amusing instance is given on the authority of an English colonel.

‘ Some years ago, a detachment of the King’s artillery, intending to halt there for the night, was advised of this propensity of the natives, and recommended to be well on their guard against it. The two officers in charge of the detachment, as well as the men, ridiculed and scorned the idea of these poor wretches (such they seemed to be) being able to rob the King’s artillery, but took the precaution of placing sentries over all the tents, and a double one at that of the quarter-guard, with orders, rendered unnecessary by the awakened pride of the sentries themselves, to be more than usually watchful. The inhabitants, through the means of the native servants, heard that their skill in thieving was set at nought, and their vanity was proportionably piqued. Next morning, the officers rising early, missed nothing, and began to exult in their security, when one of the serjeants arrived, with shame and dismay pictured on his countenance, and informed them that the whole of the arms belonging to the main guard were missing, and that all the natives had abandoned the village. Every search, though undertaken instantly, was in vain, and the detachment was compelled to march away unarmed, and fully aware of the reception they would be likely to meet with from their corps, when their disaster became known. The manner in which this dexterous theft was atchieved, long remained unknown, but many years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the villagers themselves voluntarily surrendered the arms to the authorities of the country, and declared they had taken them, merely because their skill in thieving had been called in question; and observed in confirmation of this, that they had not taken a single article, with the exception of the arms which they now restored. Being asked how they had contrived to steal them from the centre of a tent, the guard sleeping around them, and two sentries outside, they gave the following account : Some of them stripped themselves quite naked, and oiled their bodies over, that, if caught, they might not be easily held ; they then approached that part of the tent where the sentry in the rear was posted, who, as usual, was walking about

twenty paces backwards and forwards. The night was dark, and the most bold and dexterous among them advanced obliquely towards the tent, creeping on his belly, lying still while the sentry was pacing towards him, and only moving on, slowly and cautiously, when his back was turned. In this way he arrived at the tent, and his black body was, in the dark, invisible to the sentry. He now, with the utmost adroitness, lifted up a part of the side of the tent, having carefully removed one peg, and soon found that all the guard were asleep, relying on their double sentries. By this time the other villagers had followed their leader, and were all lying in the same posture, with the head of each touching the feet of the one who had preceded him. In this way, the arms being slowly removed, without the slightest noise, by the most advanced thief, were, with equal caution, passed along from one to another, until the whole were secured, and the thieves retired as they came, unseen and unsuspected.'

pp. 41—3.

From the summit of the fortress, there is a superb view of the surrounding country, which abounds in objects characteristic and picturesque, but symbols of the horrid superstition which prevails. The distant pagodas of Tanjore are distinctly visible, with those of Seringham and Jumbakistua on the island formed by the separation of the Cauvery into two branches, Koiladdy, the Rock of Elimiseram with its pagoda, the French, Sugarloaf, Golden, and Five Rocks, and other places distinguished in the military annals of the Peninsula. The Trichinopoly race-course runs over the very spot where the main battle between the English and the French was fought, which terminated in the important victory gained by Major Lawrence. The Author bears his testimony to the meritorious accuracy of the description given in the interesting volumes of Orme.*

No object of remarkable interest presents itself in the route from this place to Palamcottah,—a distance, apparently, of nine days, though the Author's rate of travelling varies exceedingly. At this station, our Author breakfasted with the Missionaries Rhenius and Schmidt, with whom he had previously become acquainted at Madras.

' They have lately been making a tour through the Eastern districts of the Tinevelly country, and discovered a considerable number of self-called Christian congregations, some Catholic and some Protestant, but most of them plunged in deplorable ignorance. However, they evinced much gratitude for the visit of the Missionaries, and so eagerly accepted a few books and tracts in their native language, that Mr. Rhenius regretted he had not brought more with him. One

* See Eclectic Review. N.S. Vol. XIII. p. 112.

poor boy, in particular, after having several times in vain solicited a book, as the Missionaries were obliged to be somewhat sparing, brought them as his only means of purchase, a little paper full of sugar; and it was probably the sum of his earthly possessions, as the natives in those parts are wretchedly poor, and subsist entirely on the scanty produce of the palmyra tree. The poor boy's unusual earnestness could not, of course, go unrewarded;—he obtained the book he sought—and may God bless it to him! I accompanied Mr. Hough, in the evening, on a visit to his English school in the town of Tinevelly. It is yet in its infancy, and is most remarkable for the great opposition made by the Brahmins to its original establishment. It is now, however, in full action, and two or three of the Brahmins have sent their children to it; as the benefit of learning English is always a strong inducement; nor have they openly objected to the Holy Scriptures being made the medium of instruction, as they are here. The next morning after breakfast, I visited an English and Tamul school erected near Mr. Hough's own bungalow. These are further advanced than the one at Tinevelly; and I was much pleased with the result of a tolerably long examination of four Christian lads, on their progress in the knowledge of the Scriptures. A little before dinner, a native priest of our own communion called on Mr. Hough, and I had once more the delight of becoming acquainted with a genuine Christian among our Indian brethren. We had a long and interesting conversation, in which Mr. Hough kindly and patiently interpreted for us. He mentioned, among other things, that, some time ago, having in the course of a twelvemonth twice read over the whole New Testament with a Brahmin of Combacoonum, he declared his conviction of its truth, and that, according to it, no one may dare to worship idols: he also said, "I hope, when I die, that I shall be found with Jesus Christ." The persecution of his friends, and the so dreaded loss of caste, prevented his open reception and profession of the Gospel, and he is still, alas! a Brahmin. Mr. Hough told me that a congregation of Roman Catholics have lately quitted their priest, and come over to Tinevelly for the purpose of being admitted into the Protestant communion. The priest endeavoured to procure from the local authorities an *order* for their return to him; but it was refused, and justly so, and they were left to their own choice. They now *profess* our creed.'

The value of such converts *en masse* may be questioned, yet, one must rejoice at even their nominal emancipation from the yoke of the Man of Sin. Such circumstances as these, however, may serve to throw light on both the despondency and the malignity of a certain Romish assailant of Missions,—of whom more anon.

At Negracoil in Travancore, the Author visited Mr. Meade, the principal Missionary at that station, and was invited to examine the senior boys in his central Tamul school, Mr. M. acting as interpreter. They evinced, it is stated, decidedly a

more thorough knowledge of Scripture than he had found in any of the schools previously visited.

‘ Such a state of improvement is highly creditable to their instructors, and has been produced, they think, by the habit of passing much time in daily questioning them as to the meaning of all they read. I asked one little boy of eleven years old, whether he ever prayed to God, independently of the form of prayer which had been taught him. He replied that he did sometimes; and when further questioned as to what he prayed for, his answer was literally thus: “My sins are numberless as the sands, and so I pray to God to take them from me by the power of his Holy Spirit.”’

The Missionaries here have the charge of twenty small churches, and other congregations in several parts of the country to the southward and eastward. The Mission is, on the whole, in a promising state.—The road from the Tinevelly districts traverses the chain of Malabar mountains near Cape Comorin. At about seven miles from Panamgoodie, it enters the kingdom of Travancore, through a gate in the wall built across the opening in the chain, by one of the Rajahs. After passing the wall, the scenery and general aspect of the country undergo a considerable change. ‘ Fine forest timber and cultivation almost universal succeed to the scanty, ragged palmyras and sterile plains of Tinevelly; and there is also a much greater shew of interior commerce, of population, and of general industry.’ Travancore itself, once the residence of the Rajahs, and Trivanderam, the present capital, where the Ranee or queen of Travancore resides, are both only small villages. Our Author proceeded, partly by land and partly by water, to Aleppie, another missionary station, important as being a place of great resort to the Arabs, who come principally in search of Teak timber. The schools here have not made much progress, owing to a report sedulously spread among the natives by the Roman Catholics of the neighbourhood, that the children, when educated, are intended to be shipped off for England; ‘ and nothing,’ says the Writer, ‘ is too absurd or improbable to be credited among these poor people, especially when it accords with their own ideas and prejudices.’ Dr. Prendergast, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Verapoly and Apostolic Vicar of the Pope, was then at Aleppie, on a pastoral visit to his flock. This worthy prelate, who is by birth an Irishman, is said to be very unpopular among them, ‘ from having preached openly and plainly against the worship of images, and for recommending those who can, to read their Bibles.’ He professed himself to our Author, a warm friend to schools for the poor. What will the

Abbè Duhois say to this? It was high time for him to abandon the Missionary service.

A very interesting account is given of our Author's visit to Cotyam, from which we can only extract a few particulars.

' After a five hour's sail and row, through a country very similar in appearance to that between Quilon and Aleppie, we came in sight of the several houses of the Missionaries at Cotyam, erected on some rising grounds at no great distance from each other; and soon after we discovered an ancient church on our right hand, in a romantic situation among the trees, and slightly elevated above the valley, through which flows the stream we were ascending. A little further to the left, and in the valley, was the Syrian college. I landed about half a mile from Mr. Fenn's house, and proceeded towards it on foot; but before I entered his grounds, he came himself to meet me, and gave me a Christian welcome.

' Feb. 20th. I accompanied Messrs. Fenn and Baker to the Syrian church at the village of Cotyam, where we found them employed in celebrating their religious rites, and preparing for a feast in commemoration of an ancient bishop from Antioch, who, after having rendered them essential service, died, and was buried here. The feast, at least, was in close imitation of better times: for it consisted of large quantities of rice and other food for all the poor who chose to come for it. On arriving at the church, the metropolitan, Mar Dionysius, received us in a small room leading into it, and serving as a habitation of one of its catanars (priests). The Metran's appearance is pleasing and dignified, and his address good: he seems to be about forty or forty-two years of age,—has a fine countenance, (evidently not of Indian origin,) expressive of mild good sense, yet, with a meek subdued look, which instantaneously bespeaks our natural sympathy and affection. After a short conversation, we went up stairs to a gallery which overlooked the interior of the church. The performance very much resembled that of the Romish superstitions; but, towards the close, I was delighted to find that they read a portion of the New Testament, from a copy printed in England, in the Malayalim, the vernacular tongue of the Syrians, and the people appeared to listen with attention. The church itself was small, more like a chapel than a church in the interior, but was completely filled. There were no images, but some wretched daubs of paintings over the altar. From the communion-table descended a few steps, on which candlesticks were placed; and on the centre of the uppermost step, stood a wooden crucifix, the foot of which was concealed by a glory, apparently of solid silver. In the body of the church, was a large silver cross, presented lately by the Metran's brother, a rich Syrian. I was much struck with the difference in colour and feature, between some of the Syrians and the generality of the natives of India. Many of the former have noble, distinguished features, such as decidedly mark a distinct race. The Syrian clergy seem all to have a great veneration for the name of Buchanan; though, for two or three years after he left them, they quite execrated his memory, in consequence

of their hearing no news of their ancient and only complete copy of the Holy Scriptures in manuscript, which they permitted him to take away under a promise of sending them the same book in print. Until the printed scriptures arrived, they imagined he had been deceiving them; but when they had diligently compared them with the numerous fragments they still possessed, and found them minutely exact copies, their joy and veneration far exceeded the abhorrence which they had lately expressed towards their benefactor.' pp. 65—71.

The Syrian Christians, ever since the lamented departure of Colonel Munro from the country, have been subjected to the most oppressive and cruel tyranny, on the part of the native government. The Duan or Prime Minister of the Rane of Travancore, is a Mahratta Brahmin named Vencataray, whose avarice, joined to hatred of the Christian name, is the supposed motive of this atrocious conduct. It is to be hoped, that our Author's representation of the case will have led to the adoption of spirited measures of redress in the proper quarter.

Our limits will not admit of our giving the very interesting details of the Author's subsequent visit, in company with Mr. Bailey, to the principal churches south of Cotyam. For this we must refer to the volume itself. The banks of the river Panda are described as richly covered with woods and gardens. In the woods, which abound with the cocoa-nut, the betel, the teak, the plantain, and the banian tree, numerous species of birds were noticed, of the most beautiful plumage. The Author visited the churches of Chinganore, Kaleecherry, Pootangave, Maramana, and Mavelicaree, and Munro Island,—‘ a piece of ground in the back-water, about eight miles N. E. of Quilon, given by the Rane of Travancore, for the support of the Syrian College,’ and so named in honour of Colonel Munro, at the Rane's own desire. This island is represented as susceptible of almost every species of cultivation, and the scenery of the interior is beautiful. On our Author's return to Cotyam, he had the opportunity of repeated interviews with the Syrian Metropolitan, with whose deep and unaffected humility and kindness he was very favourably impressed. The venerable gentleman consented one evening to come in state, in order to afford the stranger the gratification of seeing him in his pontifical robes. He wears a mitre on these occasions, and the crozier is borne before him. On calling to take leave of him, our Author was entrusted with the commission of conveying to the Patriarch of Antioch, a copy of the printed Syriac New Testament, with a few lines on the first blank leaf, in the Metropolitan's own hand-writing.

Mr. Fenn accompanied the Author on his subsequent tour to Cochin and the northern churches. Ranniel, one of those mentioned by Dr. Buchanan, he does not appear to have visited. The general impression left on his mind respecting the Syrian Christians, he thus expresses.

‘ In short, though they are in a low state of ignorance, and shew little sense of morality and religion, they have sufficient redeeming qualities, to excite a lively interest in all who have seen and known them. I myself went among them prejudiced both against them and against what a great and good man had previously written concerning them. With Dr. Buchanan’s account of them in my hand, I went where he went, and sometimes where he went not; and I seize with pleasure this opportunity of offering the testimony of an individual, who, however obscure and unknown, has been an eye-witness to most of what has been asserted on this head, by the first friend, and now beloved benefactor of the neglected Syrians.’

In pursuing his journey to Mysore, our Author turned aside from the route at Moodikerry, in order to visit the Nilgherree mountains, of which he gives a very glowing description. The distance from the foot of the mountain to Dimhutti, ‘ the head-quarters of the new English colony,’ which occupies its summit, is an ascent very little interrupted and extremely steep, of fourteen miles. The scenery in many parts is magnificent, and the climate of the higher regions is so moist and of so moderate a temperature, that English vegetables and fruits are there cultivated with success. At Daynaud, where the country begins to descend towards the Danaigencottah pass,

‘ nothing can be more lovely than the scenery, where the deep green luxuriance of the wooded valleys, contrasted beautifully with the bold craggy masses of red rock, towering above the tops of the highest forest trees, or occasionally projecting from between them. Down the valley rushed an impetuous mountain stream, now dashing in foam against some rugged opposing rock, now precipitating itself over a succession of natural cascades, and alone interrupting with its noise the deep silence of universal nature. The woods are inhabited by innumerable wild peacocks, who frequently shewed their gay plumage on the skirts of the barley fields, wherever, in this wild scene, a more favourable spot would admit of a scanty cultivation; and the peaceful browsing of the cattle on the heath of the mountain-tops, denoted the absence of the tiger, who, though frequently seen in the jungle at the foot of Nilgherree, has been seldom known to visit the favoured scenes of its mountain-woods. In the midst of these romantic wilds, and with every feeling of delight rendered more acutely sensible by tracing up these beauties of nature to the beneficent hand which created them for the enjoyment of man, I passed my evening in

strolling round the neighbourhood of Daynaud.....The heights of Nilgherree are certainly in many respects a great natural curiosity. To find, in the eleventh degree of Latitude, a country in which, in the heat of summer, the thermometer scarcely rises higher than in England; and that country, though necessarily in a very elevated region, yet susceptible of cultivation, and actually cultivated to the highest tops of its highest peaks, is certainly no common occurrence. The country is, in a military sense, inaccessible; which will account for its having so long remained unknown even to its immediate neighbours; and the trouble of getting to it, even individually, is so great, the ascent so laborious, that I much question whether a native *great man* has been known to attempt it. This will explain also why neither Brahmins nor pagodas are to be found among them.

‘The inhabitants are a quiet, inoffensive race, though their appearance is wild and savage. They have long, shaggy, black hair, and are clothed (it is their *only* covering) with a large piece of thick coarse cloth, which is never washed; nor is there, indeed, in the whole region of Nilgherree, a single person who follows the business of washing. They are exceedingly humble in their deportment, and their attitude on meeting an European is painfully submissive, for it too much resembles the prostration of Divine worship. But, in what regards the worship of a Supreme Being, I did not see a single place set apart for it; though on enquiry, I was told that they have certain large stones among the mountains, and some trees, which they esteem as sacred, but they have no priests or form of worship, nor is there a single idol among them. Perhaps a more promising scene for Missionary labours on a soil hitherto wild and totally neglected, could hardly be found in any part of the globe. They understand Tamul, of which their own language is a corruption; and of late years they have regularly paid a small tax, nine thousand rupees a year, (about 1000l.) to our government. The extent of the country is more considerable than I should have imagined, being computed at five hundred square miles; which is, I am still inclined to think, an exaggerated statement, though derived from the best sources of information within my reach. The number of its inhabitants is as yet unknown, and the opinions about it vary in their results from three to five thousand; but, judging of the whole from that part of the country which I traversed, it could hardly much exceed the latter number, notwithstanding its great proportionate extent. Mr. W., an intelligent young magistrate, who is sub-collector of the revenue, told me, that to the westward of Dimhutti, there are a few villages, the inhabitants of which are of gigantic stature, the least tall among them reaching generally from six feet six to six feet eight; and as Mr. W. repeated it to me seriously, and declared he had himself seen them, I can have no reason to doubt it.

.....‘I never saw any where so many to me unknown beautiful flowers and plants. Hares, pea-fowl, and jungle fowl abound; woodcocks have been twice seen by a party of sportsman; there

are some, but I believe not many deer; and elephants and tigers are almost unknown, though they abound in the Coimbatore country at the foot of the mountains, and still more among the wilds of Paulghaut. There is good pasture for cattle and sheep, but of the latter the inhabitants have none. They have plenty of cows, and grow a great deal of barley, as well as a peculiar vegetable production, whence they extract oil. There is also a low thick shrub, growing wild almost over the whole country, which, in the interior conformation of its fruit, and also in flavour, very much resembles a small English gooseberry, though quite of an inferior sort, and with its top externally open, like a medlar. Nettles and fern, unknown in most parts of India, are to be found here in abundance. But, indeed, the great variety of trees, shrubs, and plants, some of them rare and beautiful, merit description from an abler pen than mine. The soil is so fertile, that they grow almost every where. Sometimes the trees are in clumps, as if designedly planted, sometimes forming small woods and coppices; in other parts, they are to be found overshadowing deep ravines down which the mountain torrents plunge unseen in frequent successive cascades. The trees which grow in this last situation, are generally the finest timber, and rise to a majestic height. On the whole I would say, that were a man, fond of solitude, condemned by circumstances to finish his days in India, the abode of his choice would assuredly be reared among the wild and romantic, yet fertile mountains of Nilgherree.' pp. 121—7.

Nothing more occurred of particular interest, either in the scenery or of incident, during the remainder of the journey to Bangalore. At Mysore, however, he had the honour of being introduced to the Rajah, and what was a far more enviable distinction, of taking an airing in his magnificent elephant-carriage. The genius of Aladdin, our Author says, could scarcely have exceeded it.

'Its interior is a double sofa for six persons, covered with dark green velvet and gold, surmounted by an awning of cloth of gold, in the shape of two small scalloped domes, meeting over the centre, and surrounded with a richly ornamented verandah, supported by light, elegant, fluted gilt pillars: the whole is capable of containing sixty persons, and is about twenty-two feet in height. It moves on four wheels; the hinder ones eight feet in diameter, with a breadth of twelve feet between them. It is drawn by six immense elephants, (with a driver on each,) harnessed to the carriage by traces, as in England, and their huge heads covered with a sort of cap, made of richly embroidered cloth. The pace at which they moved, was a slow trot of about seven miles an hour: they were very steady, and the springs of the carriage particularly easy. As it is crane-necked, the elephants turned round with it, on coming back, with the greatest facility. The shape of the body is extremely elegant, resembling a flat scollop-shell, and painted dark green and gold. The elephants are an exact match, but, as stated, of an enormous size. The whole

was constructed by native workmen, assisted by one half-caste Frenchman, under the immediate directions of the Rajah.'

Our Author arrived at Bangalore on the 29th of March, 1821, having occupied four months in this most interesting journey. In the following August, having procured two years' leave of absence, he again set forward with the intention of returning to England by land. At Mysore, he spent great part of the day with 'the well known Jesuit,' the Abbè Dubois,—a tall man, with a long silver beard, habited like a Brahmin. At that time, the Abbè does not appear to have contemplated relinquishing his station, for he expressed his hope, that, since he still continued to labour against hope, his services would be regarded by the Almighty as so much the more meritorious; and he, moreover, intimated his intention, if it were God's will, to leave his bones in that place. He said to his visitor: 'How can the Protestants hope to convert the heathen to their simple forms of worship, when the pomp and splendid ceremonies of the Roman Catholic persuasion, *so like their own worship*, have completely failed?' From Mysore, our Author proceeded to the mountain capital of the Rajah of Coorga, having despatches for his highness, whose mean and assassin-like countenance brought strongly to his mind 'the old man of the mountain' so celebrated in the days of the Crusades. His country is so difficult of access, that the Honourable Company have thought it best to let him remain a perfectly independent sovereign in the heart of the British possessions, with the exception of a merely nominal annual tribute of one elephant. Our Author embarked at Tellicherry for Bombay, where he remained a fortnight, and then availed himself of a cruizer bound for Mocha and Cosseir. From the latter port, he crossed the Desert to Carnac, visited the tombs and the temples in the vicinity of Thebes, and thence descended the Nile to Cairo and Damietta, where he embarked for Tyre, in order to fulfil a long-cherished wish to visit Jerusalem. The narrative of his pilgrimage to the Holy City is, however, the least interesting portion of the work. He only tells us, for the thousandth time, all that has been retailed to us on the authority of lying legends, respecting the holy places. Nothing can be more unaffectedly devout and truly pious than the sentiments which the Author expresses; and it would almost have been cruel to destroy, at the time, the happy illusion which excited his emotions at the sight of the sacred places. On some occasions, indeed, his native good-sense resented the palpable imposition; but, 'however justly and reasonably,' he says, 'we may doubt the truth of many of those traditions, it is not

While on the spot, that I would seek to arraign it, provided there be nothing in the tradition itself contrary to what is contained in the Scripture.' Yet, if the tradition should not happen to contradict Scripture, but only to outrage common sense, we should imagine the reason for doubt scarcely less cogent. Our Author was startled at being shewn the building where our Lord is said to have gone to school; but the table on which he used to dine with his disciples, Joseph's workshop, &c., not being contrary to the Scripture, must, on this rule, be admitted to be genuine. The fact is, and we speak it advisedly, that not one single legend relating to any one sacred place in the Holy Land, has the slightest claim to even probability; and a Christian traveller, who would wish to enjoy the genuine interest of the scene, ought resolutely to shut his ears to every thing that is told him by the monks. Nothing has tended so much to perplex the topography of Palestine, and to obliterate the few faint traces of ancient times, as these spurious traditions. Calvary, most certainly, and Joseph's sepulchre, could not have been near the spot now consecrated by superstition; and as little pretensions has the grotto of the nativity to the honour conferred upon it. Had our Author looked into the volumes of Dr. Richardson or Dr. Clarke, he would have seen that 'what is contained in the Scripture,' is at variance with the tradition by which he was beguiled in both instances. 'Mountains and rivers,' as he justly remarks, 'still continue to exist;' and with these the traveller must content himself. The site of ancient Jerusalem is clearly marked by its natural boundaries on the three sides where there are ravines; Mount Zion and Mount Olivet retain their ancient names; the sea of Galilee still washes the plain of Gennesareth, and the Jordan yet rolls its impetuous torrent, when swoln by the early or the latter rains, into the bituminous lake. These grand natural features of the country remain unchanged, and as they alone can be identified, so they present objects of a far more rational interest, and much more worthy of a pilgrimage, than grottoes, and marble slabs, and troughs, and all the trumpery of the sacred places.

There is one point on which we should have been glad if the Author had been more explicit. He tells us that the ruins of Capernaum are on the right bank (we presume the west bank is meant) of the Lake of Gennesareth, near the entrance of the Jordan, and that the place is pronounced by the natives Kaper-naoum. He does not say that he visited those ruins, nor is it quite clear that the name in question was applied to them by the Arabs. We imagine that he refers to the ruined site called by Burckhardt Tel Hoom, and by Mr. Buckingham

Tal-hewn, which they *suppose* to be Capernaum, although it is *not* called so by the natives. It is somewhat vexatious that no traveller should have ascertained the real site of Capernaum on the authority of the Arab natives. Dr. Richardson was told, that Cavernahum and Chorosi were not far distant from the route he took to Damascus, but he had no time to visit them. We confess that, but for this statement, we should have some doubts whether the ruins of Capernaum exist, since the site in which we should be led to look for them, would be the rich plain between Khan Mennye and El Medjdel, the ancient Gennesareth, where no trace of an ancient town has been hitherto detected.

'It is surprising,' our Author says, 'to hear the universal desire expressed by all classes of people in this country, that an European Christian power should be induced to come and take possession of it.' And, borne away by his military enthusiasm, he proceeds, with much naiveté, to give a 'loose sketch' of the operations for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, which he thinks, could we but establish a right to those countries, would easily make them ours. Ten thousand British troops would suffice to conquer Egypt, and four thousand more, 'with the *indubitable* assistance of the native inhabitants,' would as easily take possession of all Syria, including Damascus and Aleppo. As to right, nothing is more easily established. Our right to Syria is at least as plain as our right to India; the Turks, moreover, are intruders, and, as Lord Erskine said in respect to Greece, should be served with a notice to quit. We might take possession of Palestine in the name of the Jews, and appoint a Lord High Commissioner of a new Judean republic, as in the Ionian Isles. We think it probable that the Turks would sell the whole province, if the Franks were to bid high enough for it,—provided the mosque of Omar were secured to them. Then, as to Mahommed Ali, he might be bribed, subsidized, or otherwise disposed of, according to circumstances, as the Company manages matters with the Rajahs. We like the project exceedingly; but one difficulty lies in the way—it will be necessary to obtain the previous consent of the Holy Alliance!

Lady Hester Stanhope is repeatedly referred to in this volume, not, indeed, by name, but so that no reader can mistake the person alluded to, in terms which, we presume, the Author would not have used unadvisedly; yet, the charge of derangement is so serious, that we should have hesitated to give publicity to such an opinion on the strength of the most authentic anecdotes. The present volume appears anonymously, but the Author's name is no secret; and Major Mackworth has done

himself too much honour by at least the first part of these Travels, to have reason for shrinking from the avowal.

Art. VI. *Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar without Points.* By James Andrew, L.L.D. F.R.S. 8vo. pp. xvi. 200. Price 9s. London. 1823.

WE had always supposed that the circulation of his work was the first object of an Author's solicitude; and that the instruction it might contain was prepared for the use of all persons who might need it. Such we should imagine to be the design of the Author of this Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar, though he has limited his wishes for its acceptance and success to those who deserve, desire, or hope for any good from it. So many pages of an elementary work must necessarily include some particulars of information which may meet the wants of the uninitiated in Hebrew learning; we are therefore prepared to admit its utility. The *utile*, however, is but half the business of an Author who would be in favour with the public; and, happily, the work before us is as entertaining as it is instructive, so that we may describe it as having in its composition a fair proportion of the *dulce*. For example, in the first page of the preface, Dr. Andrew informs us, that the name of Noah's 'youngest son *Canaan* signifies 'Merchant, one who sells things by auction, as now-a-days the English East India Company do, and *Canaan* in Latin is properly rendered *Mercurius*.' We were not aware that sales by auction were of so very early a date, or that the selling of things by auction is the proper description of a Merchant; nay, though the confession may not be creditable to our learning, we are obliged to acknowledge, that if we had been required to supply a proper rendering in Latin for 'one who sells things by auction,' our sagacity would not have directed us to *Mercurius*. Again, Dr. Andrew very truly remarks, in the conclusion of his preface, that no judicious or sensible man would for a moment give credence to the enigmatical or prophetical properties which some wretched Jewish sophists, called *Cabalists*, have attributed to certain combinations of Hebrew letters and sounds. Single letters are happily not included in this proscription of the cabalistical riddles, and are, therefore, it would seem, proper objects of philosophical investigation. Of the learned Doctor's penetration into the arcana of Hebrew letters, and of the brilliant discoveries which have rewarded his laborious researches, we may insert the following curious and erudite

specimens. The letter ב Beth, whence *tube* in English, signifies *hollow* or a *house*, either of which its figure may rudely represent.—ה denotes existence or life, and the free opening or ventilation through it, may betoken passing events.—The shape of the latter ו bears a manifest relation to the idea expressed by the word עטף, wrapped or covered up, or as a rough wall is covered inside with *laths and plaster*.—The name of the letter וינ may be supposed to be original. It signifies either the *eye*, or a *spring*, or *fountain* of water. The shape of ו bears a strong resemblance to the socket of the eye, with the optic nerve attached to it: and it is also not unlike to a *well* or *spring*.—The figure of כ naturally represents the cup and stem of a flower, especially when it is blown or fully spread forth.—The Hebrew נחל a *river*, especially if there were falls in any of the streams that flowed through Paradise, will exactly suit the image or idea conveyed by the peculiar character of נ.

From these specimens of Dr. Andrew's subtilty and felicitous genius, we proceed to notice some other particulars which lie on the surface of his book.

When the building of the Tower of Babel was commenced, 200 years after the Deluge, the whole number of married inhabitants of the earth, according to the learned Author, could not exceed seventy or eighty couples. Of the design of the builders in erecting that edifice, he has given the following account:

'The Descendants of Ham and Japheth, before they quitted Asia, agreed amongst themselves to pay some marked tribute of respect to Shem on the plains of *Shinar*, and to build a Tower, and call it after his name, that it might serve as a memorial to their posterity of the consanguinity of the whole human race, and that Asia was their cradle, and that when disputes and difficult contentions should arise among future generations, they might resort thither to have their differences settled, and their rights ascertained.'

A design which every judicious and sensible man must approve as a wise and salutary measure, though, as a probable and practicable expedient, he may hesitate to give it so much credence as would be necessary to the support of Dr. A.'s hypothesis. If it be less credible, however, than some other theories, it is more pleasing, and, like many other articles in this Hebrew Dictionary and Grammar, is very ingenious. The logic of the book is not less conspicuous than the philosophy of it, nor is it of inferior quality. From the facts, that the medium of our devotion, whether it be audible or silent, does not affect the acceptance of our thanksgivings and our prayers to the Almighty, and that our benevolence may

be as useful when conferred upon an object whose speech we do not understand, as when bestowed upon a suppliant who speaks intelligibly to us, the Author justly infers, that neither the knowledge of Hebrew, nor of Greek, nor of any other language can, of itself, make us Christians, nor yet better Christians. (Preface, p. xiii.) The Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, Dr. Andrew thinks, was made about A. D. 130; and, in support of this opinion, he asks, Is it likely that Aquila, Symmachus, Theodotion, Origen, and others of their age, would have troubled themselves, as they did, without necessity or authority, about a new translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek, had an authorised and a publicly received Greek Version been already in common circulation? This mode of arguing is much the same as if a writer were to allege that there existed no English version of the Hebrew Scriptures in common circulation before 1790, because Dr. Geddes, Dr. Boothroyd, and Mr. Bellamy had, since that time, undertaken new translations of the Bible. Origen was not a translator of the Bible; he was only the editor and reviser of translations already in existence. Again: we are told, (p. 173,) that among the Israelites, every seventh year was *sabbatical*, or a year of *rest and restitution*, when all alienated real property returned fully, freely, and gratuitously, to the original owners or inheritors, all debts and securities were cancelled, and all bondage or personal service was put an end to. Here the worthy Hebraist blunders: these releases and immunities were enjoined by the law of the Jubilee every *fiftieth* year. Once more: Adam gave names to all the beasts of the earth and the fowls of heaven; and, as the learned Author is of opinion that few Naturalists now-a-days would undertake to begin and finish so serious a task as the making of a complete system of Zoology, in less than fifteen or twenty years without assistance, he concludes that Adam lived a solitary life as a naturalist or philosopher without any companion, for fifteen years and a half, and that Eve was then formed about the autumnal equinox!!

In the Dictionary, we find some definitions of words not a little curious. מַחֲמָה, which occurs Isa. xiii. 21, is rendered by the translators of the public version '*doleful creatures*,' probably in the sense of '*howling monsters*,' which is Bishop Lowth's rendering.—Dr. Andrew gives us '*doleful creatures*;' *friars, fraternities, convents*. מִצֵּי is explained, *vultures, kites; jackalls, wild cats; beggarly monastic orders, lodging on rocks and precipices*. מְרִי-סֹחֵם, A crowned spreader-abroad of gifted men; *that is*, Antichrist, the false prophet, who has filled the world with false teachers: called *greyhound, armed warrior*, Prov. xxx. 31.

To the Dictionary, which comprises 100 pages, and which precedes the Grammar, is appended a series of amended Translations from the Hebrew, of certain passages of the authorised English Bible. We leave our readers to make out the meaning and to appreciate the value of such renderings as the following:—‘That I may remember the everlasting covenant,’ Gen. ix. 16.; ‘*To remember the world’s testament.*’—For a sweet ‘savour before the LORD.’ Exod. xxix. 25; ‘*For a display of leading to the appearance of Jehovah.*’ Exod. xxxii. 25. ‘*That there was an opposition; for Aaron had an opposition that strove with them, who rose up against them.*’—‘And that will by no means clear the guilty,’ Exod. xxxiv. 7.; ‘*And the innocent shall not be exempted: plainly meaning Jesus Christ.*’—‘And will hiss unto them from the end of the earth; and behold they shall come with speed swiftly.’ Isa. V. 26, ‘*And his planting after the end of the earth: even here quickly, in a little time, he will come.*’

In the Grammar, (p. 108,) the reader is told, that *five* of the consonants of the Hebrew Alphabet have their tails straightened, or else turned the contrary way, when they end a word: in the Alphabet on the preceding page, he will find but *four*, which is the entire complement, we believe, of *tailed* letters. The form Niphal is described, (p. 132.) as prefixing to Kal throughout, which is incorrect. In the Syntax, Rule 3, (p. 154,) that a verb or adjective following two nouns in apposition, may agree in gender and number with the noun governed, rather than with the noun governing, is represented as original; a note being added, purporting that ‘the want of this rule has long been felt by grammarians.’ If the Author had only looked into Israel Lyons’s Hebrew Grammar, No. 192, he would have been admonished that he was offering no novelty to the world, in publishing the rule in question.

Dr. Andrew’s Hebrew Grammar may supply the wants of a learner, but it cannot be praised as a vehicle of clear and well arranged instruction. The Dictionary is a collection of definitions which will afford him but little information or assistance; while it is altogether wanting in perspicuous and orderly arrangement. The chronological discussions with which the volume is enlarged, are ill adapted to the purpose of an elementary work. Altogether, the Author’s learning appears to exceed his discretion.

Art. VII. *The New Guide to Prayer, or Complete Order of Family Devotion*, containing nearly one hundred and twenty Prayers, arranged on a Plan entirely new: each Prayer accompanied with appropriate Reflections on a Passage of Scripture selected for every Day in the Week, during a Period of Two Months. By the Rev. James Hinton, M.A. 8vo. pp. 464. Price 9s. London. 1824.

IF it is not impracticable, it is surely very important, that family worship should be made both, a reasonable and an interesting service to all the members of the household. The mere keeping up of the observance has its use, but it would be better if the service could uniformly be accommodated to the capacities and feelings of those whose benefit, we cannot but think, ought mainly to be consulted,—our children and servants. Extemporaneous prayer is certainly by far the most advantageous mode of conducting the devotions of the family; and we should be sorry to countenance the substitution of a form in any but a case of very obvious expediency. But the mere reading of a portion of Scripture and the putting up of a prayer, are not all that are included in the idea of a family service that shall adequately answer its moral purpose. It is highly desirable that the reading and the devotional part of the service should bear upon each other; that the one should furnish materials for the other; and that children should thus be taught the use that what they hear, ought to be turned to. The difference between a formulary and an unvaried routine of customary expressions, is so slight as regards the effect, that the advantage of the extemporaneous method is almost lost, when no pains are taken to secure a proper variety. And there is scarcely less danger that he who prays should come to do it mechanically, than that they who listen should listen mechanically, where no effort is made to engage their minds, and interest their feelings in the service.

We have been much pleased with the volume before us, not so much as a book of prayers, though in that point of view it will be highly acceptable, as on account of its claims to the title of a guide to prayer. The most important feature of the work, in the opinion of the Editor, is adverted to in the following terms.

‘ It consists in the adaptation of some part (and frequently several parts, amounting in the whole to a considerable portion) of each prayer, to the chapter and reflections to which it is subjoined. One obvious design of this plan is, to excite a greater degree of interest in the minds of the worshippers. It should, however, be particularly noticed, that these prayers may be read after any other portion

of Scripture with as much propriety as those in similar works, with the exception of a paragraph in one or two instances, which are particularly pointed out in the places where they occur. But the chief design of the Writer is, to teach persons how to adapt the thoughts and expressions of Scripture to their own particular use, and how to turn the language of Scripture into the language of prayer and praise, adoration and confession. Those (persons) will most readily obtain that justness and fluency of expression which are so desirable in the leaders of devotional services, whether in the family or in public ; and at the same time will be the most likely to imbibe a larger portion of that genuine spirit of devotion, without which the greatest extempore freedom must be unacceptable to God ; who study with the closest attention those excellent examples which are recorded in the book of Inspiration, and make them their only acknowledged standard, model, and director. The Writer has therefore bent his attention in a particular manner to this feature of the work, and only laments that he has not been able to realize his own idea of what ought to have been done.'

In pursuance of the same object, prefixed to every prayer, are short Reflections on some passage of Scripture suitable to be read in the family, selected chiefly from Scott, Doddridge, and Henry ; and a hymn is referred to, adapted to some part of the chapter, taken from Dr. Watts. This is an admirable plan : of the general merit of the execution, our readers will best judge from a specimen. They will observe that every paragraph is numbered and headed, in order that the topic may be seen at a glance, and that the reader may know what to omit, if the prayer is too long.

‘ WEDNESDAY EVENING.

‘ JOB CH. XXXIV. 1—23. and CH. XXXV.

‘ REFLECTIONS.

‘ The Judge of all the earth cannot but do what is right, though we are often incapable of discovering the reasons of his conduct : but as we have all multiplied our transgressions against him, and as he cannot receive any thing from us which he hath not first given unto us, we can have no cause to complain of hard measures when afflicted. And as our Judge is now as a Saviour, on a mercy-seat, we can have no reason to conclude, that it would be in vain for us to repent, to seek forgiveness, and to cleanse ourselves from our iniquities. When, therefore, impatience, pride, and unbelief, suggest such conclusions, we associate ourselves, for the time, with the workers of iniquity, and expose ourselves to just reproof.

‘ How few of the afflicted, who groan under their miseries, inquire after God, and trust in his name ! The most, even of the wretched, disregard their obligations and accountableness to him, and refuse to repent and humble themselves for their sins, and seek forgiveness and comfort from him. If pious persons are betrayed into any degree of

a similar spirit, and delay to humble themselves under the afflicting hand of God, or to seek all their help and comfort from him; they may expect that their trials will be continued, till they are reduced to a better temper. Let us not then, under affliction, prolong our own misery by keeping at a distance from a throne of grace, standing out in our own vindication, expecting help from other quarters, or despairing of help from God; but let us call upon him in our troubles, and he will hear us, and we shall praise him. SCOTT.

‘ PSALMS 51, 131. HYMNS 87, BOOK I. 150, BOOK II.

‘ PRAYER.

‘ 1. [*Adoration and Confession.*] Great and holy God, how shall we come before thee! Thou art the Lord God Omnipotent: we are but dust and ashes. Thou art from everlasting to everlasting: we are of yesterday and know nothing. Our meanness alone ought to fill us with humility in thy presence. But, O gracious God, there is a still more affecting reason for our thus approaching thee; thou hast nourished and brought us up as children, and we have rebelled against thee. We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep, and there is no health in us. Lord, thou knowest our foolishness, and our sins are not hidden from thee. Thine eyes have been upon all our ways and all our thoughts. No darkness, nor shadow of death, could hide our iniquities from thee. Thou didst make us wiser than the beasts of the field, yet we have degraded ourselves below them: for the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; yet we have not known thy judgments, we have not considered thy mercies.

‘ 2. [*Sin is without Excuse.*] O thou holy and heart-searching God, suffer us not to listen to those deceitful reasonings, which would make us think lightly of our sins. What plea can we offer for pride, for impurity, or for anger? What shall we say in excuse for having loved this vain world so much, and thee so little? We stand chargeable with these, and many other offences: and, O God, preserve us from thinking lightly of their evil. Truly we have no righteousness of our own, or that which we think we have is unclean and hateful in thy sight. Verily we are miserable offenders against thy holy majesty. O that we had delighted ourselves in thee! Then had we walked in the right path. But now thou art clear when thou judgest, and justified when thou condemnest. Thou art the judge of all the earth, and thou wilt not do unjustly. Shouldst thou condemn us for ever, thou wouldst not lay upon us more than is right.

‘ 3. [*Supplication for Pardon.*] But blessed be thy name, that thou art not now our Judge on thy throne, but our Saviour on thy mercy seat. We repent, O Lord, and seek thy divine forgiveness. We fall into thy gracious hands, acknowledging our sins with true contrition of heart, and beseeching thee to shew mercy to us, on thine own terms. Instead of objecting to the way in which it pleaseth thee to pardon the guilty, we gladly and thankfully apply for that forgiveness which, for Christ's sake, thou art willing to grant unto every penitent sinner. O Lord God, here is our only hope. Con-

scious of many transgressions, and fearful that unobserved offences have been committed, we flee to the cross of Jesus, and there, with deep self-abasement, and an eye directed to him who bore our sins, we offer up these petitions.

‘ 4. [*Prayer under any light Family Affliction.*] We especially beseech thee, O Lord, to humble our minds under our present affliction. Though it is not heavy, yet teach us to remember it might easily be increased; and we deserve that it should. Enable us to bow beneath thy fatherly correction, for thou dost all things right. We will not excuse our sins, which deserve yet severer punishment, but humbly implore thy heavenly pardon through our Lord Jesus Christ. We repent and humble ourselves under thine afflicting hand, whilst yet it is laid but gently upon us. Remove our trials when thou seest fit; and, till then, grant us patient submission to thy will, and cheerful confidence in thy love.

‘ 5. [*Prayer for Humility.*] And we pray, that not only when we are kneeling before thee, but at all times, we may be preserved from thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. May a just view of ourselves be continually present to our minds; that in all our conduct towards thee, O God, we may act like penitent sinners: and that in all our transactions with men, we may behave with lowliness and meekness; as becometh those who stand in continual need of forgiveness. And let no gifts, or talents, which thou hast bestowed upon us, make us forget what we are in thy sight. Lord, when we recollect the use we have made of them, we have reason to be filled with shame, instead of being proud on the account of them. How little have they been employed to thy glory! What unprofitable servants are we, with all the gifts thou hast conferred on us! And now, O Lord, grant unto us the spirit to think, as well as to do, always such things as are right; for we know, by experience, that we may be lifted up with pride, even though convinced that we ought to be filled with shame. Do thou then give unto us an humble mind. Preserve us from all confidence in ourselves. Let us never forget, that in the Lord alone have we either righteousness or strength.

‘ 6. [*Evening Petitions and Intercessions.*] O Lord, we commit our bodies and souls to thy care, as weak and unworthy creatures, unable to defend ourselves, and undeserving of thy protection. Accept our thanks for the mercies we have received; and bring us, we humbly beseech thee, in safety to the beginning of another day, with a renewed sense of what we owe to thy providence and grace. Command thy blessing graciously to rest on our relatives and neighbours, our friends and enemies. Bless thy ministers, and favour thy people. Succour the distressed, whether in mind or body, and let all flesh see thy glory.

‘ Our Father, &c.

We shall not offer any criticism on these prayers; their general character is comprehensive, scriptural, and devotional. The chief defect is one which they have in common with al-

most every work of the kind,—a want of more entire simplicity and *naturalness*. We highly approve of the use made of the prayers of the Liturgy, which are for the most part (there are exceptions) models of devotional composition. A very free use appears to have been made of Bean's Prayers, unless both writers have drawn from a common source. This required to be explained. We cannot say that the work is altogether free from slight improprieties, or rather inappropriatenesses of expression, but they are neither numerous nor glaring, and every facility is afforded for omitting what may appear unsuitable. In place of further animadversions on the volume, which we think adapted to be very generally useful and acceptable, we shall take the liberty to throw out a few general suggestions, applicable alike to written forms and extemporaneous devotion.

It is not, we think, so distinctly borne in mind as it ought to be, that social prayer is not the act of one for many, but ought to be the joint act of many with one. It may be common prayer with or without a book, but this it ought to be. It is a good rule for ministers to follow, to pray *with* the people in the pulpit, *for* their people in their closet, *at* them no where; and the same rule will apply to masters of families. It may be very proper to offer specific intercessions on behalf of the various members of a household, but the general character of the prayer ought to be such as that all present should feel themselves not the audience, but the petitioners.

Nothing tends more to give a wrong idea of the design and nature of prayer, than that expatiation on doctrine,—that didactic method of rehearsing texts or articles of belief, which we have heard indulged in, as if the object of the speaker was to insinuate a sermon under the disguise of a prayer. We are quite persuaded that devotional services are not at all a proper vehicle for information of any kind. Long descriptions, whether of character, or of feeling, or of matters of belief, are quite unsuitable. And so are long sentences of any kind, and long paragraphs. But the worst of all styles is, that which perpetually injects parentheses, to qualify or to explain the unfinished sentence. This impropriety is, of course, almost peculiar to extemporaneous effusions: if transferred to the written page, it would be too palpable.

Written prayers are always with great propriety divided into paragraphs; it is to be wished that those who conduct the extemporaneous service, would observe the same marked division, which is not less necessary in speaking than in writing. A long prayer of one paragraph is as tedious to the ear as to the eye. There should be a pause in the sense as well in the voice; and the language of appropriate invocation should, as

in the church service, be more generally interposed at every change of the subject.

Metaphors, except of the most familiar kind, and even the figurative language of Scripture, when the allusion is obscure or not easily recognised, ought to be carefully abstained from. A minister ought not, at least in prayer, to disdain being understood by men of the plainest understanding. Such expressions as 'Give them the valley of Achor for a door of hope'—'May he reign *from the river* to the end of the earth'—'rush on the thick bosses of thy buckler'—'count thy love better than wine'—and others which might be particularized, are wholly improper, because forced, unnatural, and, to a large proportion of the audience, unintelligible. We never find the apostles praying in this style; and it is an abuse of the word, to term it scriptural, merely because such phrases occur in Scripture. There are figures in the Old Testament which no one would venture to employ, and some which no one understands; but the use of figurative language which we are adverting to, is properly technical. We cannot conceive of a pious man adopting such a mode of expression in the unreserved effusions of his closet; yet it is even less suitable to the public service. A person not accustomed to the current phrases and figures of the particular school of theology, is apt to be utterly perplexed by this artificial language, which is, for the same reason, the most unaffecting.

Broad assertions are seldom proper in public devotion; we do not of course mean either confessions or thanksgivings, which are a species of assertion, but those which affirm respecting the state, character, or feelings of the worshippers, more than is likely to be true of even the majority. The language of supplication all may join in; that of declaration is scarcely to be called prayer, and yet, it is often copiously, and, we think, injudiciously employed.

The exclusive study of living models is disadvantageous to those who would cultivate a simple, chaste, and affecting devotional style. All that is aimed at, very usually, is facility and copiousness. Conciseness, purity, and selection are by far the more important requisites. A florid style is very inappropriate; yet, it sometimes passes for a gift. After all, though divines distinguish between the gift and the grace of prayer, (and assuredly a devotional spirit may warm the heart of one who has but indifferent powers of utterance,) yet, we incline to believe, that what is termed the exercise of the gift, is much more closely allied to the exercise of the grace, than is sometimes suspected. The heart, when properly influenced, is the best directory, and that alone can teach us how to pray.

Art. VIII. *The Rural Walks of Cowper*; displayed in a Series of Views near Olney, Bucks: representing the Scenery exemplified in the Poems; with descriptive Sketches and a Memoir of the Poet's Life. F-cap 8vo. 15 Engravings. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1822.

OUR attention has been drawn to this elegant little volume by the notice bestowed upon it in Dr. Johnson's Preface to the *Private Correspondence of Cowper*, and we have his voucher for the fidelity of the delineations. Most of the subjects were engraved many years ago, for a work entitled *Cowper Illustrated*, which is now out of print. The present series of engravings are from new designs, with the addition of two new plates, *Yardley Oak* and the *Vicarage*, besides a fac-simile of the Poet's hand-writing. The memoir adds little value to the publication: it is of course slight and general, and, as it adheres closely to Hayley, gives an erroneous view of the whole circumstances of Cowper's history.

On looking over these views, one is amused to find the illusion which the Poet has succeeded in creating. The materials which he had to work upon, were of the least promising description, as regarded their susceptibility of either poetic or picturesque effect. Olney itself, standing in the midst of a low, flat, marshy tract, is as dull a town as any in England. Weston is pretty in comparison; but the park itself, so gratefully celebrated, has very slender pretensions to a picturesque or ornamental character. Though the Engraver has made the best of them, yet are they but common scenes, such as present themselves almost every where. But has the Poet passed any deception upon us? Far from it. It was he who saw the landscape and every object in their true light; and he has taught us how to look at Nature, and to love her, in her homeliest dress. 'I wish,' he says in one of his Letters, 'that I could see some of the mountains which you have seen; especially, because Dr. Johnson has pronounced that no man is qualified to be a poet, who has never seen a mountain. But mountains I shall never see, unless, perhaps, in a dream, or unless there are such in heaven.' The genuine love of nature, however, displays itself more unequivocally in an attachment to quiet, unobtrusive home scenes, which leave the mind at liberty to occupy itself with all the details of the landscape, and to make acquaintance with the minuter beauties which lie hidden from a common observer. Such scenes, too, minister far more to cheerfulness, than the grand and the magnificent. Cowper, describing his visit to *Eartham*, says: 'The cultivated appearance of Weston suits my frame of mind far better

' than wild hills that aspire to be mountains, covered with vast, unfrequented woods, and here and there affording a peep between their summits at the distant ocean. Though delightful in the extreme to those who had spirits to bear it, it was ' too gloomy for me.' There may be persons who have been ready to wonder that a poet could exist, and give forth poetry, on the banks of the Ouse; but this may serve to convince them that they are not in Nature's secret. Bees know, what butterflies do not know, that it is not the gayest flowers that hold the honey.

Sacrilegious hands have been busy at Weston; so that these views alone present the scenes alluded to, as they appeared in the Poet's time. The Lodge is tenanted by one who knows not William Cowper, nor cares for him, regarding him as a heretic with all the unsocial bigotry of his Church.

Art. IX. *Batavian Anthology*; or Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with Remarks on the Poetical Literature of the Netherlands to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By John Bowring, Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, and Harry S. Van Dyk. f. cap 8vo. pp. 242. Price 7s. 6d. London, 1824.

WE owe to the Dutch the discovery of the arts of printing and oil-painting; we owe to them the pendulum and the microscope; we owe to them much fine fish and much sound divinity; we are indebted to them for one of the very best of our kings; but assuredly, the last thing for which we should have expected to be indebted to the land of tulips, is poetry. It has produced painters, but the Flemish school, though high in art, is poor in fancy: its beauties are travesties of Venus, and its subjects often burlesques upon nature. It can boast of learned men, but they were ashamed of their own language, and hid their names in a more classic dialect, so that we hardly recognise Erasmus and Grotius as Dutchmen. It has produced patriots; and in Holland, the flame of liberty, civil and religious, was kept alive, when in this country it smouldered only in the ashes of the Puritans. But we invest those heroic republicans with a sort of severe virtue, which would not admit of an alliance with the graceful embellishments of life. Yet this is an idle prejudice. What was Milton? What was Akenside? Both presbyterians and stern republicans. Then we might have looked for poets in Holland; but who thinks of learning Dutch, except a merchant or translator of languages? Mr. Bowring, however, tells us, that the language of Holland is the purest of all the Gothic dialects, that it is one of the in-

teresting branches growing from the great Teutonic stock, and preserving far more of the original character than the rest of the same family. This must give it attraction in the eyes of a philologist; but what recommends a language to scholars or readers in general, is its literature; and it was not known that Holland, though she had her learned Latinists, possessed any native literature. There has been, as the Translator remarks, 'a real ignorance of the existence of any thing that could put in its claim to the name of Belgian poetry.' But as little did English literati, in the pride of their native resources, dream of a Russian Anthology. It is but within comparatively a recent date, that we have concerned ourselves about the poets of Germany. And to speak the truth, it seems as if degrees of affinity in language, as sometimes in relationship, operated with a repulsive power in an inverse proportion; for there has been shewn very little disposition to cultivate the acquaintance of the Gothic or Teutonic cognates of our aboriginal tongue. Instead of this, as if the language itself was bent on its own aggrandisement, and seeking to lose the remembrance of its origin in splendid alliances, it has of late admitted scarcely any thing but Greek into its vocabulary, while our Travellers are daily importing Orientalisms of the most venerable date, still further to enrich the most copious and heterogeneous of conventional mediums. But we are very glad to find that Batavia has an anthology, and we are very happy, too, to be able to form some judgement of the productions of Belgian poets, without, at our time of life, being reduced to the painful expedient of learning Dutch. We are not *such* British critics as to look with pedantic scorn on the attempt to graft a new variety upon our literature; and without offering any equivocal compliments to the 'long-suffering Translators,' whose pleasure in the task has, we doubt not, amply compensated their labour, we frankly tender them our sincere thanks for a very elegant and very interesting volume, which deserves all the room it will occupy in the poetical library. This premised, we shall immediately proceed to give a few specimens.

The following lines are taken from a writer of the sixteenth century,—Anna Byns. 'She was inimical to the Reformation, and directed her talents principally against its progress.'

' See'st thou the sun and moon's transparent beam,
 The fair stars thickly sprinkled o'er the sky?
 They're rays which from th' Eternal's fountain stream.
 Then turn thy contemplative gaze on high,
 Praise the pure light whence these their light obtain,
 Whose heavenly power is in the sun-rays seen.
 It wakes from earth's dark tomb the buried grain,
 And decks with flowers the hills and valleys green,

So that no painter could convey, I ween,
 Such magic colour and variety.
 Then, reasoning beings, if ye would not err,
 Make nature nature's God's interpreter.
 Though nought, however fair, by land or sea,
 With the Creator's beauty can be rated,
 Yet think, while gazing on their brilliancy,
 How wondrous He who all those works created.'

On account of the very high eulogy pronounced upon the virtues, talents, and attainments of Jacob Cats (*aliter Jacobus Catsius*), a poet born towards the close of the sixteenth century, we insert the following *jeu d'esprit*.

' We read in books of ancient lore,
 An image stood in days of yore,
 Which, when the sun with splendour dight
 Cast on its lips his golden light,
 Those lips gave back a silver sound,
 Which fill'd for hours the waste around :
 But when again the living blaze
 Withdrew its music-waking rays,
 Or passing clouds its splendour veil'd,
 Or evening shades its face conceal'd,
 This image stood all silent there,
 Nor lent one whisper to the air.
 This was of old—And even now,
 The man who lives in fortune's glow,
 Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge
 In town and country, court and college ;
 And all assert *nem. con.* whatever
 Comes from his mouth is vastly clever :
 But when the glowing sun retires,
 His reign is o'er, and dimm'd his fires ;
 And all his praise like vapour flies,—
 For who e'er calls a poor man wise ?' pp. 77, 8.

We regret that no specimen is given of this Writer's sublime or devotional poetry : the specimens do not correspond to the biographical preface, and would give no idea of the character attributed to Cats. We have been much more interested by the compositions of Gerbrand Brederode. He was principally celebrated for his comedies and his songs. The sentiment of the first stanza of the following delightful little poem, may be thought in character with the pagan cast of the expression ; but this will not excuse its impiety : it is, however, less offensive than several passages of the kind in Anacreon Moore.

' If all were mine that Jove divine
 Or other gods could proffer,
 Of pomp or show, or dazzling glow,
 I would not take their offer,

If I must thee surrender,
 In payment for their splendour.
 No! I would seek the gods, and say,
 'Tis dearer far on earth to stray,
 With heart and soul by anguish riven,
 And bow'd by poverty and care,
 Than seek at once your promised heaven,
 And dwell without my loved-one there.

' Should they display unbounded sway
 O'er all these kingly regions,
 And give to me dominion free
 O'er lands and mighty legions;
 My heart the gift would treasure,
 To rule them all at pleasure,
 Not for riches, nor for land,
 Not for station, nor command,
 Nor for sceptres, crowns, nor power,
 Nor for all the world is worth,—
 But that I on thee might shower
 Every gift from heaven or earth.

' I would decree that all should be
 Observant to revere thee,
 With bended knee, submissively,
 Though princes—kings—stood near thee.
 Courts should their glories lend thee,
 And empresses attend thee,
 And queens upon thy steps should wait,
 And pay their tribute to thy state
 In low and humble duty;
 And place thee on a royal seat,
 Deck'd, as well becomes thy beauty,
 With splendour and adornment meet.

' An ivory throne should be thine own,
 With ornaments the rarest;
 A cloth of red thy floor o'erspread,
 To kiss thy footsteps, fairest!
 And sweetest flowers be wreathing,
 And round thee fondly breathing;
 And by thy influence I would prove
 How I esteem thy virtues, love!
 How thy truth and goodness sway'd me,
 More than all my store of gold,
 More than thousands that obey'd me,
 More than the giant world could hold.

' But these I know thou canst forego,
 For pride has never found thee,
 And I possess more wealthiness
 Than all the courtiers round me.

If riches *they* inherit,
 I have them too-in spirit :
 And thou dost know as well as I,
 That truer greatness deigns to lie
 'Neath a garment worn and tatter'd,
 Than e'er adorn'd a narrow mind ;
 And that treasures oft are scater'd
 For the basest of our kind.'

The following are from the same poet. He died in 1618.

' Though treasures unbounded are not my share,
 I still am as rich as others are ;
 I care not for gold,
 I care not for gold,
 The mind may the choicest of treasures hold.

' I leave to the miser his joyless hoards,
 To Ambition the bliss that command affords,
 And ask not, my fair !
 And ask not, my fair !
 King's sceptre, or robes, or crown to bear.

' For peace and the noblest enjoyments dwell
 In the breast which contentment has made its cell,
 And not in vain wealth,
 And not in vain wealth,
 Which cheats its master of rest by stealth.

' And therefore my dearest pleasure I find,
 Sweet girl ! in the charms of thy lovely mind,
 And thy matchless soul,
 And thy matchless soul,
 Which bends the world to its bright control.'

' Could fools but feel their want of sense,
 And strive to earn intelligence,
 They would be wiser for their pains ;
 But 'tis the bane of folly ever
 To think itself supremely clever,—
 And thus the fool a fool remains.'

The following epigram is almost worthy of a place in the
 Elegant Extracts : it bears the name of Constantijn Huijgens-
 related, we presume, to the Huggins's.

' GENEROUS THANKS.

' Once afflicted with fancies, a miserly elf
 In a moment of trouble suspended himself ;
 And a second or two would have ended the clown ;
 When his servant came in, and with speed cut him down.
 But as soon as the miser could give his words scope,
 He said, " Tom, I thank you ; but—pay for the rope." '

Dirk Rafael Kamphuyzen, born 1586, died 1626, is one of the most celebrated religious poets of Holland. He wrote a "Paraphrase of the Psalms," of which the Translators have given the following specimen.

‘ PSALM CXXXIII.

‘ If there be one whose thoughts delight to wander
In pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams meander ;
If there be one who longs to find
Where all the purer blisses are enshrin'd—
A happy resting-place of virtuous worth,
A blessed Paradise on earth,—

‘ Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known,
And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal kindred ties.

‘ Oh! blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame ;
Oh ! what are all earth's joys compared to thee—
Fraternal unanimity ?

‘ E'en as the ointment whose sweet odours blended
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended ;
Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore :

‘ So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contain'd their minds, and they were form'd the same,
And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

‘ E'en as the dew, that at the break of morning
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines :

‘ So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest :
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

‘ Ah ! happy they whom genial concord blesses :
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,

And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there ;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

‘ Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded ;

And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crown'd,
And tastes in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power from concord flows.

‘ God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it ;
His promises of future blessings greet it,

And fixt prosperity, which brings
Long life, and ease, beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune—that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.’

The poet, however, who, above all others in this volume, appears to us to deserve the name, is Joost Van den Vondel, born 1587. His tragedies are said to be the grandest compositions in Dutch literature. Besides these, he wrote satires, epigrams, and an epic poem entitled *Lucifer*. He was the associate of Vossius, Hooft, and Grotius, but embraced Catholicism, and became the zealous advocate of the papal supremacy. The following is a chorus from one of his tragedies.

‘ What sweeter brighter bliss
Can charm a world like this,
Than sympathy's communion ;
Two spirits mingling in their purest glow,
And bound in firmest union
In love, joy, woe !

‘ The heart-encircling bond,
Which binds the mother fond
To the sweet child, that sleepeth
Upon the bosom whence he drinks his food—
So close around that heart his spirit creepeth—
It binds the blood.

‘ But there's a firmer band,
When mortals hand in hand,
Whom joy nor grief can sever,
Tread the long paths of years secure,
Led on by sacred peace and virtue ever
As nature pure.

‘ 'Tis then that love's control
Commingles soul with soul,

Spirit to spirit gathers
 A love that's stronger even than fate,—
 'Tis like an effluence from the eternal Father's,
 So bright—so great !

' It cannot be subdued,
 It is the noblest good
 That nature's hand has given :
 'Tis like a well-cemented wall—
 That boldly rears its front to heaven,
 And suffers all.

' If thou hast seen the love
 Of the fond turtle dove,
 On the dry branch bewailing
 Her absent mate in mournful song,
 Bounding her sorrow unavailing
 Her whole life long:—

' So Aemstel's fair—She stood
 And melted like a flood
 To tears ;—her race was scatter'd,
 Her subjects and her city razed,
 And all in blood and darkness shatter'd,
 E'en while she gazed.

' O God ; disperse the gloom,
 Lead her tired spirit home
 From this dark path of sadness ;
 For hope and peace stretch out their hands,
 And bid her look in joy and gladness
 Where Aemstel stands.'

ere is a display of much tender and virtuous feeling in poems of Jeremias de Decker. But we can make room only one more extract, and must give the preference to the following elegant little poem of Gerard Brandt's.

' TO SUSANNAH VAN BAERLE;
 ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

' Think not, I shall deck thy hands
 With a silken ribband gay
 On thy happy natal day ;
 For I know thou hat'st the bands,
 Yes, the show of slavery.
 Nor expect a wreath from me ;
 For the colours on thy cheek,
 And thy breath of fragrance,—ne'er
 Flowers gave forth a breath so fair—
 Of themselves thy wreath can make.
 But the pure, the virtuous truth
 Of thine undissembling youth,

Even far better garlands owns:
Virtues are the noblest crowns.'

A volume containing specimens and notices of Dutch poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, will complete the work. We suspend all further critical remark till we see the sequel.

Art. X. *An Address on the State of Slavery in the West India Islands.* From the Committee of the Leicester Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society. 8vo. pp. 28. London. 1824.

WE are glad to find that auxiliary societies of this description are being formed in different parts of the kingdom. 'When wicked men conspire, good men must combine.' Let not our readers imagine that any thing short of 'a determined and persevering, but judicious and temperate enforcement' of 'effectual and decisive measures'—we use the language of the Commons' Resolutions,—will accomplish the melioration of the colonial system. There has been an unaccountable supineness in the religious public on this subject; for what can be more truly a religious object, than one which relates to the moral and spiritual welfare of eight hundred thousand of our fellow-subjects! The apathy with which British Christians could year after year remain spectators of a system like that which prevails in our West India islands, will hereafter appear so strangely at variance with the benevolent exertions made in every other direction, as to be scarcely credible. It is, however, an old subject—a stale subject, as the Abbè Dubois says of the Hindoo suttees; and on this account, every one is apt to think that he understands the question, and is consequently indisposed to read works relating to it, or to lend his attention to the discussion. Whereas we have been led to think, that even the first principles of the question have become involved in some obscurity. It has been one consequence of carrying on the controversy with men accessible only to considerations of expediency or policy, that the primary obligations of justice and morality have been in some measure kept out of sight; that lower ground has been taken, and a more subdued tone has been maintained, than comported with the feelings which every good man ought to cherish with regard to a system of such complicated injustice, cruelty, and profligacy. It is not in addressing West India planters or proprietors, that we can be allowed to speak in adequate language, of this gigantic evil, abhorrent alike to the laws of God and man.

This clear, forcible, and eloquent Address will recal the public to the elements of the question.

‘ That slavery is the most deplorable condition to which human nature can be reduced, is too evident to require the labour of proof. By subjecting one human creature to the absolute control of another, it annihilates the most essential prerogative of a reasonable being, which consists in the power of determining his own actions, in every instance in which they are not injurious to others. The right improvement of this prerogative is the source of all the virtue and happiness of which the human race is susceptible. Slavery introduces the most horrible confusion, since it degrades human beings from the denomination of persons to that of things ; and by merging the interests of the slave in those of the master, he becomes a mere appendage to the existence of another, instead of preserving the dignity which belongs to a reasonable and accountable nature. Knowledge and virtue are foreign to his state ; ignorance the most gross, and dispositions the most depraved, are requisite to reduce him to a level with his condition.

‘ But degrading as slavery is, in its mildest form, that species of it which prevails in our West India colonies is of the very worst description, far less tolerable than that which subsisted in Greece and Rome during the reign of paganism. It would be difficult to find a parallel to it in any age or nation, with the exception of those unhappy persons who are carried captive by the piratical states of Barbary. Scourged, branded, and sold at the discretion of their masters, the slaves in our West India Islands are doomed to a life of incessant toil, for the benefit of those from whom they receive no recompense whatever : they are indebted for their principal subsistence to the cultivation of small portions of land allotted them under the name of provision grounds : and the only time ordinarily allowed for that purpose, is the day which the laws of all Christian states have devoted to rest. On that day, instead of being assembled to listen to the oracles of God, and to imbibe the consolations of piety, they are necessitated to work for their living, and to dispose of the produce of their labour at the public market ; the natural consequence is, that the far greater part of them are as ignorant of the first principles of Christianity, as though they had remained in the land of their forefathers.’

If this be slavery, can it be imagined that the moral improvement of the slave, that which will unfit him for being such, that which will tend to raise him from the condition of a brute to that of a thinking being, to change him from a thing into a man, however gradual that improvement may be, will ever be favoured or cordially acquiesced in by the slave-holder ? Between the present condition of the negro slave, and the lowest measure of knowledge and virtue, there is an utter incompatibility. Our opponents are aware of this. Make them men, they argue, and what becomes of our property ?

‘ We are in possession of a religion the communication of which

would afford some compensation for the injuries we have inflicted, and let in a ray of hope on the benighted mind. To say that no effectual provision has been made for this purpose, is to assert the smallest part of the truth. The religious instruction of the negroes has not only been neglected, but such regulations introduced, as renders it nearly impracticable. The attempts of this sort, which have been made, have not resulted from any legislative enactment, but merely from the zeal of private individuals, exposed for the most part to the utmost opposition and obloquy; nor will it admit of a doubt, that but for the seasonable interference of the Government at home, all such proceedings would long since have been suppressed. The Colonial Legislatures have displayed nearly as much aversion to the religious instruction of the slaves, as to the extension of their civil immunities; and, judging from their conduct, we should be tempted to infer, they were no less careful to exclude them from the hope of heaven, than from happiness on earth.

‘ It would be natural to suppose, such a system could have few charms for the spectator; that the presence of such a mass of degradation and misery would be a source of continual annoyance, and that no exertion would be spared, by those who have it most in their power, to diminish its pressure and lighten its horrors. On the contrary, the West India Colonists view it with the utmost complacency; in their eyes it seems to be a most finished specimen of social order; a masterpiece of policy; the most precious legacy bequeathed them by their ancestors, which they are bound to maintain inviolate in every part, to defend at the greatest risk, and to transmit unimpaired to future generations. They anticipate with the utmost confidence the perpetual duration of the system, and reprobate every measure which has the remotest tendency to endanger its existence, as the offspring of indescribable folly and wickedness. To such a degree are their moral perceptions vitiated, that they really believe they have a prescriptive right to be guilty of injustice, to trample on the image of their Maker, to erase his superscription, and to treat that portion of their species which fortune has subjected to their power, as mere beasts of burden, divested of the essential characteristics of humanity. In this instance, impious speculations have been resorted to in palliation of practical enormities; nor have there been wanting those who avow their persuasion that the negro is more nearly allied to the oran-outang, than to the human kind.

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‘ After witnessing such an obstinate adherence to a system, equally injurious to the Negroes and to themselves—after every suggestion of improvement has been indignantly rejected, and not a single effort made in behalf of the slave population, if we except a few verbal enactments, passed with no other view, it is evident from the event, than to elude inquiry and silence complaint—it would be more than vain, it would be preposterous, to look for any substantial redress from Colonial Legislators. *They* are the aggressors, *they* are the authors of the evils we complain of; and how can it be expected they should

legislate against themselves? To leave the slaves in *their* hands, what is it less than to recommend the lamb to the protection of the wolf?"

It is quite obvious, then, that no melioration of the moral and intellectual condition of the slave would be politic, safe, or we were going to say humane, that had not for its ultimate object, to prepare him for a participation of civil and moral rights. Religion, which seals and sanctifies all the legitimate relations of society, can have no other effect on the victim of oppression, avarice, and lust, than to strengthen his abhorrence of his tyrant. No sooner does the female negro become susceptible of moral sentiments,—of shame, virtuous love, or maternal tenderness,—if it is conceivable, that a human creature with so dark a skin can have such feelings—than she becomes disqualified for the service of her employer.

We have no room at present to pursue this view of the subject, but earnestly commend the more eloquent statements contained in this Address to the attention of our readers.

'We cannot,' says the Writer in conclusion, 'suppose for a moment that Government will suffer the extraordinary conduct recently displayed by the local authorities of Jamaica, to have any influence in preventing its adoption of such measures for the amelioration of the present system, as justice and humanity may dictate. To be bearded and insulted by persons in their situation, would be mortifying enough; if the ridicule attached to their proceedings, did not interfere with more serious emotions. To say that Government has nothing to fear from the West India Islands would be scarcely correct, for we have much to fear; but it is not from their strength, but their weakness, which is such, that were we to withdraw our support, they would fall like ripe fruit, into the lap of the first invader. They are so much accustomed, it seems, to proceed by the method of intimidation, as to forget their absolute dependence on Great Britain for protection, as well from domestic, as from foreign dangers; nor could we wish them a more cruel revenge, than to leave them to their own resources. If by adopting such regulations as the humanity and wisdom of Parliament shall prescribe, they can make it clearly appear that their pecuniary interests are affected (which in our opinion will be impossible) let them by all means receive a suitable compensation; but let us be permitted, at the same time, to express our hope, that Government will not be diverted from its course by the growling of a tiger, which refuses to quit its prey.

'The interference then of an enlightened public, to circulate information, to strengthen the hands and second the movements of Government, in this most just enterprise, is imperiously demanded. We cannot sit still year after year, silent spectators of the most enormous oppression, exercised within the limits of the British dominions, without partaking of its guilt. We cannot remain silent and inactive,

without forgetting who we are, and what we have done; that we are the country which, after a tedious struggle with a host of prejudices arrayed in support of opulent oppression, have overthrown the Slave Trade, torn it up by the roots, and branded in the eyes of all nations the sale of human flesh, as the most atrocious of social crimes. We must forget that we are the countrymen of Granville Sharp, who by incredible exertions succeeded at length in purifying the British soil from this its foulest pollution, and rendered it for ever impossible for a slave to breathe its air. We must sever ourselves from all alliance of spirit with a Wilberforce and a Clarkson, who looked forward to the final emancipation of the Negro race as the consummation of their labours, and were sustained in their arduous contest, by the joy which that prospect inspired. We must lose sight of still more awful considerations, and forget our great Original, "who hath formed of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth." pp. 26—8.

It would be paying our readers an ill compliment, to suppose it necessary to inform them, that this Address is from the pen of Mr. Hall.

Art. XI. *Prose by a Poet.* 2 vols. 8vo. Price 12s. London, 1824.

A MAN may be a poet all but—we know not what—the art of writing poetry. This sentence is not quite the truism that it may seem to be, though we have not finished it to our satisfaction. It contains the sum and substance of a long dissertation which has been passing through our thoughts, but which we are unwilling to inflict upon our readers. To come at once to *exempli gratia*; there is Washington Irving,—a man who looks like a poet, feels like one, writes like one, and yet, if he can indite verses, he keeps his secret; and we should not expect that his verse would rise at all above the improved standard of gentlemanly mediocrity. The present Writer does not at all write like Geoffrey Crayon; he has not his Flemish humour, or his power of picturesque description; nor does he aim at writing like him. But yet, his lucubrations naturally reminded us of the "Sketch-book," being a work of the same class. Moreover, this Poet's 'prose' bears equal marks of being written by one who unites in himself all the elements of the poetical character—the sensibility, the love of nature, the observant eye, the play of fancy; and yet, according to his own modest account, he 'graduates between a luminary of the third and one of the sixth magnitude, as the muse of fire burns bright or dim within him.' He has given us, however, in these volumes, some specimens of no mean poetical ability; but his readers will say, we like his prose better. Every body says the same of Addison, of Tickell, of Johnson, of Smollett, of Swift,—of some of our best prose writers; of Goldsmith

himself, for, though he has written one exquisite poem, his *Vicar of Wakefield* is the more delightful production of the two. Cowper is the most remarkable instance, perhaps, of a poet of no mean order and eminent originality, excelling not less in chaste, perspicuous, correct, and elegant prose. These volumes have more frequently reminded us of the playful spirit which appears in his letters and minor pieces, combined, too, with the sterling qualities of heart and mind which give a moral value to his most trifling productions, than of any other writer. Among the poets of the day, the one on whom Cowper's mantle would seem to have fallen, is Montgomery.—Can it be he?

The Contents of these volumes are as follows:—*Pen, Ink, and Paper*; *Morna*; *Old Women*; *Life of a Flower, by Itself*; *Juvenile Delinquency*; an *Old English Year*; the *Moon and Stars, a Fable*; *Common Place*; a *Six Miles Tour*; a *Tale without a Name*; a *Modest Confession*; the *Acorn, an apologue*; a *Dialogue of the Alphabet*; a *Scene not to be found in any Play*; *Mutability*; *Extracts from my Journal at Scarborough*; the *Voyage of the Blind*; an *Apocryphal Chapter in the History of England*; a *Forenoon at Harrowgate*; an *African Valley*; the *Last Day*; *Postscript*.

We shall leave our readers to make what they can of this bill of fare, having room only for a short extract.

‘ THE MOON AND STARS.

‘ On the fourth day of Creation, when the sun, after a glorious but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already arrayed in exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stept forth into the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone: now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth, resplendent companion had joined her, till, light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour, the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.

‘ The planets and stars, with a superb comet flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one, from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity,—he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the host of heaven beside displayed around him in graduated splendour. Nor were any undeceived with regard to themselves, though all saw their associates in their real situations and relative proportions, self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired either in the sky or below it,—till, bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they imagined, at first, to be a new heaven, peopled

with beings of their own species; but when they perceived further that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared, they then recognized themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner. By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility, but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope from whence they could identify their true images in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising,—stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye, and though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself, nor any part of himself—till he came to reflection! The comet, however, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency:—indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was at length acknowledged king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

‘ But the object which attracted most attention and astonishment, too, was a slender thread of light, that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after night-fall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon,—the first new moon;—timidly she looked round upon the glittering multitude, that crowded through the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute indeed they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine for ever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction. When she was gone the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, “What a figure!” It was so evident, that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the apparition, (though at first they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her,—of course, not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic precision from one end of Heaven to the other,—and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles as the language of eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived, in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages. Her crooked form, which they deemed a violation of the order of nature, and her shyness, equally unlike the frank intercourse of stars, were ridiculed and censured from pole to pole; for what good purpose such a monster could have been created, not the wisest could conjecture; yet, to tell the truth, every one, though glad to be countenanced in the affectation of scorn by the rest, had secret misgivings concerning the stranger, and envied the delicate brilliancy of her light, while she seemed but the fragment of a sunbeam,—they, indeed, knew nothing about the sun,—detached from a long line, and exquisitely bended.’ pp. 127—131.

XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

ev. W. S. Gilly will shortly publish a narrative of an Excursion to the mountains of Piedmont, in the year 1841, and researches among the Vaudois, with illustrations of the very interesting history of these Protestant inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, with an appendix containing important documents from Ancient MSS. In one volume, with maps and other engravings. Recently finished and accredited Like Mrs. Hannah More, engraved by G. P. Norton from a Painting by H. W. Milner, A.R.A. will be published in 1842.

Solomon Bennett has just issued a prospectus of a work to be entitled "The Temple of Ezekiel, or an illustration of the 41st, 42nd, &c. chapters of Ezekiel," to be published in a 4to. volume, illustrated with a ground plan, and an eye view of the Temple.

In the press, the Christian Father's Letters to his Children. By the Rev. J. W. Nesbit.

In the month of March, will be published the first number of a new periodical publication, entitled the Cambridge Quarterly Review and Academic Register. To be continued quarterly. Understand that a new translation of the Jewish historian, has been undertaken by a clergyman of the Established Church. A classical version of this unique and celebrated writer has long been a desideratum in English Literature, and if the gentleman above alluded to, succeed in his arduous enterprise, will confer no mean obligation on his language and country.

We are happy to insert the following notice transmitted to us by Mr. Montagu of Sheffield. A Society under the patronage of his Majesty, has long been established, for abolishing the practice of employing children to sweep chimneys. A volume, in prose and

verse, to be intitled "The Climbing Boy's Album," containing contributions from some of the most eminent writers of the day, illustrated with engravings from designs by Mr. Cruikshank, will be published in the course of the present season. The object of this work will be to draw public attention more earnestly than heretofore to the practicability and the necessity of discontinuing one of the most cruel, unjust, and flagitious usages in existence.

On the 25th of March will be published, in six handsome volumes, 8vo. price 3l. 12s.: uniform with the editions of Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Owen, and Lightfoot, the Complete Works of the Rev. Philip Skelton, of Trinity College, Dublin, with memoirs of his life by the Rev. Samuel Burdy, A.B. Edited by the Rev. Robert Lynam, A.M. assistant Chaplain to the Magdalen Hospital.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in foolscap 8vo. a Familiar and Explanatory Address to Young, Uninformed, and Scrupulous Christians, on the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper, with directions for profitably reading the Scriptures; a dissertation on faith and works; an exposition of the commandments and Lord's prayer; a discourse upon prayer, and an explanation of terms used in doctrinal writings, &c. &c.

In the press, Massillon's Thoughts on different Moral and Religious Subjects, extracted from his works, and arranged under distinct heads, translated from the French. By Rutton Morris, English Minister at Calais and the suburbs of St. Pierre.

In the press, Lectures on the Life of Christ, 3 vols. 8vo. By the Rev. J. Bennet, Rotherham.

In the press, Lectures on the Ten Commandments. By W. H. Stowell, North Shields. In 1 vol. 8vo.

XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

MEDICINE.

An engraved Representation of the structure of the Human Ear, exhibiting in detail, the external and internal parts of that Organ in situ, accompanied by a plate of outlines and refer-

ences with copious explanations; to which are added, Surgical remarks on introducing the Probe and Catheter into the Eustachian Tube by the Nostril—on the operation of puncturing the Membrana Tympani—and a synoptical

table of the Diseases of the Ear, with their classification, seat, symptoms, causes, and treatment. The whole designed as a guide to Aconstic Surgery. By Thomas Buchanan, C.M. Licentiate of the University of Glasgow, and Surgeon to the Hull Dispensary for Diseases of the Eye and Ear. folio 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Letter to the Editor of the British Review, occasioned by the notice of "No Fiction" and "Martha," in the last Number of that work. By Andrew Rees. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Aspersions answered : an explanatory statement, addressed to the public at large, and to every reader of the Quarterly Review in particular. By William Hone. 8vo. 1s.

Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths, illustrated in a series of narratives and essays. Small 8vo. 9s.

Letters to an Attorney's Clerk, containing directions for his studies and general conduct : designed and commenced by A. C. Buckland, author of Letters on Early Rising, and completed by W. H. Buckland. fcap 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Prose by a Poet. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. 12s.

Private Correspondence of the late William Cowper, Esq. Now first published from the originals in the possession of the Editor, the Rev. Dr Johnson, Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, Norfolk. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s.

POLITICAL.

The Practicability and Expediency of abolishing Taxation, by repealing the remaining moiety of the assessed taxes. By a Country Magistrate. 1s.

A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the subject of Church property. By a Clergyman. 8vo 2s. 6d.

An Address on the State of Slavery in

the West India Islands, from the Committee of the Leicester Auxiliary Anti-Slavery Society. 8vo. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

The Evidence of Christianity derived from its Nature and Reception. By J. B. Sumner, M.A. Prebendary of Durham 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sermons on Important Subjects. By the Rev. D. M'Indoe, Newcastle on Tyne. 12mo. 5s. bd.

An Answer to the Question, Why are you a Congregational Dissenter. By the Rev. Jos Morrison. 6d.

The Incarnation of the Son of God; a Sermon preached at the Moravian Chapel, Bristol. By William Okey, M.D. 8vo. 1s. (The profits to be devoted to the benefit of the sufferers by fire at Sarepta.)

The Book of Psalms in an English Metrical Version, founded on the basis of the authorized Bible translation, and compared with the original Hebrew, with notes, critical and illustrative. By the Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. M.R.I.A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. 8vo. 12s.

The Protestant Companion, or a Seasonable Preservative against the errors, corruptions, and unfounded claims of a superstitious and idolatrous church. By the Rev. C. Daubeny, LL. D. Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. 9s.

Twenty Sermons on the Apostolical Preaching and Vindication of the Gospel to the Jews, Samaritans, and devout Gentiles, as exhibited in the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Peter, and the Epistle to the Hebrews : preached before the University of Cambridge in the Year 1823, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. J. Hulse. By J. C. Franks, M.A. Chaplain of Trinity College, and Vicar of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, 8vo. 12s.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR APRIL, 1824.

Art. I. *An Attempt to demonstrate from Reason, and Revelation, the necessary Existence, essential Perfections, and superintending Providence of an Eternal Being, who is the Creator, the Supporter, and the Governor of all Things.* By Samuel Drew. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xx. 712. Price 18s. Cornwall. 1820.

IT would seem to be a very difficult thing to prove that there is a God, since, of the arguments adduced to demonstrate the proposition, some are unsound, others are involved and obscure; and the most laborious proofs are the least satisfactory. To prove the fact of one's own existence by a similar process of argumentation, would be found equally difficult, and for the same reason: no proof can be so clear as that which the proposition includes, its contrary implying a contradiction. Were a plain man required to demonstrate that two and two are equal to four, he would resent, as an attempt to impose upon his understanding, the raising a question about so self-evident a truth. But a learned philosopher, no doubt, could prove this at great length,—could demonstrate the necessity of the relation of equality, the difference between equality and identity, the absurdity of supposing that two and two make five, since even numbers can never be multiplied into an odd one; he would further adduce in support of the assertion, the universal consent of mankind; but, whether the nature of things could possibly have been different, so that the idea of equality should have been produced in our minds by an odd number, would admit of a most ingenious disputation. We are much disposed to consider the intricate argument respecting the being of a God as scarcely less a work of supererogation. It is impossible to conceive of there being no God,—impossible for the mind, in a state of sanity, to frame to itself the supposition that would blot out the idea of God. There have been a few men mad enough to profess atheism,—such as a heathen writer aptly describes as ‘maimed in their very soul,’

‘ monstrous creatures, as a lion without courage, an ox without horns, or a bird without wings ; yet, out of these, you shall understand somewhat of God, for they know and confess him whether they will or no.’* It is one thing to be able to argue on the side of an absurd hypothesis, and another thing for the mind to impose on itself that absurdity as a truth. The atheistic hypothesis is a pure absurdity. The act of thought includes the idea of conscious existence ; and from the idea of conscious existence, that of its Author is inseparable. The first law of all reasoning is that which links the effect with its cause. As soon as the child can reason, that is, as soon as it becomes, properly speaking, a conscious being, it understands the force of the inquiry, ‘ Who made me ? ’ Some one, something must have caused me to be. If he should be told, that his parents made him, the question returns, Who made them ? And no idea is found on which the unsophisticated mind can rest, but that of the Infinite, Unsearchable, Eternal Being, who made all things, and who Himself had no beginning.

‘ I am ; therefore God is.’ The reasoning is on a level with the lowest capacity, yet, philosophy cannot produce a stronger demonstration. The conclusion is irresistible. I must have had a Maker—greater than myself—greater than the world, for he made that too, and placed me in it—greater than I can conceive of—transcending alike my imagination and my reason : thus I can conceive of Him only as immense. It is one step further, which leads to the conclusion, that this Cause of all things must be antecedent to all things, uncaused, eternal. This idea once developed, (and it is necessarily developed by the earliest processes of thought,) it becomes a law or first principle. ‘ For he,’ remarks Dr. Clarke, ‘ that can suppose eternity and immensity removed out of the universe, may, if he please, as easily remove the relation of equality between twice two and four.’

In point of fact, the relation of cause and effect is more easily apprehended than the relation of equality. The proposition that there is a God, is understood before the terms of the proposition are, that two and two are equal to four. Both, when understood, are equally self-evident, and refuse the aid of proof. Their opposites alike imply a contradiction. There is a remark of Howe’s, which strictly applies, we think, to the argument respecting the Divine Existence. ‘ At least,’ he says, ‘ in a matter of so clear and commanding evidence, rea-

* Maximus Tyrius.

‘soning many times looks like trifling; and out of a hearty concernedness and jealousy for the honour of religion, one would rather it should march on with an heroical neglect of bold and malapert cavillers, than make itself cheap by discussing at every turn its principles.’ Theology might safely refrain from encountering a mere absurdity, and assume the fact of existence, including the self-existence of the First Great Cause, as granted.

The self-existence of God is as certain a truth as his existence: it is included in the idea of God, and therefore forms part of the proposition, There is a God. If this is not so immediately perceived as the affirmation, that two and two are equal to four, it is owing, not to its being less self-evident, but to the abstract nature of the idea of uncaused existence: the meaning of the terms is less obvious, but, when understood, the assent of the mind is as instantaneously given in the one case as in the other. The Being who made all things, must have existed antecedently to all things, independently of all things, uncaused, unoriginated, from eternity, by the necessity of his nature,—that is, must be self-existent. And that the Cause of all being must be self-existent, is not more evident and certain, the terms being understood, than that, as the Cause of all perfection, he must be all-perfect. Otherwise, though a cause would be assigned in the Divine Existence, for the existence of other beings, there would be perfections attaching to ~~created~~ beings, for which no cause would be assignable; they would be effects without a cause. And the absurdity would not be greater, that is involved in the supposition of contingent qualities without a cause, than that which attaches to the idea of contingent existence without a cause. In other words, we might as well suppose a finite being to have come into existence of itself, as suppose it to possess qualities of power, wisdom, goodness, for which it was not indebted to its Author, or, as suppose that the Author of all power, wisdom, and goodness is less than infinitely powerful, wise, and good. The argument is as direct from the capacity, intelligence, and conscience of man to the perfections of the Creator, as from our conscious existence to the Divine self-existence. The Cause of all being must be the Cause of all well-being also. ‘Self-existence!’ exclaims the Author of the Living Temple, ‘into how profound an abyss is a man cast at the thought of it! How doth it overwhelm and swallow up his mind and whole soul! With what satisfaction and delight must he see himself comprehended of what he finds he can never comprehend! For, contemplating the Self-existent Being, he finds it eternally, necessarily, never not existing! He can have no thought

' of the Self-existing Being, as such, but as always existing,
 ' as having always existed, as always certain to exist. In-
 ' quiring into the spring and source of THIS Being's existence,
 ' Whence is it that it doth exist? his own notion of a self-ex-
 ' isting Being (which is not arbitrarily taken up, but which the
 ' reason of things hath imposed upon him) gives him his an-
 ' swer, and it can be no other: In that it is a self-existent
 ' Being, it hath it of itself, that it doth exist. It is an eternal,
 ' everlasting spring and fountain of perpetually-existent being
 ' to itself. What a glorious excellency of being is this! What
 ' can this mean, but the greatest remoteness from nothing that
 ' is possible; that is, the most absolute fullness and plenitude
 ' of all being and perfection? And whereas all caused being,
 ' as such, is, to every man's understanding, confined within
 ' certain limits; what can the uncaused, self-existent Being be,
 ' but most unlimited, infinite, all-comprehending, and most
 ' absolutely perfect? Nothing, therefore, can be more evident,
 ' than that the Self-existent Being must be the absolutely per-
 ' fect Being.'

Argument, then, against the existence of God, there is none,
 nor can by possibility be any. Argument against the self-
 existence of God, it is equally impossible to frame; because
 the Cause of all things must Himself exist necessarily, and
 the contrary implies a contradiction. The perfection of God
 so immediately follows from the nature of the Divine existence,
 that the only semblance of argument that can be opposed
 to the demonstration, must be of the kind that is termed a
posteriori, which species of evidence, however strong, does
 not admit of its outweighing the positive demonstration. All
 that the infidel can urge as an objection against the wisdom
 and goodness of the Creator, is founded on the apparent dis-
 order or actual evil which is seen in this part of his Creation;
 and this argument, if valid, would only imply a deficient
 exercise of those perfections, or a perfection short of absolute
 and infinite. To set against which, the objector's own sense
 of fitness and goodness, derived from his Creator, leading
 him to approve of what is wise and conducive to happiness,
 is a stronger proof, a testimony within himself, of those very
 perfections in the Deity which appear to be eclipsed by the
 existence of evil. Thus, while the objection, pushed to the
 utmost, only intimates that God is not *infinitely* powerful, wise,
 and good, the very objection, springing from the nature which
 God has implanted, implies that he is wise and good as well
 as powerful. But an objection drawn from the deficient exer-
 cise or manifestation of Infinite attributes, can never be con-
 clusive against the existence of those attributes; for, of the

first,—of what it is consonant with Infinite Wisdom, all things considered, to do, no one who is not infinitely wise, is competent to judge. We are sure that there cannot be more in the Effect than there is in the Cause; but we can never be sure that there is not more in the Cause than is seen in the Effect. But were the infidel objection valid, it would amount to nothing higher than a probability, a presumption, that the Creator, though wise, and powerful, and benevolent, is not infinitely so. Which probability, deduced altogether from present appearances, is to be set against the demonstration derived from the very nature of the Divine existence, that, in all his perfections, he must be infinite.

It is easy, and it may be useful, to shew, that even in the display of those perfections, the proofs of Divine wisdom and goodness infinitely preponderate over the apparent exceptions; because the mind is more apt to be affected by sensible illustrations than by mathematical certainties. It is proper to vindicate the ways of God against the cavils of infidels; but yet, this should not so be done as to rest the Divine character on a balance of probabilities—on the preponderance of good over evil, or the doctrine of future retribution. This is, we think, a very dangerous representation. It is to suspend man's first and highest obligation on the degree of satisfaction he may be able to attain to respecting the Divine character from the evidence of his works; a view of things which alike overlooks the relation in which he stands to his Creator, and the higher proof, implanted in his moral nature, of the Absolute Perfection of God. To argue the Divine Perfections from present appearances and probable anticipations, is, it seems to us, to argue from what is uncertain to what is certain, instead of setting out from certainty, and applying the fundamental axiom of all theology, morals, and philosophy, to the explanation of what is problematical. If any thing in knowledge is certain, it is this; first, that God exists, and secondly, that, being God, "He is light, and in Him is no "darkness at all."

If there is a God, the atheist himself cannot but admit that this is the true notion of the Being whose existence he denies. No one who confesses his belief in a God, pretends to believe that he can be other than a being absolutely perfect. Thus, every argument aimed against the perfection of the Divine Being, strikes at the belief in his existence, because it calls in question something which is essential to his being and nature, and inseparable from the idea of God. But, if the existence of God be demonstrated, including under that idea his necessary perfections, 'all the little cavils of infidels

against it, it has been justly remarked, ' must signify nothing, ' because the same thing cannot be both true and false.' If those persons who suffer themselves to entertain and dwell upon such sceptical cavils, while they would start back with horror from the conclusion to which they lead, did but well consider this alternative—either God is absolutely perfect, and all appearances to the contrary signify nothing, or the atheist is right,—this might save them both the pain and the guilt of dallying with blasphemous suggestions.

These volumes contain an Essay written for the Premiums bequeathed by the late John Burnett, Esq. of Aberdeen, to the authors of the best and next best treatises, in the estimation of the judges appointed by the Testator, on the evidence in favour of the Divine existence and attributes. The advertisement which announced this bequest, first appeared in the year 1811, and the time allowed for the composition of the treatises, extended to the 1st of Jan. 1814. The competition excited by the munificent premiums, (1200l. to the best, and 400l. to the next in merit,) does not appear to have been so great as might have been expected. Mr. Drew's production, in company with about fifty competitors, was submitted to the inspection of the appointed judges. But he was not so fortunate as to carry off either premium. The first prize was awarded to the Rev. Dr. Brown, the Principal of Marischal College; the second to the Rev. J. B. Sumner. Both of the prize Essays were published; and we must plead guilty to a misdemeanour, in having failed to give an account of them at the time of their appearance. We must frankly confess, however, that the omission did not proceed altogether from inadvertency. It appeared to us an invidious task, to review the decision of another tribunal; and we felt extremely glad that we had not on that occasion to determine, by our decision, the award of the 1600l. It appeared to us, that the piety of the Testator's intentions was more unequivocally indicated by his bequest, than the soundness of his judgement. He seems to have assumed two positions, both of which might admit of a question: first, that the religious condition of society is, in a considerable degree, implicated in the prosecution of the metaphysical argument in proof of the Being and Attributes of God; and secondly, that the validity and influence of this argument would be materially assisted by the purchase, every fortieth year for ever, of two Essays upon the subject, at the price of sixteen hundred pounds. We are not aware that, hitherto, such an expectation has been adequately realized.

Dr. Brown's Essay is certainly a creditable performance.

Without making a high pretension to originality of thought, it presents, in a perspicuous, popular, and in many respects able manner, the various topics of argument which the terms of the question embraced; and it will at least answer the purpose of informing the reader as to what it is usual to advance on the several branches of the subject. The chief faults of the work are frequent and rather forced references to the politics of the day, and occasional digressions not strictly in accordance with the dignity of the subject. We might have been disposed to rate Mr. Sumner's treatise rather more highly, but have felt bound to distrust our own judgement after the sentence of the Aberdeen judges. Mr. Drew's Essay yields to neither of the successful treatises in point of original talent; but as its intrinsic value is by no means equal to the ingenuity and acumen which it displays, we see no room for arraigning the decision respecting it. The Author, however, was not disposed to consign it wholly to oblivion, and having submitted it to the inspection of several literary friends, who encouraged him by their approbation, committed it to the press. It has, we perceive, been published some years; but it has so happened that we never met with it, or heard of it, till a copy fell into our hands some few months ago. The interest of such a work does not, however, in any measure depend upon its date.

The name of Samuel Drew must be well known to our readers as that of the author of two very ingenious and meritorious volumes on the Immateriality of the Soul and the Resurrection of the Body. At the time of writing those works, he was living in the greatest obscurity, dependent, we believe, altogether for support on a mechanical occupation, and indebted to the almost unaided powers of his own mind for the proficiency he had made. He is now a preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion, and as such, commands very considerable attention. It is impossible, in reading these volumes, not to perceive the marks of a very strong and original mind. In the days of the Schoolmen, the Author, on whichever side he had enlisted, would have been a welcome champion and a formidable antagonist,—provided only that he could have quoted Aristotle. The work is divided into three parts. Part I. consists of arguments *a priori*; and the first of these has at least boldness and novelty to recommend it: it is as follows. 'Space exists positively; it is a visible display of the Divine immensity, and affords proofs of the existence of God—Space, being an infinite perfection, proves the existence of an infinite substance.' The second argument is drawn, in the same words, from the existence of Duration.

We suspect that we have not many readers who will feel tempted to launch out into this boundless, trackless region; but we will endeavour to keep as near the coast as possible. It is evident, that, by giving the first place to this argument, Mr. Drew lays no small stress upon it; that the Divine existence can be demonstrated from the existence of Space. It is, however, an obvious objection to this mode of argument, that what is assumed or premised, stands more in need of being demonstrated than what is inferred. That God exists, is more obviously certain than that Space exists. But, waiving this objection, we consider his definition of Space as altogether built on a sophism,

‘Space,’ he says, ‘has been exalted by some to the dignity of the Supreme Being; by others it has been debased to a perfect non-entity; others, again, have denominated it the mere privation of body; while those of a different class have contended, that it is nothing more than a mere abstract idea. But, while these men have wearied themselves in settling the geography of error, and have invented arguments to give plausibility to their theories, other writers, of superior talents, more extensive views, and deeper penetration, have asserted the reality of space, and, contending for its universality and eternity, have pointed out its intimate connexion with unlimited existence, and with our ideas of unoriginated and unbounded being. Among these, the illustrious names of Newton, Locke, and Clarke may be placed in the foremost rank.’

Now it rather unfortunately happens, that Dr. Clarke, one of our Author’s three authorities, has these words on the subject of infinite space, in his “Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God.” ‘Infinite Space is *nothing else but an abstract idea of immensity or infinity*; even as infinite Duration is of eternity; and it would not be much less proper, to say that Eternity is the essence of the Supreme Cause, than to say, that Immensity is so. Indeed, they seem both to be but *attributes of an Essence incomprehensible to us*; and when we endeavour to represent the real substance of any being whatsoever in our weak imaginations, we shall find ourselves in like manner deceived.’ This question, if it be one, is not, however, to be settled by authorities; and though we cannot allow Mr. Drew the benefit of these names, yet, if he can prove that Dr. Clarke is wrong, the credit due to him will only be the greater. Let us then examine his argument.

‘A material world exists.’ This is his first position; yet, he is aware that this has been controverted. But ‘to reason with those who assert the whole to be a mere illusion, is,’ he says, ‘a task which I am not disposed to undertake.’ In undertaking to reason with those who assert the notion of God to

be a mere illusion, he has, however, undertaken a task not more superfluous; for we must deny that the proof of the existence of the material world, as 'attested by the evidence of our senses,' is so strong as the proof of the Divine existence supplied by reason. But we give him this position: a material world exists. Then, that in which it exists, that is *space*, must, he argues, be either an entity or a non-entity.

Now, if we suppose the world and its appendages to exist in an absolute nonentity, we cannot avoid concluding that these positive properties are actually existing in that from which all positive properties are necessarily excluded. But how this can be possible, I must leave for others to discover. If the world exist in an absolute nonentity, this nonentity must have extension and capacity; otherwise, that which is extended, must exist where there is no extension, and be contained in that which has no capacity; which conclusions are evidently absurd. And, if we admit an absolute nonentity to have extension and capacity, we must ascribe these positive properties to that which we grant to be the reverse of existence. But, since nothing positive can be predicated of a nonentity,—since extension and capacity are positive properties, and matter cannot be where extension and capacity are not,—it follows, that *an absolute nonentity cannot contain the material world.*

In the following sections, he argues that 'motion cannot exist in an absolute nonentity;' that 'absolute nonentity is devoid of all assignable dimensions,' which cannot apply to Space; that Space, and our idea of it, are both positive, its reverse being a negation; yet, that Space is not a substance, nor the mode of one; that it has no parts; that, as well as our idea of it, it is strictly simple; that it differs from the idea of mere emptiness; that, if Space were an absolute non-entity, all bodies would be in contact; that Space is a visible display of immensity, yet, that it does not follow that that immense substance to which Space belongs, must be extended.

Now, as the word Space may to many of our readers appear a mysterious, metaphysical sort of a word, we propose, with submission, to substitute the word *Somewhere*. The argument, then, will run thus. A material world exists; it must exist somewhere, and that somewhere must be either an entity or a nonentity. But it cannot be a nonentity, having extension and capacity, which are positive properties. Moreover, both somewhere, and our idea of it, are positive, since the reverse of somewhere is no-where, which is a negation, and 'the physical reverse of a pure negation must exist positively.' Yet, this somewhere is not a substance, nor the mode of one; nor is it mere emptiness; it is not a mere abstract idea, because it contains real existence; it has no parts; it is strictly simple. This, we think, is no unfair representation of Mr. Drew's argu-

ment,—only accommodated to the meanest capacity. And how edifying and convincing the conclusion—with reason we would speak it—there is a somewhere; ergo, there is a God! Yet, we see no real difference between this statement, and that of our Author respecting Space.

But every one immediately perceives, that *Somewhere* is an abstract idea, implying real existence under unknown circumstances or conditions. And what is Space but an abstract idea, related in like manner to real existence under the notion of immensity? Mr. Drew says, that the reverse of Space is *no-space*, which is a pure negation, and that, therefore, Space must be a positive entity. We deny the major proposition; for we say, that the reverse of *space* is *place*, as the reverse of what is limited is illimitable. Space is an indefinite idea by which we imply illimitable existence. The fact is, that we cannot form the idea of *existence* at all, without that of *time*, and that of *place*, entering into the complex notion. The ideas of time and of place are simple abstract ideas, incapable alike of definition or further analysis; but they are related to existence as necessary conditions or attributes. We learn to measure time and place by experience, but the ideas themselves, if not innate, must be termed necessary ideas, since they are awakened by the first act of reflection, and are inseparable from the conscious notion of existence. Now, what time and place are to finite existence, *that* immensity and eternity are to infinite existence. And precisely in the same manner as we arrive at the idea of infinite, unoriginated Existence, do we arrive at the ideas of boundless duration and immensity, as the conditions of such Existence,—or rather, as component parts of the idea of Infinite Existence. Thus Dr. Clarke remarks, in his Fourth Reply to Leibnitz, (§ 10.) that ‘space and duration’ are not *hors de Dieu*, but are caused by, and are immediate and necessary consequences of his existence; and without them, his eternity and ubiquity would be taken away.’ He had before remarked, (Third Reply, § 3.) that ‘Space is not a being, but a property or a consequence of the existence of a Being infinite and eternal: infinite space is immensity.’ ‘Space and time,’ he remarks, ‘are quantities.’ It is true that afterwards, in his Fifth Reply, he seems to abandon his simple, intelligible proposition, advanced in his “Demonstration,” namely, that Space is nothing but the abstract idea of immensity; maintaining, (p. 303. note,) that ‘it is not a mere idea,’ because ‘no idea of Space can possibly be framed larger than finite; and yet, reason demonstrates that it is a contradiction for Space itself not to be actually infinite.’ But by this he can only mean, that it has an existence inde-

pendent of our ideas, seeing that it transcends them, and is not a thing of which we can conceive, but one which reason ascertains to be necessary. For he is, in this very note, distinguishing between abstract and concrete ideas, in order to shew that space, or immensity, is an abstract idea, a property, in opposition to a substance. It is not a mere idea, just as existence is not a mere idea; that is, there is really such a thing as existence, and space is related to what really exists. In this sense, no real property is a mere idea, any more than a real substance is. Yet, who will deny that existence, life, immensity, duration, are abstract ideas,—as much so as figure, extension, colour, power, goodness? That space is an abstract idea, is necessarily implied, when it is admitted to be but a property, a quantity, related to existence*.

But now to apply this to the great argument. Mr. Drew, having, as he imagines, demonstrated Space to be an infinite perfection, argues, that, as 'a finite perfection cannot exist without a finite substance,' so, 'an infinite perfection cannot exist without an infinite substance.' Which is something very much like a truism. But what would be thought of this mode of proof applied to finite substance? 'There is such a thing as time and place; therefore I cannot but really exist'—or, 'there is limited space above and around us; therefore, there cannot but be finite existences to which the property of existing in such limited space must attach.' Who does not see that the first of these positions would be absurd, the second, inconsequential? The idea of existence includes time and space as essential properties of the substance that exists; and the notion of an infinite Substance is antecedent to that of an infinite perfection. Instead of the Divine existence being inferrible from the existence of Space, Space itself is but an immediate and necessary consequence of the existence of God.

Our limits will not admit of following the Author through his argument founded on the nature of Duration, which comprises little more than a varied application of the same mode

* 'That Space is not any kind of substance is no less plain. Because infinite Space is *immensitas*, not *immensum*; whereas infinite Substance is *immensum*, not *immensitas*. Just as Duration is not a substance: because infinite Duration is *æternitas*, not *æternum*; but infinite Substance is *æternum*, not *æternitas*. It remains, therefore, by necessary consequence, that Space is a property, in like manner as Duration is. *Immensitas* is *rei Immensi*; just as *Æternitas* is *rei Æterni*.'

of reasoning. Duration being a perfection, and infinite duration an infinite perfection, it must, he contends, inhere in some Infinite and Eternal Substance; therefore, there is a God. If there is a single human being whose faith in the Divine Existence can be strengthened by such a process of inverted argumentation, we would not rob him of the benefit. But he must have a mind singularly constituted—he must be at once a *very* reasoner and a good metaphysician,—no impossible compound.

Mr. Drew now proceeds to take a different ground, in which he shews the same logical acuteness and dexterity, but still, in our opinion, fails to display the character of a correct and *sound* reasoner. The position laid down in Chapter IV., is, that 'Eternal Existence being possible, an Eternal Being must be possible; and if an Eternal Being be possible, he must really exist.' The whole chapter is very much like a continued quibble or play upon words; and we must say with Howe, that such reasoning looks like trifling. The very first sentence is unhappy: 'We know that actual existence is possible.' Strictly speaking, what actually exists is no longer in a state to which possibility attaches. 'But,' says Mr. Drew, 'few things can be more absurd than to suppose, that the actual existence of any being could destroy the simple possibility of it; for, if this were granted, it would follow, that a being actually existing could have no possibility of existence,—which is a plain contradiction.' The actual existence of a being cannot destroy the possibility of its existence, because it proves it to have been antecedently possible that it should exist; and it proves its *continued* existence to be possible. But what is actual, loses its character of possible the moment it is *known* to exist, because *certainly* includes possibility, and possibility merges in the ascertained certainty. Possibility implies an alternative: what is possible, may be non-existent, which cannot apply to actual existence when *ascertained* to exist. Thus, it does not class with possibles, that a man who is to-day known to be alive, was alive yesterday; it is *certain*; there is no room for a contrary supposition. Probability is a degree of knowledge intermediate between possibility and certainty. Actual existence, if it can be said to be possible, may as well be affirmed to be probable. What, then, should we think of a person who should say, 'I see you are alive, therefore your actual existence is probable?' But Mr. Drew may say, that actual existence is simply possible, when we have no certain knowledge of its actually existing. This, however, would be but taking advantage of the twofold sense in which the word possibility is used; and it is this, we think, which has

misled him. A thing is philosophically possible when the supposition of its existence implies no contradiction,—possible as opposed to an absurdity; but it is morally possible, as opposed to certainty, only in the absence of that higher degree of evidence which should prove or disprove its actual existence. In this latter sense, possibility is equivalent to the lowest degree of certainty,—that is, to the veriest uncertainty; while, in the former sense, it expresses an abstract certainty,—a philosophical truth. The actual existence of inhabitants in the moon is philosophically possible, because the supposition implies no absurdity; it is also morally possible, and can be no more than possible to us, in the absence of all ground of certainty, the fact being unknown. But my actual existence at this moment or at any past moment of my life, is neither a philosophical nor a moral possibility, but a physical certainty, the contrary involving an absurdity; and it is an abuse of words to speak of such a fact as possible.

But let us see what use Mr. Drew has made of his argument in application to the Divine Existence.

‘To admit the existence of this (Eternal) Being to be possible without being real, is to admit a principle which is inconsistent with itself; since, unless he has actually existed from eternity, his want of actual existence, in any given period, will render the possibility of his eternal existence absolutely impossible.’ Vol. i. p. 113.

Such a demonstration as this might puzzle an atheist, if such a being exists, but could it convince him? He would admit at once, not merely the possibility, but the reality of *some* Eternal substance; and to attempt to demonstrate this, is, therefore, wholly impertinent. But, as to the atheistic question of possibility in reference to the Divine Being, it is a possibility opposed, not to impossibility, but only to certainty. The atheist does not allege that it is impossible, but he affects to doubt the fact for want of sufficient evidence; and in doubting the fact of the actual existence of a God, he of course doubts the actual, though not the abstract possibility of his Eternal existence. Mr. Drew’s argument, stated syllogistically, runs thus: ‘It is possible there is a God; but it is not possible, unless he has always existed; therefore, he has always existed.’ The conclusion is a fallacy: the correct inference would be, Therefore, *if* there is a God, he must always have existed; which the atheist would not deny. The other is a sophism. But we object to the major proposition, it is possible, &c.; because the expression implies that it is not certain, that the contrary is not impossible; whereas it is infinitely certain that God is.

The remaining chapters of this first part are occupied with demonstrating, That some Being that is uncaused, necessarily existent, independent, must have existed from all eternity; that such a Being must possess active energy, and must possess all natural perfections in an absolute manner; and that no more than one necessarily existent Being or Essence is possible. Here there is less room for originality, and less temptation to be paradoxical. The first part of the argument is substantially that of Dr. Samuel Clarke and Bishop Hamilton; but Mr. Drew delights in exhibiting it under a variety of logical forms, as if he could never satiate his mind with the metaphysical beauty of the demonstration. In attempting to prove that no more than One necessarily existent being or essence can be possible, he ventures, however, on a mode of reasoning which is very inadequately guarded by a feeble saving-clause, from leading to conclusions subversive of the Christian faith. The chapter embraces five propositions: '1. No more than one Being or Essence is required to be necessarily existent. 2. The manner in which a necessarily existent Being or Essence exists, precludes all plurality. 3. Two necessarily existent Beings or Essences can neither operate alike, nor differently from each other, either by natural necessity or mutual agreement. 4. Two necessarily existent Beings or Essences cannot be different from each other; nor can they be alike without being the same. 5. Variety in perfections is perfectly consistent with unity of essence and of being.' These are bold and in our judgement unauthorized positions; but, previously to examining them, we shall transcribe the saving-clause alluded to. He has been shewing, that, if two necessarily existent Beings or Essences exist, their *perfections* cannot be specifically different: they must, then, be 'radically the same.' He proceeds:

'Then these *Beings* or *Essences* must be radically the same also; because the sameness of their perfections will prevent them from including any quality, property, or attribute that may not invariably be predicated of simple unity. Hence, no division,—no alteration,—no change,—no diversity, can, under these circumstances, affect a unity [of essence, even though it were possessed by distinct personalities. The possibility of distinct personalities possessing the same essence, may be inferred from the doctrine which the Gospel inculcates, of a TRINITY in UNITY. Still, there can be but one essence; and, consequently, but one omnipotence, and but one omniscience, although possessed by three distinct persons.'

If, as we imagine, Mr. Drew is a believer in the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity, we must say that such language as this

is as strange, coming from him, as it is in itself grossly improper; for, to speak of inferring the possibility of a fact from the Scripture doctrine which reveals the fact, is very much like saying, As it is revealed, it may be true. This is not, we apprehend, our Author's meaning, but it is what his words imply. Then, if by one omnipotence and one omniscience, he means one kind of power and one kind of knowledge, it is obvious that absolute perfection can be but of one kind. But, if he admits a distinction of personalities possessing one Essence, there must be, to use his own words, an omnipotence and an omniscience thrice repeated in reference to the three persons in the Godhead. But, in fact, the whole of Section 3. makes as strongly against the doctrine of Three distinct Persons, which he seems to admit, as against that of a plurality of Essences. The last paragraph in particular is a quibble at variance equally with the dignity and sacredness of the infinite subject and with sound reasoning; and the passage cited from Locke might justify suspicions respecting the Author's religious sentiments, which we do not wish to entertain. Dr. Clarke himself is far more guarded on this point, and even more orthodox. 'The unity of God,' he says, and says justly, 'is an unity of nature or essence; for of this it is that we must be understood, if we would argue intelligibly, when we speak of necessity or self-existence.' He then adds: 'As to the diversity of Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity: that is, whether, notwithstanding the unity of the Divine Nature, there may not co-exist with the First Supreme Cause, such excellent Emanations from it, as may themselves be really Eternal, Infinite, and Perfect, by a complete communication of Divine Attributes in an incomprehensible manner; always excepting self-origination, self-existence, or absolute independency: of this, I say, as there is nothing in bare reason by which it can be demonstrated that there is actually any such thing, so, neither is there any argument by which it can be proved impossible or unreasonable to be supposed; and therefore, so far as declared and made known to us by clear revelation, it ought to be believed.*' This passage supplies an emphatic rebuke of the rash and flippant philosophizing which has been vented by 'the rational' on this transcendent subject. It intimates the Author's known dissent from the Arianism, and his adoption of the Nicene Creed; but it shews how very far he was from going the length that even Locke went in reference to the doctrine of the Trinity.

* "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God." p. 51.

It is peculiarly difficult, in treating such a subject, in the language of the schools, to steer clear of the appearance of impiety ; and we are constrained to say that Mr. Drew has not escaped from this danger. No part of his work is chargeable with so much crudeness and offensive impropriety ; and we are utterly at a loss to conceive how he could pen some of the paragraphs. It affords a strong presumption against the boasted proof of the unity of God from bare reason, that unassisted reason failed to conduct the acutest of reasoners to the discovery of the doctrine ; and, but for Revelation, it appears to us, that our utter ignorance of the *mode* of the Divine Existence would for ever have prevented our attaining certainty on this inscrutable subject. The Unity of Jehovah is, it seems to us, as purely a doctrine of Revelation, as the Distinction which is revealed as existing in the Divine Nature. We wish to speak with submission and modesty on this point, aware that some of the wisest and best of men have thought differently*, deriving, as they have judged, a sufficient demonstration of the Divine Unity from the nature of a self-subsisting, necessarily-existing Being. There can be, it has been said, ‘ but one All.’ One absolutely perfect Being will necessarily comprehend all perfection, and leave nothing to the rest. One immense and omnipresent Being must necessarily exclude, or else contain, every other Omnipresent Being. And Mr. Drew argues that, if there be more than one universality of existence, ‘ these ‘ Beings or Essences must mutually penetrate one another, so ‘ that all always are, wherever one is.’ Now, so entirely are we ignorant of the nature of Spirit, that it seems to us impossible to pronounce on what is compatible or incompatible with the Divine Nature. These positions, so far from being self-evident, convey to our minds a very indistinct meaning. We know not how the omnipresence of God consists with the existence of finite spirits, nor how the Divine Essence penetrates other essences without their being confounded. We may borrow an analogical illustration from the mutual penetration of the three distinct substances of air, light, and heat ; but, after all, between matter and spirit there can exist but a faint analogy. We can have no conceptions whatever relative to the *mode* of the Divine Existence ; nor can we, it seems to us, ascertain the unity of God in any other way than by Revelation, nor in any other sense than that which Revelation reveals, nor proceed a step further in our reasonings, than the *data* contained in the sacred volume warrant by way of legitimate in-

* See in particular Howe's Living Temple. Part I. c. 4.

ference. He who alone knoweth the Father, has commanded us to baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Undivided Godhead whom we adore ; and yet, we believe, on the same certain and indisputable authority, that “ there is but One God, the Father, of whom are all things, “ and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things,” “ in “ whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.”

We can only give the heads of the remaining contents of these volumes. Part II. consists of ‘ Mixed Arguments, and ‘ Arguments *a posteriori*.’ The existence of an active and primary Cause is deduced from the nature of matter—of motion—the animal phenomena—the intellectual and moral powers of man—and the general laws of creation ;—and it is inferred, that this First Cause must be spiritual, possessed of absolute liberty, omniscient, and immutable. A chapter follows, which has for its object to prove, that ‘ moral distinctions are not ‘ arbitrary ;’ introductory to a view of the moral perfections of God, and their harmony as displayed in human redemption. Part III. contains a Vindication of Divine Providence. It discusses the objection arising from the existence of Moral Evil, and adverts to other miscellaneous subjects connected with the general argument. Part IV. consists of Proofs from Revelation. An Appendix is subjoined, containing notes, on the words right and wrong ; on the restitution of animals ; on the perpetuity of future punishments ; on two passages of Scripture ; and on two letters received from sceptical objectors, which are deserving of attention merely as shewing the absurdity of atheistic speculations, and the spirit of dogmatism by which doubters and objectors, who, of all people, ought not to be dogmatical, are universally characterized. In reply to the assertion, that ‘ that which is infinite may be constituted by an accumulation of finites,’ Mr. Drew acutely remarks, that it owes all its plausibility to confounding what is merely interminable, as number is, with infinity. He might have remarked, that the very opposite of this assertion has been made the ground of an infidel objection. There cannot, it has been said, be any such thing as infinite Time or Space, because an addition of finite parts *cannot* compose or exhaust an infinite. This, Dr. Clarke replies, ‘ is supposing infinities to be made up ‘ of numbers of finites ; that is, ‘ is supposing finite quantities ‘ to be aliquot or constituent parts of infinite, when indeed ‘ they are not so, but do all equally, whether great or small, ‘ whether many or few, bear the very same proportion to ‘ an infinite, as mathematical points do to a line, or lines

‘ to a superficies, or as moments do to time ; that is, none at all.’*

Mr. Drew will give us credit for sincerity when we assure him, that it would have been much more gratifying to us, to bestow on his volumes an unqualified approval, had that consisted with our duty to him and to the public, and, we might add, to a higher tribunal. Our readers will have gathered from the tenor of this article, that while we have found so much that we deem unsound or objectionable in the Author's argumentation, we rate his abilities very high ; and especially considering the circumstances already adverted to, they must be considered as of a very extraordinary kind. We rejoice that such a man has been rescued from obscurity, and cordially wish him all manner of success in the honourable avocation to which he is now devoting his talents as a Christian minister.

Art. II. 1. *Travels, comprising Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentaise, and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822. Illustrated by coloured Engravings and numerous Wood-cuts. By R. Bakewell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 830. Price 1l. 6s. London, 1823.*

2. *Switzerland ; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country, in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819. Followed by an Historical Sketch of the Manners and Customs of Ancient and Modern Helvetia. By L. Simond, Author of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 4s. London, 1822.*

HOW times are altered since the tour of Europe, the grand tour, was the *ne plus ultra* of gentlemen travellers ! No one can now pretend to have seen the world, who has not made one of a party of pleasure up the Nile, or taken a ride on camel-back across the Syrian desert. As for France, and Flanders, and Switzerland, our next-door neighbours, they may serve John Bull very well for a country-house ; but, to have seen those countries is no longer worth speaking of, for every body goes there. And as to living there, except for the sake of economy, and to escape from taxes and creditors, it will not do long. Our fashionables begin to be tired of Italy itself ; Lord Byron has moved further backward—into Greece ; while Sir William Gell assures us that the Turks are the best sort of people to live with in the world, and that there is more real freedom at Constantinople than at Geneva, whose boasted h-

their dependents, liberty must depend for its existence on a power independent of either, and a monarchical government is its only security. The formation of a middle class, which can take place only in an advanced state of society, and as the result of long years of peace, a successful commerce, and a thriving internal trade, is indispensable to the existence, as well as to the preservation of a legitimate democratic influence, which, again, is the only safeguard of civil justice and personal independence. Among the Swiss aristocracies, Berne affords the purest model of that species of government since the days of the Roman republic. Many of the founders of the commonwealth were nobles; but the mode of government was, for several centuries, essentially democratical. The heads of families annually elected their magistrates; and, though the choice usually fell on the nobles or principal citizens, there was nothing to preclude any individual from aspiring to any office in the state.

‘ During the heroic period of Switzerland, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the number of burghers was at one time 30,000; but the councils passed a law in 1619, excluding the country burghers from any share in the government; and in the years 1635, 1643, and 1669, new measures were taken to secure permanently the reigning families—*regiments fähige bürger*, as they are called at Berne. In 1684, their names were recorded in chancery; the number of these families was then about one hundred and fifty; but it increased after that period, and in the year 1782, it was fixed permanently at two hundred and thirty-six. The government was then composed of several councils, or rather of one, the sovereign council or the two hundred, and of branches of that council: 1st. the senate, a selection of twenty-five counsellors, presided by the avoyer, to whom the executive and judicial departments belong; 2nd. the *secret committee*, composed of a smaller selection of five or six counsellors, presided likewise by the avoyer; and 3rd. the sixteen, chosen by lots from among the bailiffs or governors who had served their time: their functions were of less importance. Besides the *secret committee* above mentioned, there were the *two secret counsellors*, being the two youngest members of the *two hundred*; whose functions were to overlook the conduct of the members of government from the highest to the lowest, and inform against any trespass or abuses. Their functions have been compared to those of the Roman tribunes, while those of the *secret committee* were the reverse, being employed in watching the people. No great degree of activity or conscientious zeal would naturally be expected on the part of this censorship of magistrates against their brethren: yet it is a fact, that the trust reposed in them by individuals denouncing powerful members of the government, against whom they did not choose to appear, never was betrayed, and that they always brought forward the complaints faith-

singularly few. Its soldiers have been known chiefly as mercenaries, and its peasantry as the poorest, perhaps, in Europe. But our poets have taught us to think of Switzerland as the mountain home of liberty. Certainly it is not, nor ever has been, the land of popular liberty. Like all the republics of antiquity, it has always been essentially aristocratical both in its institutions and its social character. The distinction of aristocratic and democratic cantons was comparative only, for a pure democracy never existed, in fact, in any of them. In all, the descendants of the first founders of Swiss independence, the burghers from descent or by admission, alone enjoyed political rights, and were sovereign. These formed scarcely one half, and, in some of the cantons, only a fourth of the male population. The aggregate population of Uri, Underwalden, Schwytz, Zug, and Glaris, five of those which were distinguished as democratic cantons, amounted, in 1796, to 83,000 souls, out of which there were scarcely 20,000 burghers or freemen. The latter governed besides, various subject districts, forming a population of 337,000 souls, 'making altogether twenty subjects to one democratic king.' In one of the most aristocratic cantons, that of Fribourg, seventy-one families, with their collateral branches, governed a population of 73,000 inhabitants.

'Men,' remarks M. Simond, 'are always more tenacious of their authority over those nearly their equals, than over those decidedly their inferiors. Our republicans have accordingly shewed themselves very ready to repress any attempt at resistance, not only on the part of their own subjects, but those of other cantons. When, in 1653, the peasants of the aristocratic cantons revolted, the democratic cantons were the first to take up arms against them. A great degree of corruption prevailed in the administration of justice. "It is undoubted," said Stanyan, "that in the subject districts, especially those held jointly by several of the democratic cantons, justice is in a great degree venal, and that it forms the main source of emolument to the baillies. All those crimes which are not capital, are punished by fines, which are their perquisites! In civil causes, he who pays best, carries it." Thus it was to the time of the Revolution; but there are now no subject districts; and we hope the Revolution, which made them independent, operated a reform in their administration of justice.' Vol. II. p. 443.

This, it must be confessed, is a state of things ill corresponding to an Englishman's notion of liberty and popular rights. But, in fact, the existence of democratic freedom presupposes a diffusion of intelligence and of wealth among the common people, which we should in vain look for among the peasantry of Helvetia. In thinly peopled agricultural districts, where the people consist but of two classes, the proprietors and

their dependents, liberty must depend for its existence on a power independent of either, and a monarchical government is its only security. The formation of a middle class, which can take place only in an advanced state of society, and as the result of long years of peace, a successful commerce, and a thriving internal trade, is indispensable to the existence, as well as to the preservation of a legitimate democratic influence, which, again, is the only safeguard of civil justice and personal independence. Among the Swiss aristocracies, Berne affords the purest model of that species of government since the days of the Roman republic. Many of the founders of the commonwealth were nobles; but the mode of government was, for several centuries, essentially democratical. The heads of families annually elected their magistrates; and, though the choice usually fell on the nobles or principal citizens, there was nothing to preclude any individual from aspiring to any office in the state.

‘ During the heroic period of Switzerland, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the number of burghers was at one time 30,000; but the councils passed a law in 1619, excluding the country burghers from any share in the government; and in the years 1635, 1643, and 1669, new measures were taken to secure permanently the reigning families—*regiments fähige bürger*, as they are called at Berne. In 1684, their names were recorded in chancery; the number of these families was then about one hundred and fifty; but it increased after that period, and in the year 1782, it was fixed permanently at two hundred and thirty-six. The government was then composed of several councils, or rather of one, the sovereign council or the two hundred, and of branches of that council: 1st. the senate, a selection of twenty-five counsellors, presided by the avoyer, to whom the executive and judicial departments belong; 2nd. the *secret committee*, composed of a smaller selection of five or six counsellors, presided likewise by the avoyer; and 3rd. the sixteen, chosen by lots from among the bailiffs or governors who had served their time: their functions were of less importance. Besides the *secret committee* above mentioned, there were the *two secret counsellors*, being the two youngest members of the *two hundred*; whose functions were to overlook the conduct of the members of government from the highest to the lowest, and inform against any trespass or abuses. Their functions have been compared to those of the Roman tribunes, while those of the *secret committee* were the reverse, being employed in watching the people. No great degree of activity or conscientious zeal would naturally be expected on the part of this censorship of magistrates against their brethren: yet it is a fact, that the trust reposed in them by individuals denouncing powerful members of the government, against whom they did not choose to appear, never was betrayed, and that they always brought forward the complaints faith-

fully, the council generally paying great attention to their communications.

‘ Since the year 1787, whenever patrician families to the number of five had become extinct, they were replaced by three families of the German divisions, and two from the Romand or *Pays de Vaud*. The sovereign council was recruited out of the whole body of burghers apparently, but in fact out of *seventy-six* families, who stood, by a sort of prescriptive right, at the head among the two hundred and thirty-six families of burghers; and even among these, there were only twenty families decidedly paramount, and the other fifty-six formed a sort of opposition. Vacancies in the council by death or otherwise, were not filled until there were more than eighty, which happened every eight or ten years. The *magnificent and sovereign lords* selected from their own caste all the public officers in the different departments; they made laws and executed them, they sat on the bench as judges, and pleaded at the bar as advocates; in short, united in their own persons all functions and all powers. In theory, these might well be deemed the elements of a most detestable state of things: in practice, it was a government under which a permanent peace of two centuries, and the strictest economy and fidelity, had made it unnecessary to raise any money from the people, except tithes, which, besides the very moderate salary of the clergy, supported public schools. Other sources of revenue actually exceeded the wants of government. The right of taxation was untried, and remained a dead letter. This excess of the revenue over the current expenses, placed the government in a predicament of which there is not another example—that of paying the people, instead of being paid by them; it actually laid out every year more money than was raised by taxes. It was a government under which the administration of justice was speedy, and certainly incorruptible, in the highest tribunal at least. It was a government, in short, under which, since its foundation, history records only two instances of popular insurrection from political motives; viz. in the years 1384 and 1681, between a defenceless magistracy, commanding a standing force of 900 regulars, and a warlike people, among whom every man from the age of sixteen was provided with arms, and trained to the use of them. The meanest peasant might at all times find access to the chief magistrate, present his petition, and state his grievance.

‘ With this outline of things before him, it becomes a prudent observer not to admit lightly the accusations of tyranny bestowed in our days upon the oligarchy of Berne. There never was an arbitrary government guilty of fewer acts of oppression: none ever enjoyed to so high a degree the confidence of the people at large. It was literally a government *de confiance*; in which none of the constitutional precautions against misrule had been taken, nor any check introduced, simply because confidence never was betrayed, and no danger apprehended. The finances were administered with exemplary regularity and economy, like those of a well-ordered family. A committee of finance received the yearly account of the collectors, and made out an aggregate statement, submitted to the sovereign council, where

any member might make objections and institute inquiries. There were very few instances of peculation, exactions, or breach of trust on the part of inferior agents; none ever on the part of any member of the government. We have on this point the honourable testimony of a determined, active, and open enemy of Berne, Colonel Laharpe, who declared to us, that *le gouvernement de Berne est le plus intégrre qui existe.* Simond. Vol. II. pp. 465—73.

Still, it was an arbitrary government, arbitrary, though kind, and one which owed its stability to the stationary character of the people. It did not encourage either commerce or manufactures, nor, indeed, the arts, or the sciences, or any branch of industry, except husbandry. 'It was, in principles and in practice,' says M. Simond, 'a patriarchal government.' But a patriarchal government is ill adapted for any but the earliest stage of society, when all are proprietors or slaves. It cannot survive either foreign invasion or the growth of national wealth, because it depends on a sort of equipoise which must in either case be destroyed. It is the interest of such a government, therefore, and will be more or less its actual policy, to retard the progress of society, by discouraging the spirit of enterprise and the dissemination of knowledge. Thus, public establishments of education at Berne bore no proportion to the other institutions. In point of fact, there was no middle class: they were all either '*magnifiques et souverains seigneurs*,' or substantial peasants. 'And this,' says M. Simond, 'may be said of all Switzerland.' Now, the question is not, what might be the comparative sum of happiness enjoyed under such a political constitution. The peasantry were quietly ignorant and contented,—and so, if they happen to have a kind master, are the serfs in Russia. No one can doubt that a large share of social happiness may be enjoyed under the most arbitrary government. But, though the Poet may sing or say, that 'when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' or, that when slavery is bliss, 'tis folly to be free, yet, a constitution of things which tends to paralyse the faculties of man, to check every tendency to improvement, to exclude the mass of society alike from knowledge and from honourable distinction; and to infuse a torpor into the public mind as unfavourable to moral advancement as to the development of talent and industry,—such a political constitution cannot be regarded as upon the whole conducive to the welfare of its subjects, except as any and every sort of government is a positive blessing, when opposed to anarchy. 'We imagine,' says M. S., 'the friends of Berne must plead guilty here, and admit there was really something of a torpid nature in the Bernese institutions; a certain want of proper excitements. Their subjects were, in truth, so well

‘ off and so comfortable, that they were apt to go to sleep.’ And so long as they were sleepily disposed, it was well; but the time came when they could no longer sleep. So far back as 1714, Stanyan, a British minister in Switzerland, remarked, that the Bernese were certainly the most free from political burdens of any people; ‘ but, for what I can observe, the subjects think no mildness in the government can make them amends for the hardship of being excluded from their share of it.’ M. Simond has on this subject a fine remark.

‘ When the state of civilisation is so far advanced that moral enjoyment becomes one of the necessities of life, and the humiliation attached, not to legal restraints, but to legal exclusion, hereditary and irrevocable, weighs upon men with more force than physical evil, no civil institutions are safe which overlook this disposition and wound this feeling. The foundations of society, undermined by degrees, may still shew a fair face above ground; but the least shake will pull down the hollow structure. Obedience, on the most favourable hypotheses, becomes mere resignation: it is only lent provisionally, and, without an appearance of rebellion, the peace of society hangs on a thread. It is not material interests, nor a rivalry of power, necessarily confined to a few individuals, which excite the most general discontents, or kindle the most deadly hatred, but the violation of favourite doctrines and principles; and the feeling may operate on a whole people at once with a degree of force amounting to fanaticism..... Civil liberty is the end of political institutions; yet does the attainment of that end excite less enthusiasm than the attainment of the means,—as the miser sacrifices, all his life, present enjoyment, to the abstract and indefinite power of enjoying in future.’ pp. 479, 80.

An illustration of the truth of this remark must immediately suggest itself to our readers,—one of a nature but too forcible and ominous,—in the present state of Ireland. But Switzerland was free, and happy, and prosperous in comparison with that most injured and unhappy country. It neither groaned beneath a foreign yoke, nor was crushed beneath a bloated hierarchy. Its clergy were not of a different religion from the people, nor its rulers, of another nation, nor its nobles, absentees who tyrannised by deputy. The population was divided into patricians and peasants, not into princes and beggars. And yet, the invidious system of political exclusion was felt by the subjects of Berne as a grievance and an injury, and laid the foundation for the Revolution. It is remarkable, that one source of peculiar irritation was the Bernese *Game-laws*. Their Excellencies of Berne had the privilege of shooting snipes (*grives*) in the vineyards of their subjects of the Pays de Vaud, while the proprietors themselves were excluded from the sport without special permission. ‘ It could scarcely be imagined,’ says

M. Simond, 'how many of the latter were converted to revolutionary principles, from the feeling nourished by this apparently trifling grievance, although they had much to apprehend from a Revolution.' But a taunting speech made by one of the judges to a young advocate of the Pays de Vaux—'*Savez vous bien que vous n'êtes que nos sujets,*' had, in its unforeseen consequences, a still greater share in hastening the downfall of the Bernese aristocracy. That young lawyer was La Harpe, who, in irritation and disgust, abandoned his profession and his country. He repaired to St. Petersburg, where, having attracted the attention of the Empress Catherine, he became the Seneca of the present Autocrat. As soon as the French Revolution was announced, he saw in it the means of emancipation for his country from what he considered as tyranny; and to the essays which he published at this juncture are attributed the first revolutionary symptoms in the Pays de Vaud, particularly those of 1791. When the consequences of the invasion became manifest, he bitterly lamented it, but it was too late. The *constitution unitaire* was forced upon the Nineteen Cantons at the point of the bayonet; and a government under which the great mass of the people had lived contented during five centuries, was violently and perfidiously overthrown by a ruffian Directory and its fiendish generals. The invasion of Switzerland is one of the blackest crimes in the annals of Revolutionary France: that of Spain by Napoleon was justifiable in comparison. The constitution thus tyrannically imposed, was not, M. Simond admits, a bad one; but the means by which it was propagated, were rapine and extermination. As a specimen of the transactions of this period, and the nature of the resistance made by the Swiss, we transcribe the following anecdote.

'General Schauenburg advanced, the 3d of September, 1798, with a division of from twelve to sixteen thousand men, against the small district of Nidwalden, counting about two thousand fighting individuals of all ages and sexes, and two hundred and eighty volunteers of the neighbouring districts. The landing-places on their lake were defended by *abattis* of trees, stakes driven on the beach, and six field-pieces; they had two more pieces to protect the land-side. The French attempted a descent day after day, from the fourth to the eighth of September, under cover of batteries, at the foot of Mount Pilatus, firing across the lake; but were unsuccessful, and lost many men. Early on the ninth, they penetrated by the land-side, and succeeded in clearing the plain with their flying artillery. The Nidwaldians retired to a woody height, half a league from Stantz, where they had two field-pieces, and defended the position several hours; but thirty boats, full of French troops, having effected their landing on

three different points, while reinforcements poured in by the Ouwalden, about noon the engagement became a promiscuous massacre, the people fighting desperately with such weapons as they could procure; and whole families, men, women, and children, were cut down, for no quarter was given on either side. Eighteen young girls, who had fought in the ranks, were found among the dead, near the chapel of Winkelried; and upwards of sixty persons, mostly the old and infirm, who had taken shelter in the church of Stantz, were put to death together with the priest at the altar. Several officers of the 14th and 44th demi-brigades exerted themselves, with great zeal and humanity, to rescue such of the people as were found among the ruins; the buildings of Stantz were saved by their interference, but all those about the country (584 in number) were plundered, and set on fire; not a house was left standing. Notwithstanding this state of things, Schauenburg imposed a contribution of 60,000 livres on the country; but it was a desert, and the act appeared besides so odious, that the army itself, when the first fury was over, disclaimed all share in it, and refused even the offer which was made by the Helvetic Directory to pay it.

The loss of the French was never made known, but must have been very considerable, probably not less than three thousand men, as their opponents were expert marksmen. If the French had been repulsed that day as the preceding, there was every appearance of the whole country rising the next, and few of them would have escaped. “*Nous avons perdu beaucoup de monde,*” Schauenburg wrote, “*par la résistance incroyable de ces gens là. C'est le jour le plus chaud que j'aye jamais vu.*” All Switzerland sent money and provisions to the unfortunate survivors in Nidwalden, who must otherwise have perished during the ensuing winter, and plentiful subscriptions came from England and Germany. Schauenburg himself is said to have distributed 1200 rations a day for some time after the battle.

Pestalozzi, the same who has since acquired so much celebrity by his method of education, appeared at this period as a tutelary angel among the unfortunate; he collected upwards of eighty children of all ages, whose parents had perished, and who were left entirely destitute; found them a house, provided for their wants, and attended to their education; assisted, however, by the existing government.

But we must now turn from the retrospect of the past, to Switzerland as it is. As we have been led to refer to the history more particularly of Berne, we shall transcribe Mr. St. Simon's description of that city.

‘It is not an easy matter to account for the first impression you receive upon entering Berne: you certainly think you enter an ancient and a great city; yet, before the eleventh century, it had not a name, and its present population does not exceed twelve thousand souls. It is a republic; yet it looks kingly. Something of Roman majesty appears in its lofty terraces, in those massy arches on each side of the streets, in the abundance of water flowing night and day into gigantic basins, in the magnificent avenues of trees. The very

silence and absence of bustle, a certain stateliness and reserved demeanour in the inhabitants, by shewing it to be not a money-making town, implies that its wealth springs from more solid and permanent sources than trade can afford, and that another spirit animates its inhabitants. In short, of all the first-sight impressions and guesses about Berne, that of its being a Roman town would be nearer right than any other. Circumstances, in some respects similar, have produced like results in the Alps, and on the plains of Latium, at the interval of twenty centuries. Luxury at Berne seems wholly directed to objects of public utility : by the side of those gigantic terraces, of those fine fountains and noble shades, you see none but simple and solid dwellings, yet scarcely any beggarly ones ; not an equipage to be seen, but many a country waggon coming to market, with a capital team of horses, or oxen, well appointed every way.

* Aristocratic pride is said to be excessive at Berne ; and the antique simplicity of its magistrates, the plain and easy manners they uniformly preserve in their intercourse with the people, are not by any means at variance with the assertion ; for that external simplicity and affability to inferiors is one of the characteristics of the aristocratic government ; all assumption of superiority being carefully avoided, when real authority is not in question. Zurich suggests the idea of a municipal aristocracy ; Berne of a warlike one : there, we think we see citizens of a town transformed into nobility ; here, nobles who have made themselves citizens.*

* From Berne to Thun, six leagues, is the finest road and richest country imaginable. The inhabitants in their holiday dresses were enjoying themselves at their doors, (Sunday) under the shade of walnut trees. Comfort and independence appeared conspicuous in their looks : although subjects of an aristocracy, they certainly do not seem conscious of a want of liberty. I never saw such a proud-looking set of men as the Bernese peasantry, nor any better fed and clad. The women are naturally good-looking, but most of them working in the fields, they become frightful old women. Female beauty is wholly incompatible with exposure and fatigue : it is a decree of nature, and that state of society in which they are subjected to hard labour, may be deemed somewhat barbarous. Sunday is by no means so strictly observed here as in England : many of the men play at bowls, and amuse themselves in different ways during the intervals of public worship.

* The Bernese laws are not favourable to commerce. No debt is safe unless secured by mortgage. A debtor who refuses to give up his property, cannot be detained longer than six weeks, at the expiration of which he is banished the canton, and his property seized wherever found.

* Bernese morals* have been the subject of much praise and much censure, both perhaps deservedly : fortunes are small, and the means

* The capital condemnations in the canton of Berne, during the last seventeen years, out of a population of 350,000 souls, were 25 men, 4 women : total, 29. The crimes were mostly personal violence.

of increasing them, and providing for a family, are few; the number of unmarried people of both sexes must therefore be considerable, and the bonds of marriage being respected, the result is, that adultery is unknown, but low debauchery common, and the government even is accused of tolerating places of ill-fame as a useful succedaneum to political clubs!

‘When speaking of Geneva, I shall give some account of what is called there the *Sociétés des Dimanches*. The custom prevails among the females of Berne with some of the same results. Gentle, modest, and domestic, the Bernese women above the lower ranks, much resemble those of Geneva, although probably possessing less information. The exclusive spirit of *coterie* is still more marked here than at Geneva, and political jealousies more violent, although of a different nature:—the Genevans are at issue about opinions, the Bernese about places, that is to say, personal distinctions, for most of these places are without emolument. Political adversaries in all countries hate each other; at Geneva this feeling is disputatious, here it is rather sullen; for the object is not to persuade or confute, but to supplant. The number of individuals of the same family who can be counsellors of state, being limited, a rivalry is of course established in the very bosom of families, and it extends to affairs of the heart, and the choice of a wife; for brothers even are sure to fall in love with the young lady whose father can give his son-in-law a seat in the Bernese house of parliament. One of the most melancholy maxims of the melancholy book of La Rochefoucault, *qu’il faut vivre avec nos meilleurs amis, comme s’ils devoient un jour devenir nos ennemis!* is said to be carried into practice here. All this is not peculiar to Berne, but inherent in an aristocracy; for when half the people of the same rank, and living habitually together, are active members of the sovereign council, and the other mere expectants, condemned to hear from morning to night at second-hand of active pursuits to which they are strangers, to be or not to be of this council, becomes an object of the first importance, and a moral want nearly as pressing as hunger and thirst.’

Geneva is, on many accounts, the most interesting city of Switzerland; and for a description of the state of society there, we shall avail ourselves of the information supplied by Mr. Bakewell’s volumes, who passed three winters there. He first entered it on returning from Piedmont.

‘Geneva,’ he says, ‘had, from my earliest recollections, occupied a large space in my imagination, as the metropolis of Protestant Europe, placed in opposition to the mighty papal Rome: I was, therefore, rather disappointed to find that this celebrated city covered only a quarter of a square mile of the earth’s surface, or about four times the extent of Russell Square in London. I had read, perhaps twenty times, statistical accounts of Geneva; but when early notions are once deeply fixed in the mind, they are not easily removed by subsequent information, unless we are compelled by circumstances to examine them with attention.’

‘ Geneva, as a city, possesses few objects to recommend it to the notice of those travellers who view only “the surfaces of things.” The public buildings are devoid of beauty, the streets are dull, and the houses, though lofty, appear massive and heavy; they are built of sandstone, and covered with dark tiles. There has been only one new house built in the city during the last forty years; the fortifications prevent its extension on each side.

‘ Many families live under the same roof, as at Paris, each family generally occupying one story, or what, in Edinburgh, is called a flat; but among the poorer citizens, one room often serves for a whole family. A census was taken while we were at Geneva, in 1822, and there was one instance of twenty-two families living under the same roof; several houses in the lower part of the city contained upwards of fifteen families, more or less numerous.

‘ The streets of Geneva generally feel cold, as from the height of the houses the sun’s rays rarely shine into them; and as these rays are far more powerful here in the winter months, at mid-day, than in England, when you enter the streets, on returning from the country, a sensation is felt like that of descending from a warm atmosphere into a cold vault. To this sudden change may, I think, be partly attributed the disorders in the teeth, so prevalent at Geneva; but the proximity of the city to such a large extent of fresh water, is supposed to be the principal cause of this malady. Part of the city is built on a level with the lake, and the Rhone passes through it, separating the parish of St. Gervaise from the main city. The river is crossed by four wooden bridges. The Rhone divides into two branches, which soon unite again, thus forming a small island, over which you pass in going to St. Gervaise. In this island, the earthquake which shook Geneva while we there, was most forcibly felt. The upper part of the city is situated about 100 feet above the lake; it is here that the cathedral of St. Pierre, and the houses of the more opulent and ancient families are situated, the lower streets being occupied by tradesmen and artizans. This division of the city into *upper* and *lower*, is supposed to have perpetuated the strong feelings of aristocratical distinctions, which have caused so many political dissensions among the citizens. Geneva has only three gates, so that you are obliged to traverse a great part of the town to go into the country. The gates are shut at an early hour, after which a trifling toll is paid on passing through; and at eleven o’clock they are finally closed for the night, and no one can pass without a written order from the commander of the garrison. Formerly the gates were closed at an earlier hour. The readers of Rousseau’s *Confessions* will remember in what affecting language he describes his agony of mind when a boy, on seeing the draw-bridge raised as he was returning in haste from a truant excursion into the country. The inexorable guard refused his entrance; he slept without the walls, and being afraid to return to his master, he threw himself, a friendless fugitive, upon the world. To such a trifling event may be ascribed the circumstances of his future life, and the influence which his writings have produced in society. Had he remained in Geneva, he would probably never have been known beyond its walls.’

It is this punctilious closing of the gates, that Sir William Gell so bitterly complains of, in his book against the Greeks, in which he goes out of his way to draw a comparison between the Turks and the Swiss, giving the preference to his friends of the Circumcision. It seems that this is felt as a grievance by some of the Genevese themselves. Good houses in the city are few, and although some of them are admirably situated, the rest of the town is either melancholy and dull, or mean and noisy. M. Simond says, that, 'if the *liberal* party once obtained of the *legitimate* party access in and out of town all night, most of the nearest country-houses would be inhabited winter and summer.' As things are, 'in the summer season, all Geneva is out of town.' The more opulent citizens generally retire to their country-houses in April or May, and reside there till the approach of winter. Though Geneva, however, is regularly and strongly fortified, the fortifications would be of little avail in a siege, as they are commanded by heights within gun-shot. The inhabitants are computed to be about 22,000. The lower classes of citizens are, in general, neatly dressed, and the labourers have their clothes well mended, and appear clean. Beggars, or persons in rags, are rarely seen in the streets, unless it be a few stragglers from Savoy. Of the state of morals, Mr. Bakewell gives a very favourable account.

'The police, without being oppressive, is vigilant; the watchmen do not adopt the sage practice of the English watchmen, of calling the hour as they parade the streets, to tell all the rogues to hide themselves till they have passed by, but they walk along silently in list shoes, so that no notice whatever is given of their approach. The unfortunate females who make a traffic of their persons, are obliged to reside in one street, and are under the cognizance of the police. They are required to comport themselves with strict decorum in public. The morals of the higher orders of citizens in Geneva, of the negotiants, the professors, and the gentry who live upon their incomes from land and foreign funds, are correct and exemplary; instances to the contrary are of rare occurrence. In a town of small extent, where every one is known to his neighbours, and may be said to be under their surveillance, moral restraints are more potent than in large cities; but there is a correct tone of feeling at Geneva, which would occasion any one to be coolly received in society, and even shunned, whatever were his wealth, who was guilty of any great breach of moral duty. Moderation is the characteristic virtue of the Genevese; and if Voltaire speaks truly when he says,

"La modération est le partage du sage,"

the citizens of Geneva may justly claim the title of wise, being temperate and moderate in all their enjoyments. Gaming, as a vice, is scarcely known, except by the example of foreigners; though the

Genevans are great card-players in their evening parties, it is merely for amusement, and they play for very low stakes. The sumptuary laws enforce early hours; dancing, whether in public or private, is forbidden after twelve o'clock, under a penalty of ten napoleons; but wedding-balls, and the ball on the 31st of December, to commemorate the emancipation of Geneva from the French, are exceptions to this law, and the dancing may be continued till morning, without any restriction whatever.

Conjugal fidelity, and durable affection between parents and their children, are nowhere preserved more undeviatingly than at Geneva: and this is the more remarkable, as marriages here most frequently take place from interested motives, and seldom originate from the spontaneous affection of the parties. The authority of the parents, however, is rarely, if ever, carried so far as to compel marriage, where there is a decided aversion; but it often operates to prevent a union from affection, where one of the parties is inferior to the other in wealth or consideration in society. The education of females is more intended for use than show; they are made rational companions to their husbands, and valuable instructors to their children. Perhaps there is no town in Europe, of equal size, where the females are generally so well-informed, particularly in the principles of the religion they profess, and the duties it enjoins. As many of the young men emigrate for employment, the Genevese ladies often marry foreigners, who become acquainted with them in visiting the city.

The societies called *Sociétés des Dimanches* have been correctly described by Dr. Moore; I shall therefore briefly state, that they still exist on the same footing as formerly, but not to the same extent. The parents, soon after their children are born, and sometimes before, endeavour to arrange with the parents of other children, nearly of the same age, for the formation of a society, or for the admission of their sons and daughters into societies already formed. This, where a family is large, is extremely embarrassing, and we have heard of parents complaining that it was more difficult to form eligible societies for their infant daughters, than to get them married and established in life. There are separate societies for each sex; they consist of twelve or fifteen children, of nearly the same age, a difference of two or three years only being allowed. Thus it often happens, that two sisters belong to separate societies. As the parents are desirous that their children should associate with the children of parents in the same station of life, or a little higher than themselves, the difficulty of forming these societies becomes greater among the higher and less numerous class of citizens. These societies meet at the houses of the parents in rotation, on Sunday evenings. While the children are very young, they are attended by the *bonne* or nursery-maid of the house, but when they are nine or ten years old, they are left entirely to themselves, and the parents are never present. They partake of tea, cakes, and sweetmeats, and pass the evening with music, dancing, or amusing games, according to their taste or ages. When any one of the young ladies

is married, she is allowed to invite the young men of her husband's acquaintance, and the society is afterwards composed of both sexes. Persons united in the same society, generally preserve a friendship for each other through life, and contribute to the assistance of any member who may be in distress. It is, however, a subject of complaint, that these early associations tend to limit the affections too exclusively within their own narrow circle, on which account some parents do not wish their children to belong to them. The Genevese females who marry foreigners, and leave their native city, are often haunted by the agreeable recollections of their early societies, and are too apt to regard a residence elsewhere as a banishment. The soul of a true Genevese woman is bounded by the range of the Jura, on one side, and by the Saleve on the other. The space between is her world, to which she ever wishes to return.'

Bakewell, Vol. II. pp. 75—81.

Mr. Bakewell states, that the habits of the Genevese ladies are not, in some respects, so well suited to ensure domestic comfort as those of English ladies in the middle class of society. But he does not favour us with any further illustration of this remark, than that the business of *marketing* is left entirely to the servant. M. Simond, while he informs us that they are great readers, and draftswomen, and very musical, affirms that they attend methodically to their house-keeping and the education of their children. And you meet with these accomplishments, he says, in families where you might wonder there should be found time to acquire them; but 'there are no morning visits at all.' He describes the ladies of at least the best part of the Genevan world, as pious, well-informed, good mothers of families. And as to the allegation that they are chargeable with pedantry, want of ease, and coldness except towards their immediate friends, he pronounces them not guilty.

'In Mrs. Montague's time,' he remarks, 'the London ladies of her society, denominated *blue-stocking*, might probably have hesitated about attending the lectures of the British Institution, and taking notes, although ladies now are not deemed *blue* for doing both; and fifty years hence, those now obnoxious to the name, would be lost in the crowd of still deeper-read ladies. It is all a matter of comparison. Somebody has said, that he did not object to blue-stockings, *provided the petticoats were but long enough*; and that is, in fact, the main point. When learning is generally diffused, and good morals quite common, both prudery and pedantry are necessarily out of the question; for we cannot be said to affect the qualities we really possess, and we are not proud of advantages every body enjoys. I think there is here very little affectation of wit or smartness in conversation, which is much in favour of the state of society; for, of all sorts of pretensions, this is the most unfortunate

for him who has it, as well as for those who must endure it... Undoubtedly the mother of a family, devoted to her husband and children, may have less sensibility to spare for the people of her society; but they may, in their turn, seek a compensation where she finds hers, and suffer her to remain a living contradiction of the witty, but false aphorism, that, in this world, pleasures are all either unwholesome or sinful.' Vol. I. pp. 339-41.

These are admirable sentiments. We said that our Author was English in his taste; we would that all Englishmen felt thus.

'Speaking with one of the most respectable and opulent citizens in Geneva, I mentioned the opinion which prevailed respecting their attachment to money. He said it was true, that few families spent as much as half their incomes, and many not more than one fourth; but then, he added, it is not uncommon at Geneva for persons to expend more annually in charity, than on their own account; not in large pompous subscriptions to public institutions, but privately in assisting families in declining circumstances, and enabling them to live in the style of comfort to which they had been accustomed. If this be so, and I have no reason to doubt it, they are just stewards of the bounties of heaven, and nothing can be more unjust than to accuse them of avarice. The Genevese are generally liberal supporters of their own charitable institutions; and, as they have no poor-laws, their indigent poor are supported by the voluntary aid of the opulent. On many occasions, the Genevese have also assisted their neighbours the Savoyards, very extensively, in times of scarcity, and have saved numbers of families from starving, particularly in the year 1816. Their charitable and well-timed aid at that period, gave great offence to the Sardinian government, which we had recently restored. That humane and liberal government was highly indignant that its own subjects could not be left to starve to death quietly, without the officious interference of the Genevese.'

Bakewell, Vol. II. p. 88.

A more serious allegation against the Genevese than that of exorbitant charges to foreigners or love of money, is the number of suicides in proportion to the population. This has been ascribed to French principles, to the influence of the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau; but Mr. Bakewell remarks, that Dr. Moore noticed the frequency of suicides at Geneva *forty years ago*. Gaming, the occasion of so many suicides in Paris and in London, is not the vice of the Genevese. 'I speak hesitatingly,' says Mr. B., 'on such a subject, but I feel inclined to believe, that the prevailing cause of self-destruction at Geneva is *pride*.'

'To explain the reasons for entertaining this opinion, it may first be necessary to mention, that the *Sovereign People*, the citizens of Geneva, would consider it a degradation to follow the common useful-

trades of shoemakers, tailors, or carpenters, or to engage as domestic servants with their fellow-citizens. The Germans, the Vaudois, and the Savoyards, are the Helotes who perform these offices. Watch-making *may* be practised without degradation, and it used to employ nearly one-fourth of the population, women working at it as well as men; but the trade is now overstocked with workmen, and is on the decline. Hence the young men are obliged to emigrate, as they cannot all be artists, watch-makers, or professional men, and the number of marchands and négocians is necessarily limited in a city which is rather declining in population, and does not admit of increase, as there is no space for new houses within the walls.

‘ Where the pretensions of pride mount high, and are associated with poverty, unaccompanied by distinguished merit, severe mortification will be the frequent result, and this may lead to mental alienation and suicide.

‘ In democratic republics, there is also an evil constantly in operation to goad and irritate the *amour propre* of the great mass of the citizens, nor has Geneva escaped its influence.

‘ In a government where the citizens are not distinguished by hereditary rank, it is difficult, if not impossible, to prevent the formation of an indefinite kind of aristocracy arising from wealth, combined with family antiquity; and this is ever more grating to the feelings of the inferior citizens than a titled aristocracy, because its rights are unacknowledged and undefined. This self-created aristocracy must make an unceasing effort to support its assumed dignity in society; those who are supposed to be a degree below them, silently resent the usurpation; but, at the same time, they make similar pretensions to superiority over those citizens whom they regard as one step lower down in the scale than themselves. Thus coldness, formality, and hauteur become habitual and general, and the seeds of internal and lasting hatred are sown between families; and to this cause, more than to difference of political principles, many of the former dissensions in Geneva may be mainly attributed. History informs us, this was also the case in the ancient republics. A titled hereditary aristocracy, on the contrary, has its rights so well defined, and so generally acknowledged, that they excite no jealousy; and when these rights are modified, as in the English constitution, and are tempered by the possessor with intelligence and benevolence, they are almost invariably exercised with such courtesy, as to be an ornament, rather than a weight, to social intercourse. The British nobleman, who is truly respectable, will ever receive the voluntary tribute of deference and esteem, and may dispense with the laborious drudgery of constantly looking proud; whereas, with a self-created untitled aristocracy, this drudgery is the daily price paid for dignity, nor can it be so purchased, without taking with it a large portion of hatred, which greatly overbalances its value.

‘ The prevailing information and sound sense of the Genevese gentlemen, are gradually softening down the irritation arising from the assumption of aristocratic distinction; but females in all countries yield up their pretensions to superiority in society with reluctance,

and are the more tenacious of distinction, in exact proportion to their ignorance of the grounds on which their claims to it are founded.'

Bakewell, Vol. II. pp. 100—103.

We have no doubt that our Traveller has suggested the true explanation of the lamentable fact. Infidelity, though, as blunting the innate sense of accountableness, and cutting off the sources of consolation under sorrow, it may operate as an indirect cause, yet, presents no *motive* to self-destruction. The immediate cause of suicide must be sought for, therefore, in other circumstances; and that false shame which is connected with pride of character and what is often termed 'German pride,' is, we believe, the cause of the larger proportion of suicides both in this country and in Germany.

Mr. Bakewell devotes a chapter to ecclesiastical matters ancient and modern. Why our worthy Geologist should have thought it necessary, in a book of travels, to give us a history of the Republic and Church of Geneva, we cannot tell; but we could have wished, for his own sake, that he had left these matters alone. His chief object appears to be, to vent a certain portion of atrabilious feeling against the Genevese Reformer, and to hold up to ridicule M. Malan. He tells us that he should not have referred to the latter, but that 'the schism in the Church at Geneva has excited more attention with a certain party in this country, than at Geneva itself;' and we have complaints against certain over-zealous persons in that city, who wanted to obtain an evangelical clergyman for the English Chapel, but were defeated by 'the good sense of the great majority of the English residents.' Mr. Bakewell's whole statement, we are compelled to say, is a gross misrepresentation; not, we believe, a designed one, but arising out of misinformation received from his Genevese friends, added to his total ignorance of what Calvin taught or Calvinists believe. His attack on that great man is in the coarsest style of Socinian virulence. He speaks of the numerous victims sacrificed to appease his malignity, and represents the abandonment of the doctrines of the Reformation by the Genevese pastors, as consisting in their renouncing the doctrine of Infant Preterition and 'other peculiarities of the Calvinistic faith.' All this is very contemptible. Our readers will not, we trust, have quite forgotten the article which appeared in this Journal, some few years ago, on the "Geneva Catechism*," in which a history was given of the circumstances to which Mr. Bakewell has un-

* Eclectic Review. N.S. Vol. IX. (Jan. 1818.)

fairly and unwisely alluded. We can now only refer to that article. M. Simond has briefly noticed 'the Methodists,' and in a manner which shews him to be imperfectly informed on the subject of religion, but at the same time with equal candour and good-sense. The inconsistency of the conduct of the Genevese pastors in persecuting and expelling the separatists, has appeared to him in a very different light from what it does to Mr. Bakewell. 'A unity of doctrine in the same church,' he remarks, 'may be necessary; but Protestants have no right to prevent separate churches from being established, for they also were separatists, not only at the time of the Reformation, but also when, in the last century, they abandoned the rigorous principles of Calvin, and *reformed the Reformation itself*.'

M. Simond's account of Calvin in his historical sketch, is equally dispassionate. Mr. Bakewell chooses to affect to doubt whether the state of morals in Geneva was, at the era of the Reformation, so corrupt as it has been supposed.

'The register of the council of Geneva,' says M. Simond, 'exhibits melancholy proofs of the profligacy prevailing at this period, which may serve to absolve the Reformers from the accusation of unreasonable severity: the reform of morals and the reform of religion could not be separated.'

Calvin's character is thus judiciously estimated.

'Calvin did not long survive to enjoy his reputation, but being naturally of a weak constitution, and worn out by incessant labour, died prematurely at the age of 55. With vast powers of mind, and a prodigious memory, indefatigable, temperate, and disinterested, he obscured these rare qualities by a temper habitually severe and intolerant. Yet, in forming our judgment of men, we must consider the age they lived in, and it is probable that modes of reformation more strictly evangelical might have proved wholly unavailing with the contemporaries of Calvin. He came to Geneva a stranger, exposed to the hatred of parties, and by the mere force of character established an undisputed influence. Not less a legislator than a theologian, the people whom he had found corrupt and barbarous, without morals, religion, or public spirit, came out of his hands austere and simple, religious and patriotic, or at least received from him the impulse which made them so in the end.

'The vain subtilties, scholastic affectation, and pedantry of the age, may be observed in the writings of Calvin and the other reformers; but these defects are far more conspicuous in those who came before them, and likewise after, that is, among the controvertists of the seventeenth century.

'Calvin having declared war against the scholastic theology, was bound to avoid its characteristic defects. Melancthon, Beze, Luther, Zuinglius, and some others, were not only men of great learning and transcendent talents, but of a very cultivated taste. Those

among them who wrote in the vulgar language for the sake of being generally understood, had to fit the rude and inartificial instrument to a new purpose, in adapting it to didactic subjects, as well as to eloquence and even poetry; while the Latin of those who wrote in the learned language of that time, Erasmus, Melanchthon, Mullinger, &c. formed on the best models of antiquity, is perfectly pure and elegant. Theodore de Beze, particularly, wrote Latin with surprising sweetness and harmony. Nothing can exceed the vigour and dignity of Calvin in his dedication to Francis I. of his *Institutions of the Christian Religion*. After his time, the Protestants, struggling for existence with the court of Rome, and the Jesuits, and most of the powers of Europe, lost much of the noble impulse given to them in the sixteenth century, and confined themselves to the narrow circle of polemical theology.

‘ When it was understood that the illness of Calvin must shortly prove fatal, the magistrates of Geneva, as also the ministers of the gospel, came in a body to receive the instructions of the dying man, and if possible to learn how to obtain a continuation of the blessings of Providence upon the republic. Farel, at the advanced age of eighty, came from Lausanne to be present on the occasion. Calvin chose to partake of the meal prepared for them, and being carried into the room where they were assembled, blessed the food, ate a little, conversed with them, and was taken back to his bed. Among his parting words, we find this singular observation about himself, “ I was naturally timid, but by the help of God,” &c. In his person he was not above the middle stature, thin and pale, of a dark complexion, and with bright and penetrating eyes. His habits were frugal and simple. A few personal effects, chiefly books, to the value of about 125 gold crowns, were all the property he left behind him. He ate once a day, and slept very little: affairs of state and of religion, with a consequently extensive correspondence, scarcely leaving him the time necessary for repose. Yet though his latter years were embittered by disease in many of her most trying forms, gout, stone, head-ache, spitting of blood, and the frequent return of intermittent fever, he never relaxed from his pursuits, and never uttered a complaint, being only sometimes heard to say, lifting his eyes to heaven when in great pain, *Jusques à quand, Seigneur ?*’

Simond, Vol. II. pp. 344—347.

Although our extracts from these very interesting volumes have already been so copious, we must make room for the following picture—we fear no overcharged representation—of our English absentees at Geneva.

‘ The people of Geneva are generally well disposed in favour of the English. The religion they profess, the government under which they live, the moral habits peculiar to their respective countries, present many points of contact and pledges of union; to all which, we may add, that they are not immediate neighbours—a necessary condition, it seems, to friendly feelings between nations.

‘ Formerly a great number of English received a part of their education at Geneva, and formed connexions of friendship which lasted their whole lives. Many more Genevans went over to England in pursuit of wealth or science ; most people of education amongst them understood English. “ *Les Genevois*,” said Bonaparte, who did not like them, “ *parlent trop bien Anglois pour moi !*”

‘ Who would not have supposed that when, after a separation of twenty or twenty-five years, the English again appeared among the Genevans, they would have been the best friends in the world ? Yet it is not so. English travellers swarm here, as everywhere else ; but they do not mix with the society of the country more than they do elsewhere, and seem to like it even less. The people of Geneva, on the other hand, say, “ Their former friends, the English, are so changed they scarcely know them again. They used to be a plain downright race, in whom a certain degree of *sauvagerie* (oddity and shyness) only served to set off the advantages of a highly cultivated understanding, of a liberal mind, and generous temper, which characterized them in general : their young men were often rather wild, but soon reformed, and became like their fathers. Instead of this, we see (they say) a mixed assemblage, of whom lamentably few possess any of those qualities we were wont to admire in their predecessors ; their former shyness and reserve is changed to disdain and rudeness. If you seek these modern English, they keep aloof, do not mix in conversation, and seem to laugh at you ; their conduct, still more strange and unaccountable, in regard to each other, is indicative of contempt or suspicion : studiously avoiding to exchange a word, one would suppose they expect to find an adventurer in every individual of their own country not particularly introduced, or at best a person beneath them. You cannot vex or displease them more than by inviting others to meet them, whom they may be compelled to acknowledge afterwards. If they do not find a crowd, they are tired ; if you speak of the old English you formerly knew, that was before the Flood ; if you talk of books, it is pedantry, and they yawn ; of politics, they run wild about Buonaparte ! Dancing is the only thing which is sure to please them ; at the sound of the fiddle, the thinking nation starts up at once ; their young people are adepts in the art, and take pains to become so, spending half their time with the dancing-master—you may know the houses where they live by the scraping of the fiddle, and shaking of the floor, which disturb their neighbours. Few bring letters : they complain they are neglected by the good company, and cheated by inn-keepers. The latter, accustomed to the *Milords Anglais* of former times, or at least having heard of them, think they may charge accordingly, but only find *des Anglais pour rire*, who bargain at the door, before they venture to come in, for the leg of mutton and bottle of wine, on which they mean to dine. Placed as I am between the two parties, I hear young Englishmen repeat what they have heard in France, that the Genevans are cold, selfish, and interested, and their women *des precieuses ridicules*, the very milliners and mantua-makers giving themselves airs of modesty and

deep reading! that there is no opera, nor *theatre des Variétés*; in short, that Geneva is the dullest place in the world. Some say, it is but a bad copy of England, a sham republic, and a scientific, no less than a political, counterfeit. In short, the friends of Geneva, among our modern English travellers, are not numerous, but they are select. These last distinguished themselves during the late hard winter by their bounty to the poor—not the poor of Geneva, who were sufficiently assisted by their richer countrymen, but those of Savoy, who were literally starving. If English travellers no longer appear in the same light as formerly, it is because they are not the same class of people who go abroad, but all classes, and not the best of all classes either. They know it, and say it themselves; they feel the ridicule of their multitude, and of their conduct; they are ashamed and provoked; describe it with the most pointed irony, and tell many a humorous story against themselves. Formerly, the travelling class was composed of young men of good family and fortune, just of age, who, after leaving the university, went the tour of the continent under the guidance of a learned tutor, often a very distinguished man, or of men of the same class, at a more advanced age, with their families, who, after many years spent in professional duties at home, come to visit again the countries they had seen in their youth, and the friends they had known there. When no Englishman left his country either to seek his fortune, to save money, or to hide himself; when travellers of that nation were all very rich, or very learned: of high birth, yet liberal principles; unbounded in their generosity, and with means equal to the inclination; their high standing in the world might well be accounted for, and it is a great pity they should have lost it. Were I an Englishman, I would not set out on my travels until the fashion were over.’ *Simond*, Vol. I. pp. 355—359.

We have not room left to notice more particularly the contents of Mr. Bakewell’s volumes. They are light and entertaining. The geological observations are by far the most interesting feature of the work; but these we shall probably have some future opportunity of referring to. The work is embellished with coloured engravings and wood-cuts. We leave the extracts given from M. Simond’s “Switzerland,” to speak for themselves. We have classed the two works together for convenience only, not for the sake of invidious contrast. Science is indebted to the one author, and literature to the other.

Art. III. *A Vindication of the Authenticity of the Narratives contained in the First Two Chapters of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke ; being an Investigation of Objections urged by the Unitarian Editors of the Improved Version of the New Testament : with an Appendix containing Strictures on the Variations between the First and Fourth Editions of that Work. By a Layman. 8vo pp. 404. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1823.*

THE integrity of the text of the New Testament is an object of the greatest importance to all Christians. The books composing that volume comprise the doctrines which they receive as the principles of Divine knowledge, and the precepts which they regard as the rules of conduct. But, unless the text of those books be genuine, the faith and the hope of Christians may be fallacious. He, therefore, who would be able to satisfy himself with respect to the "reason of the hope that is in him," will find himself usefully employed in examining the evidences of the genuineness of the New Testament records.

Christianity might, indeed, be a Divine religion, though no written documents were in existence that embodied its principles. As, in the economy of nature, the utility of objects is independent of the knowledge of their physical relations, so, the advantages of Revelation may be real and important apart from the proofs of its derivation. There are, however, documents which have long been known in the world as the authoritative symbols of Christianity, the exclusive formularies of its doctrines, and the authentic records of its early history. Men who were selected by the Divine Author of the Christian religion to teach and to bear witness of the truth, were the writers of these books. The instructions which they have transmitted through the medium of their publications, must be in accordance with the doctrines which they really delivered; the character in which they wrote excluding every supposition of inconsistency in their communications. To us who live in these distant times, their publications must supply the place of their personal presence, and afford the means of trying the superior claims which they asserted. The divinity of the Christian religion was proved by the facts which its original promulgators exhibited in their living testimony: the evidences of its truth and the grounds of its authority, we must seek in the documents which they have left us, and in such other monuments as may assist our inquiry.

From these considerations it is obvious, that the proof of the divinity of the religion of Christ is necessarily connected with the integrity of its written records. In proportion to our con-

viction of their genuineness, will be the confidence with which we receive the truths of the Gospel. If the books which we receive as the writings of divinely authorised instructors be corrupted, if they contain parts which were not originally included in them, we shall not be able to repose our confidence in them, unless we can separate the later additions from the primitive writings. If we possess the means of doing this effectually, our confidence will be restored to the books thus purified, and we shall have gained, by the process of purifying them, an accession of strength to our faith. On this account the labours of Griesbach are invaluable, and the security of the text of the New Testament can now be more adequately appreciated than before. It must, however, be remembered, that, in respect to any alleged interpolations or adulterations of the sacred text, the proofs of corruption are in the first place to be obtained, before the sentence of extermination is pronounced against them. For it is not sufficient for this purpose, that difficulties shall be proved to exist in the text. Difficulties may not only be evident, but they may even appear to be insuperable by any means which we may possess of removing them, and the text which contains them may still be a genuine part of the author's work in which they occur. The question of genuineness is purely a critical question, and must be tried by critical rules. It must be gravely and patiently examined. Our object in investigations of this kind, is not merely to reject or to retain, but to separate that which is spurious from that which is genuine, on clear and satisfactory evidence of its corruption.

We can feel no surprise, in perusing such a work as the "Vindication" now before us, at the expressions of dissatisfaction and displeasure, sometimes not a little strong, which the Author has directed against the manner in which the Editors of the "Improved Version" have proceeded with the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. No serious and unbiassed reader can peruse their notes on the first two chapters of those evangelists, without being offended. The unhesitating boldness with which the Editors have advanced their positions, is widely remote from that sober spirit which recommends genuine criticism to our acceptance. Unitarian writers are never very sparing of their complaints and censures against what they consider as prejudice or systematic bias in their opponents; but it would not be easy, we believe, to cite any paragraphs of equal dimensions, in which so much of these qualities appears as in those to which we are referring. The Editors commend Griesbach, and applaud Lardner; but, if these be the masters under whom they have studied, they have given us a striking specimen of the difference which may sometimes exist between the

sobriety of a teacher and the precipitancy of a disciple. Neither of these distinguished writers would have risked a declaration of sentiment, which should assume a passage of doubtful import as the basis of an explicit conclusion that some very extensive portions of the New Testament are a fabrication. Such presumption deserved to be rebuked, and the whole case to which the labours of such writers have been directed, required to be considered with more caution and with less brevity than they have bestowed upon them. The question to be examined is simply, the genuineness of a part of the text of Matthew's and Luke's Gospels. This is the object of the "Vindication." In this vindication, the Author first exhibits the external evidence for the authenticity of the disputed passages, and then proceeds to the consideration of objections against them. He does justice to the statements of the parties to whom he is opposed, by the fairness of his quotations, and, though occasionally an expression may be detected, which we would scarcely venture to approve, maintains the controversy with Christian-like temper. If his arguments are not always very close in their texture, they are forcible and effective. He has, we think, been very successful in exposing the errors and inconsistencies which have found a place in the publications of the impugnors of the passages which he vindicates. It has evidently been his design, to furnish a clear and ample statement of the entire question to which his work relates, and this he has accomplished in a manner creditable alike to his learning and his piety.

The evidence of the Greek manuscripts, of the ancient versions, and of the ancient ecclesiastical writers, obviously presents itself as the primary means of determining the genuineness of the text of the New Testament. In the case before us, the examination of such evidence is almost unnecessary, the fact being admitted by the Editors of the Improved Version, that the alleged interpolated passages 'are to be found in all the manuscripts and versions which are now extant.' We said *almost*, because the Editors of the Improved Version, in the passage which we have just quoted, do not include the third species of testimony—the evidence of the ancient ecclesiastical writers. The nature and value of this last kind of evidence, as related to the question before us, is indeed assumed by the Editors to be in favour of the negative conclusion for which they contend, that the particular chapters are not genuine Scripture. By the "Layman" their assumption is opposed, and we think successfully combatted. It is singular, however, that, in his examination of the evidence from Manuscripts and Versions, he has not referred to Griesbach's *Epimetron*, ap-

pendent to his "*Commentarius Criticus in Textum Græcum Novi Testamenti*." The impartiality of Griesbach is applauded not less by Unitarians than by Trinitarians; and though his opinions are not decisive of disputed questions, yet, on the ground of his established reputation for the strictest integrity, the judgments which he calmly and deliberately pronounced on the evidence which he had brought under examination, and with the bearings of which he was so familiar, are entitled to great regard. Now, in respect to the first and second chapters of Matthew's Gospel, he not only states that they are found in all the ancient Greek MSS. and Versions—'*Testimonia veterum, quibus duo priora Matthæi capita dubia reddi queant, proferri possunt prorsus nulla. Leguntur ista capita in codicibus Græcis—et in versionibus vetustis*'—but, in the conclusion of his dissertation, he furnishes the result of his collations and investigation of evidence, by declaring his entire conviction—1. That Matthew's Greek Gospel never wanted the first and second chapters of the present division.—2. That there are no arguments of sufficient force to prove that there formerly existed a Gospel from which the present Greek copy of Matthew's Gospel was derived, that did not contain the chapters in question. And, 3. That it is highly probable (*admodum probabile esse*) that these two chapters were written by Matthew, with the exception of the genealogy, which he received from some other hands, and prefixed to his own Gospel.

The external evidence for the genuineness of both the first and second chapters of Matthew's Gospel, and the first and second chapters of Luke's Gospel, is amply sufficient. Those portions of the New Testament will endure the strictest application of the rules which every critical editor has taken for his guidance in determining the authenticity of the sacred text. Not even a suspicion of their genuineness arises from the collation of the manuscript authorities. The excision of those portions, however, is attempted by many modern Unitarians on the ground of a deficiency in the external testimony. The Editors of the Improved Version even assume the sufficiency of external evidence against the passages.—'From the direct testimony of Epiphanius,' say they, 'and indirectly from that of Jerome, we learn that they were wanting in the copies used by the Nazarenes and Ebionites; that is,' (so they are pleased to state,) 'by the ancient Hebrew Christians; for whose instruction, probably, the gospel of Matthew was originally written, and to whom the account of the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ could not have been unacceptable, if it had been found in the genuine narrative.'

'The Editors rather consulted their wishes than their critical judgment, when they confounded the terms Nazarene, Ebionite, and ancient Hebrew Christians with each other, as synonymous. The epithet Nazarene only once occurs in the New Testament, Acts xxiv. 5. where it is used by an adversary as a term of reproach, and applied indiscriminately to the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. That it was not adopted by the primitive Hebrew Christians, is evident, from Agrippa's Address to the Apostle Paul, who was one of them; Acts xxvi. 28, also from 1 Pet. iv. 16. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, who flourished about A. D. 178, is the first writer who mentions the Ebionites: he mentions them as a sect separated from the body of Christian believers, who opposed the doctrines preached by the apostles, and rejected the greater part of the books of the New Testament. They only made use of a Hebrew Gospel, which they called Matthew's, contemning and rejecting all Paul's Epistles, and calling him an apostate from the law. They appear to have been divided into two sects, one of which believed that Christ was born of a virgin: this was denied by the other, which considered him to have been born of Joseph and Mary. In the time of Epiphanius and Jerome, those judaizing Christians who departed the least from the apostolic faith, were called Nazarenes.

'Such were the sentiments of the Ebionites, on whose fidelity the Unitarians repose, for preserving pure and unmutated the text of the Gospel of St. Matthew. If a deviation from the apostolic doctrines, and a rejection of whole books of the sacred writings of unquestionable authority, serve as a passport of recommendation to an ancient writer or sect, the Ebionites cannot be said to want the necessary credentials.' p. 85.

The Author then proceeds to furnish extracts from the ancient writers respecting the Hebrew Gospel.

'Epiphanius says:—1st, "They (the Nazarenes) have the Gospel of Matthew most entire in the Hebrew language among them: for truly this is preserved among them as it was at first in Hebrew characters. But I know not whether they have taken away the genealogy from Abraham to Christ.

' "They (the Ebionites) also receive the Gospel according to Matthew. For this, both they and the Cerinthians make use of, and no other. They call it *The Gospel according to the Hebrews*.

' "In that Gospel, which they (i. e. the Ebionites) have called the Gospel according to Matthew, which is not entire and perfect, but corrupted and curtailed, and which they call *The Hebrew Gospel*, it is written ——. Also Cerinthus and Carpocrates, using this same Gospel of theirs, would prove from the beginning of that Gospel according to St. Matthew, viz. by the genealogy, that Christ proceeded from the seed of Joseph and Mary. But they (viz. the Ebionites) have quite other sentiments; for they have taken away the genealogy from Matthew, and accordingly begin their Gospel, as I above said, with these words: It came to pass in the days of Herod, king of Judea."

‘ JEROME had not only seen the Hebrew Gospel used by the Nazarenes, but translated it into Greek and Latin; these translations are lost, but the occasional notice which Jerome has taken of this Gospel in his works, and the passages which he has quoted from it, supply us with data, from which we may draw a tolerably correct judgement of the claims this Gospel has to be considered as the genuine Gospel of St. Matthew.

‘ 1st. In his Note on Matt. ii. 5, Jerome observes, that the Hebrew Gospel reads Bethlehem of Judah, and not Bethlehem of Judea.

‘ “ — The Nazarenes who live in Beræa, a city of Syria, and make use of this volume, granted me the favour of writing it out, in which (Gospel) there is this observable, that wherever the evangelist either writes himself, or introduces our Saviour as citing any passage out of the Old Testament, he does not follow the Septuagint, but the Hebrew copies, of which there are two instances, viz. that, ‘ Out of Egypt I have called my Son;’ and that, ‘ He shall be called a Nazarene.’ ” ’ pp. 92—97.

Now from these citations it clearly appears, that the testimonies of Epiphanius and Jerome are mistaken or misrepresented by the Editors of the Improved Version. For, in the first place, it is evident that the Nazarenes and Ebionites were in the possession and use of Gospels which differed from each other: that of the former was most entire (*πληριστατοι*); that of the latter was not entire, but corrupted and curtailed (*υποθρυμμένοι και ηκρωτηριασμένοι*), and this commenced with the words: “ It came to pass in the days of Herod king of Judea.” The direct testimony of Epiphanius is, therefore, wanting as to the omission of the first and second chapters in the Hebrew Gospel. And in the next place, the testimony of Jerome is positively in favour of the Hebrew Gospel of the Nazarenes containing the passages in question.

The case of Marcion is considered at length by the Author of this Vindication, and is very satisfactorily treated. ‘ The first and second chapters of this Gospel (Luke’s),’ say the Editors of the Improved Version, ‘ were wanting in the copies used by Marcion, a reputed heretic who flourished very early in the second century. His gospel was undoubtedly that of Luke, though he does not mention the evangelist’s name: and he maintains its antiquity, authenticity, and integrity. Marcion was one of those who, being ashamed of the simplicity of the gospel, blended it with the wildest speculations of an erroneous philosophy. But his character was unimpeached, even by his bitterest enemies, till it was calumniated by Epiphanius, 200 years after his death. He is accused by his enemies of mutilating and corrupting the Scriptures. The falsehood of many of the charges alleged by Epiphanius, is exposed by Dr. Lardner. But at any rate, it would be the

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‘ most egregious trifling to argue, that those who appeal to the testimony of Marcion in a particular case, are bound to follow him in all the eccentricities of his opinions.’ This is the whole of the Editors’ note relating to the case of Marcion. That Marcion should be thus highly estimated as an evidence on the points at issue, will appear very remarkable to every reader of the volume before us, when he shall have perused the quotations made by the Author from some of Mr. Belsham’s publications, and the remarks which follow them. We shall present a sample of these to our readers.

‘ Marcion was so far from believing that Christ was born of a virgin, that he did not admit him to have been born at all ; as that would have been to admit that Christ had real flesh and blood, of which he had divested him, as partaking of the evil properties which he ascribed to matter. Consequently, for Christ to be born of a woman, whether virgin or wife, was inconsistent with this part of his system ; he therefore began his Gospel thus :—“ In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, God descended into Capernaum, a city of Galilee,” (Tertul. Adv. Mar. lib. iv. c. 7.) connecting the beginning of the third chapter with the thirty-first verse of the fourth chapter of Luke, and omitting what is between, as well as what precedes ; that is, besides the first two chapters, the account of John the Baptist, the baptism of Christ, the genealogy, the temptation of Christ, and his visit to Nazareth.

‘ The Gospel of Luke was probably the basis of Marcion’s Evangelium. His variations from the Gospel of Luke were intended, as will appear upon examination, to make it more conformable to his own opinions, that the God of the Jews was not the father of Christ ; that the Jewish prophets did not foretell his advent ; that Christ was not born of a woman, and so did not partake of flesh and blood, but was man in appearance only : yet Mr. Belsham gravely asserts, that “ there was nothing in his system, that we know of, which was inconsistent with the history of the miraculous conception.”

‘ But after all, notwithstanding their appeal to the evidence of Marcion, the Editors shew no great respect to it. They retain, in opposition to it, the first four verses of the first chapter of Luke, in which verses there is nothing inimical to Marcion’s opinions. Equal disregard have they evinced to his evidence in other parts of their version of Luke’s Gospel : for with one only exception, where Marcion’s omission favoured their own opinions, they have not once corrected the text of our copy of Luke by him, notwithstanding his numerous variations already noticed ; which proves, if any proof were necessary, that Marcion has been brought forward, on the present occasion, not because the Editors wanted critical acumen to discover the inefficiency of Marcion’s evidence to correct our text of Luke, but because, in the absence of better evidence, they could not dispense with that of Marcion.’ pp. 118—121.

‘ “ But,” say the Editors, “ his Gospel was undoubtedly that of Luke.” Whence do they derive this information ? We are certain

that it is not from Marcion. This they acknowledge themselves, in their corrected note; though, with a strange inconsistency and pertinacity, they persevere in claiming a right to appeal to the testimony of Marcion. The conduct of the Editors is indeed inexplicable; for Mr. Belsham, the principal Editor, has, in his Reply to the Bishop of St. David's, explicitly declared Marcion's Evangelium to be a compilation of his own, and not the Gospel of St. Luke.—But Mr. Belsham shall speak for himself.

— “ Marcion lived before the canon was formed. And he selected one of the narratives then in circulation; biassed, no doubt, in his choice, as he naturally and unavoidably would be, by an unperceived prejudice in favour of his own system; and very probably adding or omitting, upon the authority of other copies, what he thought might be necessary to make that which he selected more perfect, and to supersede the necessity of receiving more histories than one. Thus forming what he calls an Evangelium, or an epitome of evangelical history, according to his views of it, exactly upon the principle upon which Luke professes to have formed his own. This is the more probable, as Marcion does not attribute his copy to any particular author, at the same time that he contends for its being an authentic history of Christ.” ’ pp. 336—338.

We have not room for the remarks which follow, nor, indeed, is it necessary for us to copy them, since every intelligent reader will perceive in what manner the Author must proceed with a commentary, the text of which is furnished by the passages extracted from Mr. Belsham's Reply. We refer our readers to the note which we have inserted from the Improved Version, and when they have well considered its decisive boldness of assertion, we would then remind them,—That there is no evidence that the Gospel of Luke was ever used by Marcion; That, according to Mr. Belsham's own account, Marcion's Gospel was a compilation, in the composition of which he used great liberties, his selections being determined by his prejudices; and, lastly, That the system of Marcion was such as to require the exclusion of passages from his *Evangelium*, which ascribed to Christ real existence in the flesh. The Editors are very tenacious of the assistance which they imagine they receive from Marcion; but nothing more is required to deprive them of aid from that quarter, than their own admissions. They remark that, ‘ at any rate, it would be the most egregious trifling to argue, that those who appeal to the testimony of Marcion in a particular case, are bound to follow him in all the eccentricities of his opinions.’ They may not be so bound; but what egregious trifling can there be in denying the validity of such testimony as that which they adduce from Marcion? They allow his eccentricities. They would allow also, we suppose, the eccentricities of Evanson. But of what

value would be an appeal to his edition of the New Testament, by a writer some centuries hence, who should adduce it as evidence that the books which he excluded, were not received as genuine Scripture by Christians in the eighteenth century?

The Editors of the Improved Version adduce the genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel, as being of itself conclusive evidence against the genuineness of the remaining portion of the first and the whole of the second chapter of that book. They produce Epiphanius as stating, 'that Cerinthus and Carpocrates, who used the Gospel of the Ebionites, argued from the genealogy at the beginning of the Gospel, that Christ was the Son of Joseph and Mary; but that the Ebionites had taken away even the genealogy, beginning their Gospel with these words: "And it came to pass in the days of Herod the king." It is probable, therefore,' they say, 'that the first sixteen verses of this chapter are genuine, and that they were found at least in the copies of Cerinthus and Carpocrates.' The Editors think that it can hardly be supposed that the descent of Christ from Abraham and David, could be omitted by an author who wrote for the instruction of Hebrew Christians. The portion of Matthew's Gospel which follows the genealogy, and closes at the end of the second chapter, could not have been written, they say, by the author of the genealogy, because 'it contradicts his design, which was to prove that Jesus, being the Son of Joseph, was the descendant of Abraham and David; whereas the design of this narrative is to shew, that Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, was not his real father. This account, therefore, of the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ,' they add, 'must have been wanting in the copies of Cerinthus and Carpocrates, as well as in those of the Ebionites; and if the genealogy be genuine, this narrative must be spurious.'

'The Editors of the Improved Version,' remarks the preface to the edition of 1789, 'admit the genuineness of the first sixteen verses in the first chapter of Matthew; but so averse are they to legitimate evidence for what they do receive of the first two chapters, that the only evidence to which they appeal for retaining the genealogy, is what Epiphanius, a writer of the latter end of the fourth century, says respecting Cerinthus and Carpocrates. Their reason for preferring such remote and circuitous evidence, when that which was good and direct lay before them, was, we may presume, because this latter evidence is equally in favour of the genuineness of the remainder of the first two chapters, which they reject as spurious: so far they are consistent. They appear, however, somewhat conscious of the deficiency of this evidence of Epiphanius, and therefore attempt to support it by conjectures of their own; but here, unfortunately, they are deserted by their favour-

its Ebionites, "their ancient Hebrew Christians;" but nothing discouraged, they accuse the latter of taking away the genealogy. We shall not dispute with them the truth of this accusation; but this accusation, instead of diminishing, increases the embarrassment of the Editors with their Ebionite friends, whose *purest copy* of the Gospel of Matthew, which *they would on no account curtail*, did not contain the genealogy; for these *Hebrew Christians*, who, according to these Editors, "justly laid so great a stress" on "the descent of Christ from Abraham and David," must have had some motive for taking away a genealogy which traces this descent. The truth appears to be, that Matthew has so connected the genealogy with the succeeding narrative, that the Ebionites, in mutilating the Gospel of Matthew, thought it safer and more consistent to suppress the whole of this part, than to retain the genealogy, and reject the subsequent narrative; and the Ebionites were better qualified than their modern friends, the Editors of the Improved Version, to determine whether it consisted with their own views, to retain in or leave out of their Gospel the genealogy of Matthew.

' There is no evidence that the Gospel used by Cerinthus and Carpocrates, did not contain the whole of the first two chapters of Matthew; the only reason assigned by the Editors, why it could not, is, because it contained the genealogy; "this account, therefore," say they, "of the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ, must have been wanting in the copies of Cerinthus and Carpocrates." This luminous argument cannot be better illustrated, than by a reference to all the Greek manuscripts of Matthew's Gospel, to which I shall add what Lardner says of the Cerinthians. "It may be questioned, whether the opinion of the Cerinthians be rightly represented. If they receive the genealogy in Matthew, as he (Epiphanius) says they did, they might argue that Jesus was truly a man, but must allow that he was born of a virgin*."

' From this passage it appears, that Lardner doubted the accuracy of Epiphanius's account of the Cerinthians. Of this same Epiphanius, Mr. Belsham says, "that the opinion of so credulous a writer is not worth a straw;" but such was not the sentiment of the candid and learned Lardner, though he did not implicitly receive all that he found in the works of Epiphanius; and it is rather remarkable that Mr. Belsham should have expressed himself in terms of such severe reprehension of a writer, to whom he and his fellow Editors are indebted for most, if not all, of their external evidence against the genuineness of the first two chapters of Matthew's Gospel.

' But this narrative of the miraculous conception "could not have been written by the author of the genealogy, because it contradicts his design." Are these Unitarian Editors sure that their zeal for their own system has not induced them to attribute to the author of the genealogy, what, in their opinion, his design ought to have been, rather than what it really was? If the author of the genealogy was

* Lardner's History of Heretics, 4to. Edit. p. 151.

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other than the author of the narrative, and wrote with an opposite design, he would not, when he came to Joseph, have made a sudden transition from his uniform mode of expression. The genealogy gives the natural line of descent from Abraham, through David to Joseph, and therefore uses *ἐγέννησεν*, *begat*, in each instance, even when the mothers, on account of something peculiar in their history, are mentioned; but when it comes to Jacob, the father of Joseph, instead of saying, Jacob begat Joseph, and Joseph begat Jesus of Mary, it says, "Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ;" or, in other words, though he was born of Mary, he was not begotten by Joseph her husband. The subsequent narrative says the same.' pp. 126—129.

Nothing which could by possibility be urged in the shape of objection to the impugned chapters, has been overlooked by the Editors. 'The evangelist Luke,' they tell us, 'in his preface to the history of the Acts of the Apostles, reminds his friend Theophilus, Acts i. 1., that his former history contained an account of the public ministry of Jesus, but makes no allusion to the remarkable incidents contained in the two first chapters; which, therefore, probably were not written by him.' This is another of the passages which are so frequently to be met with in the notes to the Improved Version, in which the Editors have assumed a tone of expression sufficiently bold for the assertion of the least questionable points, but in which it is easy to detect the weakness of the statement, and the still greater weakness of the conclusion which confident language would commend to our acceptance. Thucydides declares the subject of his History to be, the war between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians; but what should we think of a proposal for the rejection of the early parts of his work, on the strength of such an argument as this? Thucydides makes no allusion, in the declaration of his purpose as the writer of a history, to the other topics which he has introduced into his first book, and therefore, probably, those parts were not written by him. The reference of Luke to his Gospel is concise and general, and with the terms of that reference, the contents of the first two chapters are perfectly consistent.

To the observations that interpolations so large and gross as the chapters in question could not have escaped detection, and would never have been so early and so generally received, the Editors, after some other remarks, are pleased to reply, that those interpolated passages 'would, to the generality of Christians, be extremely gratifying, as they would lessen the odium attached to Christianity, from its Founder being a crucified Jew, and would elevate him to the dignity of the heroes and demigods of the heathen mythology.' Have they any evidence to offer in

support of this conjecture? If the former be the case, they should produce their authorities. If the latter be the fact, the supposition is not creditable either to their understanding or their taste. The generality of Christians were never ashamed of the fact that Jesus was crucified, nor did they ever palliate or seek to disguise the sorrows and sufferings of their Saviour. With the pages of the New Testament open before them, and the example of the most illustrious of Christian professors in view, they could never be ashamed of the cross of Christ.

Another method which the Editors employ for the purpose of supporting their positions against the preceding objection, is, to strengthen the testimony of their witnesses by a display of their disinterestedness on the points at issue. 'The Ebionites and Marcion,' says Mr. Belsham in defending the Editors, 'held no opinions inconsistent with the miraculous conception of Jesus, or that should have led them voluntarily to expunge these chapters out of the evangelical history.' The accuracy and the value of this defence may be fully estimated from the following paragraph.

'Does not *A Calm Inquirer*, in the second column of the page whence the above passage is taken, say, that the Ebionites believed "Jesus was the legitimate son of Joseph, by Mary, his lawful wife, both of whom were descended from the royal house of David?" Do not the Editors of the Improved Version say, "If the account of the miraculous conception of Jesus be true, he could not be the offspring of David and of Abraham, from whom it was predicted, and by the Jews expected, that the Messiah should descend?" Does not Mr. Belsham say of Marcion, "He supposed Jesus Christ to be a spirit sent by the Supreme Being to rescue mankind from vice and misery; that he appeared in the form of a man, but was not really such; and that he did not visit the world till the commencement of his public ministry, in the fifteenth year of Tiberius?"—In direct contradiction to these Unitarian statements, we are told, and by a *Calm Inquirer* too, that the Ebionites and Marcion "held no opinions inconsistent with the doctrine of the miraculous conception." Such incongruities, such contradictory assertions, only require to be pointed out: they contain their own refutation.' pp. 319, 20.

In the first edition of the Improved Version, the Editors adopted Newcome's rendering of Luke ii. 2. "*This was the first enrolment of Cyrenius, afterward Governor of Syria.*" In the fourth edition, this version is discarded, and, "Now this first registering was when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria," appears as the reading, accompanied with the remark, 'Which he never was in the time of Herod, and consequently

‘ the whole story is a fabrication.’ And the reading of the first edition is, without any reference to its having formed a part of their own text, pronounced by the Editors to be ‘ a version which would never have been thought of had it not been to save an hypothesis.’ What hypothesis, then, had they to save, when they published this very version in their first edition? They as little believed in the miraculous conception then, as they subsequently did; and we cannot suppose that their zeal for Unitarianism was slumbering when they made their first appearance as the Editors of the *Improved Version*. It would seem, then, that this very version might have been thought of, as we know it has been adopted, by critical editors who had no hypothesis to save. The Author of the “*Vindication*” delivers his opinion of the Editors’ proceedings in this instance, in the following terms.

‘ The simple fact appears to be this; the Editors have discovered, since they first published the *Improved Version*, that their improved version of the passage before us, obviated an historical difficulty which they do not desire to see removed, as it occurs in a part of the Gospel of St. Luke, which they have rejected as a heathen fable; therefore, “ to save a hypothesis,” they have endeavoured to recover this false step, by an unacknowledged alteration of their version, and by impeaching the motives which induced Lardner to adopt a version that removed the difficulty.

‘ Never was there less foundation for an accusation, than for this of the Editors against Lardner. He has shewn no more predilection for the first two chapters of Luke, than for any other portion of the evangelical histories; the difficulties, whether chronological or otherwise, which present themselves in this part of St. Luke’s Gospel, he fairly meets, and has proved them to be no other than those which almost unavoidably attend the histories of events of so remote a date.’
pp. 375, 6

On the whole, the “*Vindication*” is an able and important work. It is the most comprehensive publication on the question at issue which has appeared since the Editors of the *Improved Version* revived the controversy. We thank the Author for his seasonable and useful services, and recommend the present result of his labours to the attention of all such persons as feel interested in discussions which relate to the Integrity of the New Testament.

Art. IV. *The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan.* 3 vols. foolscap 8vo. Price 11. 1s. London, 1824.

THIS is a very ingenious and entertaining history of the adventures of a Persian,—as great a rogue as Gil Blas, but not quite so grand and diabolical a fellow as Anastasius; written of course by himself, and translated from the original M.S. by Peregrine Persic, whose alias is understood to be the well-known and respected name of Morier. That the Author is not Mr. Hope, might be asserted with almost as much confidence as that it is not *le feu* M. Le Sage. As a work of imagination, it must not be compared with the laboured, exceptionable, yet extremely clever production of the one; nor, as a work of humour, does it possess any thing of the character and fascination of the Frenchman's tale. But who would look for either wit or humour, any more than for honesty, in a Persian? To compensate for the absence of these qualities, the narrative is made the vehicle of much entertaining detail respecting Oriental customs and manners, the result, evidently of personal observation, and bearing the mark of authenticity in the somewhat tedious minuteness of some of the descriptions, which are those of the showman, rather than of the artist. The hero, Hajji Baba, excites little respect or commiseration,—his character precludes our taking any lively interest in his welfare; nevertheless, the rapid changes of fortune which he undergoes, and the ever-shifting scene, supply the lack of that higher charm which is communicated by commanding qualities, such as engage our sympathy with the imaginary individual. Hajji is not even a clever rogue, but, like Artemi, the Armenian, only a lucky one, who happens always to fall out of the dice-box of Destiny on his feet. He is a true predestinarian (in the Mahomedan acceptance); and though he often thwarts his stars, is still the favourite of the Oriental Fortune, the goddess of the Mosque, to whom, all other hope failing, he like a true believer resigns himself. He commences his career as the son of an Ispahani barber, sets forth on his travels as servant to a Bagdad merchant, is taken prisoner by the Turcomans, escapes, and becomes in succession, a water-carrier, an itinerant vender of tobacco, servant to the Shah's physician, sub-executioner, devotee, merchant, and, in fine, secretary to an ambassador. He is on the point of setting off for England in the suite of the envoy, when the narrative breaks off. It will readily be imagined that this Persian Harlequin, if he says little worth hearing, contrives to amuse by his tricks; but the meritorious and distinguishing feature of the work, and that which induces us to notice it, is the sub-

stantial information it conveys as to the state of society in Persia. The view which is given of all ranks and professions in the land of roses, is not very flattering to the pride of human nature, nor much to the honour of Islamism; and it may be thought that the Author has exhibited only the dark side,—that so much unrelieved deformity is scarcely in nature. But the fruit answers to the tree, and the tree to the fruit. A nation of slaves, their character must needs exhibit all the marks of their political and moral degradation. Chardin, their best apologist, allows that they are thievish, selfish, venal, and incapable of any act of spontaneous generosity. Their very language is a perpetual lie. They have been aptly termed the Frenchmen of Asia; and an Oriental Frenchman must needs answer to Voltaire's definition of the character of his countrymen as compounded of the tiger and the ape,—only that the apish part of the compound is disguised in a nobler costume, and the tiger qualities are only suffered to break forth in the men of power. But, in vanity, nationality, versatility, volubility, the habit of flattery, the language of compliment, foppishness and insincerity, a true Persian is but an exaggeration of the Parisian, such as he was in the days of *le grand monarque*.

‘Perhaps no country in the world,’ remarks the Author in the Introductory Epistle, ‘less comes up to one's expectation than Persia, whether in the beauties of nature, or the riches and magnificence of its inhabitants.’

‘But,’ he adds, ‘in what regards manners and customs, it appears to me that no Asiatics bear so strong the stamp of an ancient origin as they. Even in their features I thought to have distinguished a decided originality of expression, which was confirmed when I remarked that the numerous faces seen among the sculptures of Persepolis, so perfect as if chiseled but yesterday, were so many likenesses of modern Persians, more particular of the natives of the province of Fars. . . . I will not say that the years I passed in Persia were years of happiness, or that during that time I could so far keep up an illusion that I was living among the patriarchs in the first ages of the world, or among those Persians whose monarchs gave laws to almost the whole of Asia: no, I sighed for shaven chins and swallow-tailed coats.’

Speaking in the assumed character of the Translator of the work, he introduces the following prefatory remarks.

‘I have done my best endeavour to adapt it to the taste of European readers, divesting it of the numerous repetitions, and the tone of exaggeration and hyperbole which pervade the compositions of the Easterns; but still you will no doubt discover much of that deviation

from truth and perverseness of chronology which characterise them. However, of the matter contained in this book, this I must say; that, having lived in the country myself during the time to which it refers, I find that most of the incidents are grounded upon fact, which, although not adhered to with that scrupulous regard to truth which we might expect from an European writer, yet are sufficient to give an insight into manners. Many of them will no doubt appear improbable to those who have never visited the scenes upon which they were acted; and it is natural it should be so, because, from the nature of circumstances, such events could occur only in Eastern countries.

‘A distinct line must ever be drawn between the nations who wear the hat and those who wear the beard; and they must ever hold each other’s stories as improbable, until a more general intercourse of common life takes place between them. What is moral and virtuous with the one is wickedness with the other; that which the Christian reviles as abominable is by the Mohammedan held sacred. Although the contrast between their respective manners may be very amusing, still, it is most certain, that the former will ever feel devoutly grateful that he is neither subject to Mohammedan rule, nor educated in Mohammedan principles; whilst the latter, looking upon the rest of mankind as unclean infidels, will continue to hold fast to his bigoted persuasion, until some powerful interposition of Providence shall dispel the moral and intellectual darkness which at present overhangs so large a portion of the Asiatic world.’

It must in fairness be remarked, that all that the Writer has aimed at, is to give the reader an insight into the manners of the people, not to present a philosophical estimate or analysis of their character. He has seized and imbodyed the more prominent traits which met his observation, without affecting nicely to expound the workings of the heart. If we meet with no profound remark or grave reflection,—for we must remember it is Hajji Baba who relates his own story,—neither are we ever annoyed by sentimentality or affectation of any kind. The work can be said to supply only indirect instruction of a moral kind, but it is replete with curious and, we doubt not, authentic information. An extract or two will be expected by way of sample, and perhaps we cannot select any scene much more amusing than Hajji’s introduction to the King’s Physician.

‘The Hakim was an old man, with an eye sunk deep in his head, high cheek-bones, and a scanty beard. He had a considerable bend in his back, and his usual attitude, when seated, was that of a projecting chin, his head reclining back between his shoulders, and his hands resting on his girdle, whilst his elbows formed two triangles on each side of his body. He made short snappish questions, gave little hums at the answers, and seemed to be thinking of any thing but the subject before him. When he heard the account of the ailments of those who had come to consult him, and had said a few words to his

little circle of parasites, he looked at me, and after I had told him that I was the person of whom the poet had spoken, he fixed his little sharp eyes upon me for a second or two, and then desired me to wait, for that he wished to speak to me in private. Accordingly, he soon after got up, and went out of the room, and I was called upon to attend him in a small separate court, closely walled on all sides, except on the one where was situated the *Khelvet* (or private room) in which the doctor was seated.

‘As soon as I appeared, the doctor invited me into the room, and requested me to be seated: which I did with all the humility which it is the etiquette for an inferior to shew towards his superior for so great an honour. I bowed repeatedly as he spoke, and kept my hands respectfully before me, covered with the border of my sleeve, whilst I took care that my feet were also completely hid. He then continued, and said,—‘I have occasion for a person of your description precisely at this moment, and as I put great confidence in the recommendation of my friend Asker, it is my intention to make use of your good offices; and if you succeed according to my expectations, you may rest assured that it will be well for you, and that I shall not remain unmindful of your services.’ Then requesting me to approach nearer to him, and in a low and confidential tone of voice, he said, looking over his shoulders as if afraid of being over-heard; ‘Hajji, you must know that an ambassador from the Franks is lately arrived at this court, in whose suite is a doctor. This infidel has already acquired considerable reputation here. He treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medicines, of which we do not even know the names. He pretends to the knowledge of a great many things of which we have never yet heard in Persia. He makes no distinction between hot and cold diseases, and hot and cold remedies, as Galenus and Avicenna have ordained, but gives mercury by way of a cooling medicine; stabs the belly with a sharp instrument for wind in the stomach; and what is worse than all, pretends to do away with the small-pox altogether, by infusing into our nature a certain extract of cow, a discovery which one of their philosophers has lately made. Now this will never do, Hajji. The small-pox has always been a comfortable source of revenue to me; I cannot afford to lose it, because an infidel chooses to come here and treat us like cattle. We cannot allow him to take the bread out of our mouths. But the reason why I particularly want your help, proceeds from the following cause. The grand vizier was taken ill two days ago, of a strange uneasiness, after eating more than his usual quantity of raw lettuce and cucumber, steeped in vinegar and sugar. This came to the Frank ambassador’s ears, who, in fact, was present at the eating of the lettuce, and he immediately sent his doctor to him, with a request that he might be permitted to administer relief. The grand vizier and the ambassador, it seems, had not been upon good terms for some time, because the latter was very urgent that some demand of a political nature might be conceded to him, which the vizier, out of consideration for the interests of Persia, was obliged to deny; and therefore, thinking that this might be a good opportunity

of conciliating the infidel, and of coming to a compromise, he agreed to accept of the doctor's services. Had I been apprised of the circumstance in time, I should easily have managed to put a stop to the proceeding; but the doctor did not lose an instant in administering his medicine, which, I hear, only consisted of one little white and tasteless pill. From all accounts, and as ill luck would have it, the effect it has produced is something quite marvellous. The grand vizier has received such relief, that he can talk of nothing else; he says, 'that he felt the pill drawing the damp from the very tips of his fingers,' and that now he has discovered in himself such newness of strength and energy, that he laughs at his old age, and even talks of making up the compliment of wives permitted to him by our blessed Prophet. But the mischief has not stopped here; the fame of this medicine and of the Frank doctor, has gone throughout the court; and the first thing which the king talked of at the selam (the audience) this morning, was of its miraculous properties. He called upon the grand vizier to repeat to him all he had before said upon the subject; and as he talked of the wonders that it had produced upon his person, a general murmur of applause and admiration was heard throughout the assembly.

'His majesty then turned to me, and requested me to explain the reason why such great effects should proceed from so small a cause, when I was obliged to answer, stooping as low as I could to hide my confusion, and kissing the earth—"I am your sacrifice: O king of kings, I have not yet seen the drug which the infidel doctor has given to your majesty's servant, the grand vizier; but as soon as I have, I will inform your majesty of what it consists. In the mean while, your humble slave beseeches the Centre of the Universe to recollect, that the principal agent on this occasion, must be an evil spirit, an enemy to the true faith, since he is an instrument in the hands of an infidel; of one who calls our holy Prophet a cheat, and who disavows the all-powerful decrees of predestination.

'Having said this, in order to shake his growing reputation, I retired in deep cogitation how I might get at the secrets of the infidel, and particularly inquire into the nature of his prescription, which has performed such miracles; and you are come most opportunely to my assistance. You must immediately become acquainted with him; and I shall leave it to your address to pick his brain, and worm his knowledge out of him; but, as I wish to procure a specimen of the very medicine which he administered to the grand vizier, being obliged to give an account of it to-morrow to the Shah, you must begin your services to me by eating as much of lettuce and raw cucumber, and making yourself as sick to the full as his highness the vizier. You may then apply to the Frank, who will doubtless give you a duplicate of the celebrated pill, which you will deliver over to me.'

'But,' said I, who had rather taken fright at this extraordinary proposal, 'how shall I present myself before a man whom I do not know! besides, such marvellous stories are related of the Europeans, that I should be puzzled in what manner to behave: pray give me some instructions how to act.'

' Their manners and customs are lly ours, that true,' replied Mirza Ahmak, ' and you for n idea of them when I tell you, that instead of shaving their heads, and letting their beards grow, as we do, they do the very contrary, for not a vest of hair is to be seen on their chins, and their hair is as thick as their heads as if they had made a vow never to cut it off: then, they sit on little platforms, whilst we squat on the ground: they take their food with claws made of iron, whilst we use our fingers: they are always walking about, we keep seated; they wear tight clothes, we loose ones; they write from left to right, we from right to left: they never pray, we five times a day; in short, there is no end to what might be related of them: but most certain it is, that they are the most filthy people on the earth, for they hold nothing to be unclean; they eat all sorts of animals, from a pig to a tortoise, without the least scruple, and that without first cutting their throats: they will dissect a dead body, without requiring any purification afterwards, and perform all the brute functions of their nature, without ever thinking it necessary to go to the hot bath, or even rubbing themselves with sand after them.'

' And is it true,' said I, ' that they are so irascible, that if perchance their word is doubted, and they are called liars, they will fight on such an occasion till they die?'

' That is also said of them,' answered the doctor, ' but the case has not happened to me yet: however, I must warn you of one thing, which is, that if they happen to admire any thing that you possess, you must not say to them, as you would to one of us, ' It is a present to you, it is your property,' lest they should take you at your word and keep it, which you know would be inconvenient, and not what you intended; but you must endeavour as much as possible to speak what you think, for that is what they like.'

' But then, if such is the case,' said I, ' do not you think that the Frank doctor will find me out with a lie in my mouth; pretending to be sick when I am well, asking medicine from him for myself when I want it for another?'

' No, no,' said the Mirza: ' you are to be sick, really sick, you know, and then it will be no lie. Go, Hajji, my friend,' said he, putting his arm round my neck: ' go, eat your cucumbers immediately, and let me have the pill by this evening.' And then coaxing me, and preventing me from making any further objections to his unexpected request, he gently pushed me out of the room, and I left him, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry at the new posture which my affairs had taken. To sicken without any stipulated reward was what I could not consent to do, so I retraced my steps, with a determination of making a bargain with my patron. But when I got to the room, he was no longer there, having apparently retreated into his harem: and, therefore, I was obliged to proceed on my errand.

Hajji succeeds in admittance. The account he gives of his interview with the Frank Doctor is as follows.

‘ On entering, I found a man seated in the middle of the room, near an elevated wooden platform, upon which were piled boxes, books, and a variety of instruments and utensils, the uses of which were unknown to me. He was in dress and appearance the most extraordinary looking infidel I had ever seen. His chin and upper lip were without the vestige of a hair upon them, as like an eunuch as possible. He kept his head most disrespectfully uncovered, and wore a tight bandage round his neck, with other contrivances on the sides of his cheeks, as if he were anxious to conceal some wound or disease. His clothes were fitted so tight to his body, and his outward coat in particular was cut off at such sharp angles, that it was evident cloth was a scarce and dear commodity in his country. The lower part of his dress was particularly improper, and he kept his boots on in his room, without any consideration for the carpet he was treading upon, which struck me as a custom subversive of all decorum.

‘ I found that he talked our language ; for, as soon as he saw me, he asked me how I did, and then immediately remarked that it was a fine day, which was so self-evident a truth, that I immediately agreed to it. I then thought it necessary to make him some fine speeches, and flattered him to the best of my abilities, informing him of the great reputation he had already acquired in Persia ; that Locman was a fool when compared to one of his wisdom ; and that as for his contemporaries, the Persian physicians, they were not fit to handle his pestle for him. To all this he said nothing. I then told him that the king himself, having heard of the wonderful effects of his medicine upon the person of his grand vizier, had ordered his historian to insert the circumstance in the annals of the empire, as one of the most extraordinary events of his reign,—that a considerable sensation had been produced in his majesty’s seraglio, for many of the ladies had immediately been taken ill, and were longing to make a trial of his skill,—that the king’s favourite Georgian slave was, in fact, at this moment in great pain,—that I had been deputed by the chief eunuch, owing to a special order from his majesty, to procure medicine similar to that which the first minister had taken,—and I concluded my speech by requesting the doctor immediately to furnish me with some.

‘ He seemed to ponder over what I had told him ; and, after reflecting a short time, said that it was not his custom to administer medicine to his patients without first seeing them, for by so doing he would probably do more harm than good ; but that if he found that the slave was in want of his aid, he should be very happy to attend her.

‘ I answered to this, that as to seeing the face of the Georgian slave, that was totally out of the question, for no man ever was allowed that liberty in Persia, excepting her husband. In cases of extreme necessity, perhaps a doctor might be permitted to feel a woman’s pulse, but then it must be done when a veil covers the hand.

‘ To which the Frank replied, ‘ In order to judge of my patient’s case, I must not only feel the pulse, but see the tongue also.’

‘ ‘ Looking at the tongue is totally new in Persia,’ said I ; ‘ and I am

sure you could never be indulged with such a sight in the seraglio, without a special order from the king himself; an eunuch would rather cut out his own tongue first.'

'Well, then,' said the doctor, 'recollect, that if I deliver my medicine to you, I do so without taking any responsibility upon myself for its effects; for if it does not cure, it may perhaps kill.'

'When I had assured him that no harm or prejudice could possibly accrue to him, he opened a large chest, which appeared to be full of drugs, and taking therefrom the smallest quantity of a certain white powder, he mixed it up, with some bread, into the form of a pill, and putting it into paper, gave it me, with proper directions how it should be administered. Seeing that he made no mystery of his knowledge, I began to question him upon the nature and properties of this particular medicine, and upon his practice in general. He answered me without any reserve; not like our Persian doctors, who only make a parade of fine words, and who adjust every ailment that comes before them to what they read in their Galen, their Hippocrates, and their Abou Avicenna.' Vol. I. p. 213-17.

On returning to his master, he keeps him for some time on the tenter-hooks of expectation, but at length, discloses the secret he has learned, that the pill was composed of *jivck* or mercury.

'Mercury, indeed!' exclaimed Mirza Ahmak,—'just as if I did not know that. And so, because this infidel, this dog of an *Isawi*,* chooses to poison us with mercury, I am to lose my reputation, and my prescriptions, such as his father never even saw in a dream, are to be turned into ridicule. Whoever heard of mercury as a medicine? Mercury is cold, and lettuce and cucumber are cold also. You would not apply ice to dissolve ice? The ass does not know the first rudiments of his profession. No, Hajji, this will never do; we must not permit our beards to be laughed at in this manner.'

In the absence of the Hakim's wife, Hajji contrives to get a peep into that mysterious part of an Oriental domicile, the harem.

'I first went into the apartments of the *khanum* herself. It opened upon the garden by an immense sash-window, composed of stained glass; and in the corner was the accustomed seat of the lady, marked by a thick felt carpet, folded double, and a large down cushion, covered with cloth of gold, with two tassels at the extremities, and veiled by a thin outer covering of muslin. Near this seat was a looking-glass prettily painted, and a box containing all sorts of curiosities: the *surmé* (collyrium) for the eyes, with its small instrument for applying it; some Chinese rouge; a pair of armlets containing talismans; a *toû sough*, or an ornament to hitch into the hair and hang on the forehead; a knife, scizzars, and other things. A guitar and

* 'A follower of Jesus.'

a tambourine lay close at hand. Her bed, rolled up in a distant corner, was enclosed in a large wrapper of blue and white cloth. Several pictures without frames were hung against the walls, and the shelf which occupied the top of the room, was covered with different sorts of glasses, basins, &c. In a corner were seen several bottles of Shiraz wine, one of which, just stopped with a flower, appeared to have been used by the good lady that very morning. 'So,' said I to myself, 'the Prophet is not much heeded in this house. I shall know another time how to appreciate a sanctified and mortified look. Our doctor, who calls himself a stanch Mussulman, I see makes up for his large potations of cold water and sherbet abroad, by his good stock of wine at home.'

'By the time I had satisfied my curiosity here, and had inspected the other rooms, Zeenab had prepared our breakfast, which she placed before us in the khanum's room. We sat down next to each other, and reposed upon the very cushion of which I have just given the description. Nothing could be more delicious than the meal which she had prepared: there was a dish of rice, white as snow, and near it a plate of roast-meat cut into small bits, wrapped up in a large flap of bread; then a beautiful Ispahan melon in long slices; some pears and apricots; an omelette warmed from a preceding meal; cheese, onions, and leeks; a basin of sour curds, and two different sorts of sherbet: added to this, we had some delicious sweetmeats, and a basin full of new honey.

'How, in the name of your mother,' exclaimed I, as I pulled up my whiskers, and surveyed the good things before me, 'how have you managed to collect all this so soon? This is a breakfast fit for the Shah.' 'Oh, as to that,' she replied, 'do not trouble yourself, but fall to. My mistress ordered her breakfast to be prepared over-night, but, on second-thoughts this morning, she determined to make her meal at the house of the deceased, and has left me, as you see, but little to do. Come, let us eat and be merry.'

'Accordingly, we did honour to the breakfast, and left but little for those who might come after us. After we had washed our hands, we placed the wine before us, and having each broken the commandment by taking a cup, we congratulated ourselves upon being two of the happiest of human beings.' Vol. I. pp. 266—270.

The death of Zeenab, the only tragic incident in these volumes, is very impressively told, and inspires a higher interest than any other passage. But it is a tale of horror. The story of the Baked Head, we have an indistinct recollection of having met with before; however, the dervish tells it well. In the following account of a Frank dervish, given by a Persian mollah, the reader will recognise an allusion to real circumstances in the life of the late excellent Henry Martyn.

'This convent was served by two dervishes, one of whom was in himself a calamity!—one who understood the world,—a man of deep design,—and of a wit so sharp, that the *shaitan* in person was not fit

to be his father. He was tall, thin, and strong. His eyes were like live charcoal, and his voice like a high wind. He never lost an opportunity of entering into argument with our most learned men upon points of religion, and would boldly assert, with the heart of a liar, that our holy Prophet, 'the chief of created beings, the sealed intercessor, Mohammed Mustapha,' (upon whom be eternal blessings!) was a cheat and an impostor. In short, he embarked in the sea of controversy, as if he had Noah for a pilot; and, not content with words, he even wrote a book, in which he pretended to prove the truth of his mad assertions. This book was unfortunately attempted to be answered by one of our divines, who did not recollect that it is folly to play with fire, unless there be plenty of water at hand to extinguish it. His book said any thing but what it ought, and tended more to throw ridicule upon Islamism than to uphold its glory and perfection. Isphahan was full of this subject when I arrived there; and, being anxious to bring myself forward, I proposed that an invitation should be made to the Frank dervish to meet the mollahs of the city in person, on an appointed day, in the Medresseh Jedeed, when they would argue every point of their respective faiths, and when they would either make the dervish turn Mohamedan, by producing conviction in his mind, or they would become Christians, if his arguments prevailed. To this he immediately assented; but we determined beforehand, amongst ourselves, that such a thorn in the side of our *Ullemah* should no longer exist in Persia, and that the overwhelming truth of our belief should not be left to the chances of vain words and uplifted voices, but shew itself in the zeal and numbers of its adherents. Accordingly every turbaned head, and every beard that wagged, were secretly invited to appear on the appointed day; and never was attendance more complete,—never did the children of Islam make such a show of their unresisting force, as they did on that memorable occasion.

'The Medresseh was already filled; for, besides the mollahs, a great crowd, all anxious to witness the triumph of the true faith, had taken possession of the courts. Head over head and turban over turban were piled upon each other, in thick array, along the walls and in the utmost corners of the hall, when the Frank dervish, alone, unsupported, and unbefriended, appeared before us. He looked around in dismay, and appeared appalled by our numbers. Two or three of the principal mollahs, who were to carry on the controversy, were seated in front of their body, and I was close at hand. We had prepared questions, which were to be proposed to him, and according to the answers he gave, so were we to act. He appeared to be provided with no other weapon of defence save his tongue; and he sat down opposite to us, evidently much alarmed at the hostility which he remarked on the countenances of all present.

'Without giving him any time for reflection, we immediately began:

' "Do you believe," said one, "that the God in Heaven put himself into a human form?" "Do you," said another, "acknowledge that God is composed of three persons, and still is only one?" "Are you

convinced,' said a third, 'that what you call the Holy Ghost came down from heaven in the body of a dove?'

These questions were put so quickly, that he knew not which way to turn, until, collecting within himself all the powers of his voice, he exclaimed, 'If your intention is to kill me, be it so; but what good will that do your argument? If your intention be to argue, attacking me in this manner by numbers and personal violence will prove that you can only oppose passion to argument, and shew the world, that by me you have been overcome.'

'Seeing that we were likely to fare ill, and observing that his words were producing an effect in his favour, I was the first to exclaim to the surrounding mob, and to the assembly present: 'O Muslims! Muslims! come to our help,—our religion is attacked,—the infidel is trying to subvert our faith,—vengeance! help!'

'These words produced an immediate effect, and a thousand voices were lifted up against him. 'Seize him!' said some; 'kill him!' said others. The mob was agitated to and fro, like the waves of the sea; when the dervish, seeing himself in danger, made an attempt to escape, which was seconded by one of the mollahs, whose compassion was moved towards him. He threw his own cloak over the infidel's shoulders, and just as violent hands were about to be laid upon him, he pushed vigorously through the crowd, and succeeded in reaching the house of an Armenian in safety.

'We, the mollahs, being disappointed of our prey, proceeded in a body to the house of the governor of the city, followed by an immense crowd of the people. A great fermentation had been excited, and we promoted it all in our power.

'The governor himself was a strict and pious Mussulman, and we expected that he would without hesitation join in the cry we had raised. We accused the Frank dervish of preaching false doctrine, with a view to subvert our religion.

' 'This fellow,' said we, 'calls our Prophet cheat, and talks abomination. We demand that he be delivered over to us.'

'The governor was perplexed how to act; for he knew how dangerous it was to interfere in matters in which the subjects of Europe were concerned; and he was far from seconding our disposition to violence.

' 'Why invite the dervish to an argument,' said he, 'if you will not hear what he has to say? If you have no arguments to oppose to his, violence only makes your cause worse, and you do more harm than good to our religion. But if on the other hand your arguments are better than his, and he can bring no answer to them, then indeed he is a kafir, an infidel; and according to our law is worthy of death.'

'Finding ourselves balked again, we departed breathing vengeance; and I verily believe, had we met the dervish at that moment, he would have been torn into a thousand pieces. He was so well aware of this, that we soon after heard that he had left the city in secret; and so far our endeavours were successful, for it was long before he ventured again to shew himself.' Vol. III. pp. 152—159.

We must make room for one more extract, the conversation with a *katib* or scribe of the Reis Effendi, in which Hajji contrives to extract information for his friend the Ambassador, respecting the *Shahi Frank* and the country of Frangistan, the infidel Boonapoort and the *Coompani*, the old woman said to govern India, and, like the lama of Thibet, reported to be immortal.

‘ I went to the coffee-house at the proper time, and there found my friend. I approached him with great demonstrations of friendship; and calling to the waiting man, ordered some best Yēmen coffee, which was served up as we sat one opposite the other. In the course of conversation he pulled out his watch, when I seized the opportunity of introducing my subject.

‘ ‘ That is an European watch,’ said I, ‘ is it not ?’

‘ ‘ Yes, truly,’ said he ; ‘ there are none in the world beside.’

‘ ‘ Wonderful,’ answered I,—‘ those Franks must be an extraordinary people.’

‘ ‘ Yes,’ said he, ‘ but they are Kafirs’ (infidels).

‘ ‘ In the name of Allah,’ taking my pipe from my mouth and putting it into his, ‘ tell me something respecting them. This Frangistan, is it a large country ? Where does its king reside ?’

‘ ‘ What say you, friend ?’ answered he ; ‘ a large country, do you ask ? A large country indeed it is, not governed by one king alone, but by many kings.’

‘ ‘ But I have heard,’ said I, ‘ it is composed of many tribes, all having different names and different chiefs ; still being, in fact, but one nation.

‘ ‘ You may call them one nation if you choose,’ said he, ‘ and perhaps such is the case, for they all shave their chins, let their hair grow, and wear hats,—they all wear tight clothes,—they all drink wine, eat pork, and do not believe in the blessed Mahomed. But it is plain they are governed by many kings ; see the numerous ambassadors who flock here to rub their foreheads against the threshold of our Imperial Gate. So many of these dogs are here, that it is necessary to put one’s trust in the mercies of Allah, such is the pollution they create.’

‘ ‘ In the name of the Prophet speak on,’ said I, ‘ and I will write.—Praise be to Allah ! you are a man of wisdom.’ Upon which, whilst I took out my inkstand from my girdle, and composed myself to write, he stroked his beard, and curled the tips of his mustaches, recollecting within himself who were the principal nations of Europe.

‘ ‘ He prefaced his information by saying, ‘ But why trouble yourself ? They all are dogs alike,—all sprung from one doghill ; and if there be truth in Heaven, and we believe our blessed Koran, all will burn hereafter in one common furnace. But, stop,’ said he, counting his fingers : ‘ in the first place, there is the *Nemsi Giaour*, the Austrian infidel, our neighbours ; a quiet, smoking race, who send us cloth, steel, and glassware ; and are governed by a Shah, springing

from the most ancient race of unbelievers: he sends us a representative to be fed and clothed.

‘ ‘ Then come those heretics of Muscovites, a most unclean and accursed generation. Their country is so large, that one extremity is said to be buried in eternal snows, whilst the other is raging with heat. They are truly our enemy; and when we kill them, we cry *Mashallah*, praise be to God! Men and women govern there by turns; but they resemble us inasmuch as they put their sovereigns to death almost as frequently as we do.

‘ ‘ Again, there is a Prussian infidel, who sends us an ambassador, Allah only knows why; for we are in no need of such vermin; but, you well know, that the Imperial Gate is open to the dog as well as the true believer; for the rain of Providence descends equally upon both.

‘ ‘ Who shall I say next, in the name of the Prophet? Let us see; there are two northern unbelievers, living at the extremity of all things,—the Danes and Swedes. They are small tribes, scarcely to be accounted among men, although it is said the Shah of Denmark is the most despotic of the kings of Franks, not having even janisseries to dispute his will; whilst the Swedes are famous for a madman, who once waged a desperate war in Europe: caring little in what country he fought, provided only that he did fight; and who, in one of his acts of desperation, made his way into our borders, where, like a wild beast, he was at length brought to bay, and taken prisoner. Owing to this circumstance we were introduced to the knowledge of his nation; or otherwise, by the blessing of Allah, we should never have known that it even existed.

‘ ‘ I will mention one more, called Flemings, infidels, dull, heavy, and boorish; who are amongst the Franks what the Armenians are amongst us,—having no ideas beyond those of thrift, and no ambition beyond that of riches. They used to send us a sleepy ambassador to negotiate the introduction of their cheeses, butter, and salt fish; but their government has been destroyed since the appearance of a certain Boonapoort, who (let them and the patron of all unbelief have their due) is in truth a man; one whom we need not be ashamed to class with the Persian Nadir, and with our own Suleiman.’

‘ Here I stopped the Katib in his narrative, and catching at the name, I exclaimed ‘ Boonapoort, Boonapoort,—that is the word I wanted! Say something concerning him; for I have heard he is a rare and a daring infidel.’

‘ What can I say,’ said my companion, ‘ except that he once was a man of nothing, a mere soldier; and now he is the Sultan of an immense nation, and gives the law to all the Franks? He did his best endeavours to molest us also, by taking Egypt, and sent innumerable armies to conquer it; but he had omitted to try the edge of a true believer’s sword ere he set out, and was obliged to retreat, after having frightened a few Mamalukes, and driven the Bedouins into their deserts.’

‘ ‘ But is there not a certain tribe of infidels called Ingli?’ said I,

‘ the most unaccountable people on earth, who live in an island, and make pen-knives ?’

‘ ‘ Yes, truly,’ said the Katib, ‘ they, amongst the Franks, are those who for centuries have most rubbed their heads against the imperial threshold, and who have found most favour in the sight of our great and magnanimous Sultan. They are powerful in ships ; and in watches and broad-cloth unrivalled.’

‘ ‘ But what have you heard of their government ?’ said I : ‘ is it not composed of something besides a king ?’

‘ ‘ Yes,’ returned he, ‘ you have been rightly informed ; but how can you and I understand the humours of such madmen ? They have a Shah, ’tis true ; but it is a farce to call him by that title. They feed, clothe, and lodge him ; give him a yearly income, surround him by all the state and form of a throne ; and mock him with as fine words and with as high-sounding titles as we give our sovereigns ; but a common Aga of the Janissaries has more power than he ; he does not dare even to give the bastinado to one of his own viziers, be his fault what it may ; whereas the Aga, if expedient, would crop the ears of half the city, and still receive nothing but reward and encouragement.

‘ ‘ Then they have certain houses full of madmen, who meet half the year round for the purposes of quarrelling. If one set says white, the other cries black ; and they throw more words away in settling a common question than would suffice one of our mufis during a whole reign. In short, nothing can be settled in the state, be it only whether a rebellious Aga is to have his head cut off and his property confiscated, or some such trifle, until these people have wrangled. Then what are we to believe ? Allah, the Almighty and Allwise, to some nations giveth wisdom, and to others folly ! Let us bless Him and our Prophet, that we are not born to eat the miseries of the poor English infidels, but can smoke our pipes in quiet on the shores of our own peaceful Bosphorus !’

‘ ‘ Strange, strange things, you tell me,’ said I, ‘ and had I not heard them, I could not believe something more, which is, that all India belongs to them, and that it is governed by old women. Do you know that fact ?’

‘ ‘ I shall not be surprised to hear of any thing they do,’ answered he, ‘ so mad are they generally reported to be ; but that India is governed by infidel old women, that has never yet reached our ears. Perhaps it is so. God knows,’ continued he, musing, ‘ for mad people do wonderful things.’

‘ After a pause, ‘ Now,’ said I, ‘ have I learnt all, or are there more unbelievers ? By your beard, tell me ; for who would have thought that the world was so composed.

‘ He reflected for some time, and said, ‘ O yes, I forgot to mention two or three nations ; but, in truth, they are not worthy of notice. There are Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian infidels, who eat their swine, and worship their image after their own manner ; but who, in fact, are nothing even amongst the Franks. The first is known to us by their *patakas* (dollars) ; the second sends us some Jews ; and the third imports different sorts of dervishes, who pay considerable

sums into the imperial treasury for building churches, and for the privilege of ringing bells. I must also mention the *papa* (pope), the Caliph of the Franks, who lives in Italia, and does not cease his endeavours to make converts to his faith; but we are more than even with him, for we convert the infidels in much greater proportion than they, notwithstanding all the previous pain which a man must suffer before he is accepted for a true believer.'

'One more question I must ask,' said I, 'and then I am satisfied. Can you tell me any thing positive about *Yengi duniah*, the New World: for I have heard so many contradictory reports, that my brain is bewildered? How do they get at it, underground, or how?'

'We have not had many dealings with it,' said the Katib, 'and therefore know not much of the matter; but this is true, that one can get there by ship, because ships belonging to the New World have actually been seen here. They are all infidels, my friend,' exclaimed he, with a sigh; 'all infidels, as much as those of the old world, and, by the blessing of Allah, will all grill in the same furnace.'

Vol. III. pp. 322—33.

Art. V. *Memoirs of Ferdinand VII. King of the Spains.* By Don * * * * Advocate of the Spanish Tribunals. Translated from the original Spanish Manuscript, by Michael J. Quin, Author of a Visit to Spain in 1822 and 1823. 8vo. pp. 308. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1824.

IN a country such as England, where the sovereign is under the control of law, his personal character is seldom productive of material political consequences: not so, where the monarchy is absolute, as in Spain.' Such is the remark of the intelligent foreigner to whom we are indebted for this very interesting volume, in submitting these memoirs of one of the most worthless of that worthless family the Bourbons, to the British public. How much cause for thankfulness does the reflection suggest to an Englishman, when he contrasts the quiet proceedings of his own venerable and gentlemanly sovereign, with Russia under the madman Paul, France under the brutal Louis Quinze, or Spain under Charles III. and Ferdinand! Where law reigns, there is liberty; but, where will is despot, it matters comparatively little under what forms the tyranny is veiled. The monarchical form of government is, perhaps, the most favourable to the stability of the laws, and consequently to the liberties of the people; but an absolute king is the substitute for law,—a thing which counteracts the very design of society, an enormous physical evil; and the evils which it has pleased God to inflict upon the nations in his capacity of absolute king, have seemed to be given in wrath or in derision, in order to shew how opposite such a state of

things is to the reason with which he has endowed us, and the spirit of Christianity. For, though the religion of Christ wars against no political institutions, it has wrought the most beneficial modifications of their spirit and character. It has raised woman from the condition of a slave, broken the yoke of the oppressor, softened the horrors of war and the rigour of captivity, and every where raised the character and meliorated the condition of the common people. Religion forbids, and so far as it is obeyed, represses all insubordination; but it cherishes the love of liberty, as the safeguard of all that is precious and sacred. And it is impossible that this religion should prevail in any country that is the seat of despotism, without having the effect of either modifying its political institutions, or superannuating them. For it is its necessary effect, to teach men to think as men, and to feel as patriots; to desire the welfare of their species, and to hate oppression; and when these feelings and sentiments are once diffused through the community, the hour cannot be distant when Despotism must totter to its fall. Tyrants may congress in unwholesome conspiracy against the welfare of nations, and, for a while, may find Metternichs, and Castlereaghs, and Di Borgo's for their tools. But light is spreading—not the infernal illumination that the French Encyclopedists sought to spread, the light of conflagration, but like that which morning brings to the suffering. Christianity can hardly yet be said to have visited Spain; it is Gothic, African; the middle ages linger there; and the nation, blinded, bewildered, and priest-ridden, cannot get free. But the ploughshare has been driven over that infernal country, only preparatory to the seed being cast into the furrow; and when at length the Bible becomes the religion of Spain, it will no longer crouch beneath a Bourbon, nor fear an invader.

Among all the consequences attributed or attributable to the French Revolution, there is one which has generally been overlooked, yet, which we think fairly chargeable on that catastrophe; namely, the counteraction, to a certain extent, of the influence which the American Revolution was exerting on society, and the temporary suspension of the progress of those principles which alone can make any nation truly free. Inasmuch as it was a conspiracy against Christianity, it tended directly to the subversion of the very foundations of all rational liberty, and could give birth only to anarchy and licentiousness. But the re-action by which it has been followed, has been almost equally prejudicial to the interests of mankind. The nations who before possessed a measure of civil freedom

are all, with the exception of England, less free than before that event. To the French Revolution, the absolute monarchs of Europe owe the prolongation of their power. It arrested the march of freedom, by bringing disgrace on the very names of liberty and right. It has served as a standing pretext for the revival of obsolete absurdities in political doctrine, and, while it has stimulated the jealousy of tyrants, has made the good timid, and the wise fearful. To Bonaparte, whose reign was but an appendix to that Revolution, the same effects may be imputed; and there cannot be a more striking illustration of this, than the fact, that such a being as Ferdinand VII. is now suffered to occupy the throne of Spain.

There have been many kings more wicked, many men more absolutely despicable than Ferdinand. Had he been born a private gentleman or merely a grandee, neither his vices nor his weaknesses would have distinguished him from the crowd. It is probable, indeed, that under such circumstances, he might have passed for an amiable, respectable man,—that he would actually have been at least less unamiable and more respectable. To the perverting influence of his education and the unnatural conduct of his mother, much of his imbecility of character, and, possibly, of his insensibility may be ascribed. Ferdinand of Bourbon, his present Biographer informs us, was born on the 14th of October, 1784.

From his earliest years he was the victim of two fatal circumstances, which powerfully influenced all the events of his life: a weak and delicate temperament, and the hatred which his mother entertained towards him; a hatred which increased in violence in proportion as her passion became stronger for Don Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace.

The education of Ferdinand was confided exclusively to men who owed all their fortunes to the protection of the favourite: amongst them a canon of Toledo, Don Juan Escoiquiz, was the only person distinguished for literary acquirements; to which he added an enterprising and a fearless character.

In regulating the course of education for the Prince of Asturias, Godoy adopted principles similar to those which had been acted upon in other countries, by a Mortimer, a Richelieu, and a Bute. The permanence of his own elevation being incompatible with those ideas which would naturally be cherished by the heir to the crown, his interests required that that personage should be rendered dependent and submissive, and reduced to a state of mere nullity. He left no means untried to carry this design into effect. Ferdinand's tutors were obliged to follow the line which was traced out for them by the Prince of the Peace. He was surrounded by spies, and a court was formed for him, consisting of the most ignorant men, whose only care was to perpetuate his infancy, and to keep him at a distance from the scene of public affairs.

‘ Thus the situation of the Prince of Asturias, in his father’s court, was one of entire dependence; it was sweetened by no enjoyment, it was redeemed by none of that political importance which his near relation to the throne ought to have given him; for every consideration of this kind yielded to the irresistible power, the oriental luxury, and the unbounded patronage of the Prince of the Peace. The Queen, who foresaw the misfortunes which might happen to her favourite, if the Prince of Asturias should ever open his eyes upon his situation, and endeavour to recover the rank and influence which of right belonged to him, put into active operation all the means which she could derive from her intriguing character, her treasures, and her uncontrolled power in the court of Charles IV. in order to persecute her first-born son, and to trouble and embitter the tenour of his life. Hence sprang a domestic war, of which the nation could not be an indifferent spectator. Although it cannot be said that the country was divided into two political parties, yet two opinions prevailed, which made themselves sufficiently apparent. One of these was favourable to the Prince of the Peace, the other to the Prince of Asturias. On the side of the former were naturally ranged the greater number of the ambitious, all the high public officers, and a few political optimists, who expected that the favourite would introduce considerable reforms and changes into the public institutions. But the great mass of the nation, who, on one hand, had witnessed the disorder and the misfortunes in which the government was involved from the time that Godoy directed the helm, and on the other sympathized in the unhappy fate of a prince destined in the course of time to occupy the Spanish throne, became every day more and more attached to him, and gathered together by degrees those elements of exasperation and of hatred, which were calculated, sooner or later, to produce a decisive explosion.’ pp. 1—3.

The condition of the Spanish nation at this moment, is described as combining the most flagitious state of morals with political corruption and degradation.

‘ All ideas of morality were subverted amongst the higher classes: public decency was sacrificed to the rage for aggrandizement, and to the desire of paying homage to the idol of the day. The sovereign, who appeared before the eyes of his subjects covered with that peculiar disgrace which is insupportable even to men of the lowest degree, sanctioned either by his sufferance or his neglect, those very disorders which were most incompatible with the welfare of the community. Corruption stalked through the land with frightful strides. It was the only means by which objects of ambition, and even sometimes the ends of justice, were attained. The husband sold his wife, the father his daughter, the brother his sister. The public employments, the riches of the State, the favour of the King, were all in the hands of one man, who distributed them according to the suggestion of his passions, or the momentary caprices of his fancy. The tribunals pronounced no sentence without previously

consulting his interests or his inclinations ; and the clergy, who have since dared to invoke the assistance of Heaven, in order to enkindle a fratricidal war, placed on the altars the image of Godoy next to that of the Son of God. The course of public affairs, and the management of all the departments which form the system of government, followed the impulse which they received from the centre of all these disorders. Confusion in the administration, arbitrary proceedings on the part of those who exercised any authority, the necessity of sustaining an illegitimate power by violent and perfidious means, the plunder of the national treasury by a man insatiable of wealth, and persecutions carried on against distinguished persons, who had endeavoured to oppose themselves to this torrent of public calamity, were so many circumstances from which an attentive observer might perceive the approach of one of those crises by which nations are regenerated or overthrown.' pp 4, 5.

Thus far, the Writer's testimony supports the general accuracy of the picture drawn by Dr. Southey in his history of the Peninsular War, except that he gives a less unfavourable view of the character of the clergy, and dwells more on the vices of the lower orders. Now, it may be questioned whether a nation has ever been 'regenerated' under such circumstances by a revolution : many have been overthrown. Revolutions have rarely been brought about on a large scale, except under one of the three following circumstances ; a usurpation of the crown by a 'fortunate soldier' or by means of the army,—the intervention of a foreign power,—or the concurrence of the aristocracy and the clergy. In the first case, there is only a transfer of the crown, and the nation is passive : such changes, however, have often been productive of lasting benefit to the people, since usurpers have found it expedient to ingratiate themselves with their subjects by wise laws and popular concessions. To Richard III. and to Cromwell, England is more indebted than to most of her sovereigns, and Bonaparte has done more for France than all her Bourbons since Henri Quatre. King Joachim and King Joseph would, in like manner, have deserved well of their subjects, if they had reigned long enough to be legitimate. In the event of revolutions brought about by a foreign interference, the people are seldom, if ever, the gainers ; and the worst usurpations are less calamitous for a nation, than the best of restorations. Aristocratic revolutions have for the most part been the mere triumph of one party over another at the expense of the people. When a revolution has succeeded in the hands of the people, it has taken place under the commanding influence of motives which imply a high degree of intelligence and moral feeling, and with the concurrence of their religious teachers. Such were the circumstances attending the origin of Swiss inde-

pendence, the struggle of the Scotch for religious liberty, and the emancipation of British America. But a nation cannot, in the nature of things, be regenerated by a political change, except as its ultimate consequence may be favourable to the diffusion of knowledge and the light of evangelical truth. Spain, therefore, was not in a condition that admitted of a revolution, originating with the people, that should have remedied the disorders of the State. The nation had one common feeling, hatred of a foreign invader; but with the views and feelings of the patriot, the common people had no sympathy. The Absolute King was their idol, and the clergy were his priests.

There were, however, at this time, patriotic Spaniards, although events have made it but too clear that they formed a small part of the nation, who saw in its true light, and feelingly deplored, the degraded state of their country, and who were ready to hail any change as necessarily for the better. So exasperated were their minds by the oppression of Godoy, the imbecility of the doting monarch, the shameless conduct of the Queen, the disorders in the administration, and the alarming defalcations in the public finances, that when, in consequence of the secret convention of 1807, French troops proceeded to occupy the Peninsula, they were generally received as liberators and beneficent friends.

‘Information,’ we are told, ‘was pretty widely diffused amongst the different classes of society, notwithstanding the opposing influence of the clergy, and the rigorous prohibitions of the Inquisition; vague desires and plans of extensive political reform were warmly entertained by many; the spectacle of the riches and preponderance of the French nation stimulated the pride of the country, and hence arose a general opinion, that the presence of those armies could not be otherwise than productive of auspicious consequences, and of great and salutary alterations. Well-informed Spaniards were anxious to see freedom of worship established in their country; they wished for a national representation—a judicial administration founded upon wisdom, a system of public economy, and all those social improvements which the cultivation of reason has wrought in modern communities; and they fondly imagined that all these blessings would be a necessary consequence of the entry of the French armies.’

‘Those armies, to a much greater number than had been stipulated for in the convention, spread themselves over Old Castille, Navarra, Biscay, and Catalonia, and took possession of the principal fortified places in all these provinces, without meeting the slightest opposition. Wherever they appeared, they were well received by the inhabitants, particularly those of the higher classes, who entertained them sumptuously, and lived with them in the most perfect harmony. In the beginning, the people had no complaint to make of their violence, or want of discipline. If a French soldier committed the least excess, he

erely punished on the spot by his superior officers. The latter exerted, by every means in their power, to win the good opinion of the Spanish people and army, who, far from receiving the troops with hostility, entertained hopes that their organization and discipline, would serve as a model to the Spanish ministry, for putting the armed force of Spain upon an equal footing.' pp. 19, 20.

Bonaparte at this crisis, instead of employing perfidy and treachery,—instead of kidnapping the royal family, and massacring the citizens of Madrid,—endeavoured to gain over the wretched part of the nation to his interest, by holding out the prospect of political freedom under an elective monarch who would have governed according to the ancient forms of Spain.—had he employed the seductive arts of corruption to the same extent that they have been plied on the re-conquest and re-division of the Peninsula,—and had he commenced the development of his plans, by obtaining for the monarch the rank and consideration of a grandee of the empire; it is highly probable that he would have succeeded in seating himself on the throne of Spain, and his name might have gone down to posterity as the greatest benefactor of that long-suffering nation. For, in that case, his own crown would, probably never have been wrested from him, and Bernadotte would have been the only one of all his marshals who ranks among legitimate sovereigns of Europe. But his hatred of England, which rendered him so peculiarly anxious to avail himself of the harbours and maritime resources of the Peninsula, in order to perfect his insane system of blockade, precipitated him into violent measures as impolitic as they were unprincipled; and these eventually led to his own destruction.

While we blame the folly and wickedness of Bonaparte, it is impossible not to reflect with bitterness on the fine opportunity which was afforded to another Power, of becoming the protector of Spain—that Power which, betraying by her degraded councils the cause which her armies had saved, and away for empty compliments her high character to the nations, and employed the military talents of Wellington and the sinister diplomacy of Castlereagh, in setting up in Dagon, and Baal, and Moloch,—the Pope, the Bourbons, and the Inquisition.

The present work throws much light on the circumstances connected with the tumult at Aranjuez, and the abdication of Ferdinand in favour of his son, over which there hung a considerable degree of mystery. It is stated, that Godoy, pressed by the approach of the French and the hatred of the people, effected the removal of the royal family to Seville, and thence to Cadiz, and it was this which roused alike the courtiers and

the populace to make common cause with the Prince of Asturias. Charles signed the decree of abdication on the 19th of March, 1808, and

‘Ferdinand was proclaimed king by a people intoxicated with joy, and full of the most sanguine hopes. The public enthusiasm was equally great at Madrid, where the inhabitants had plundered the houses of Godoy and his principal dependents. Soon after, it became still more fervent, when it was seen that the young king conferred the highest offices in the government upon the most liberal and enlightened men in Spain, who had been banished and persecuted on account of the severity with which they had censured the measures and abuses of the favourite.’ p. 34.

It is not necessary to search for any other explanation of Ferdinand’s conduct in this instance, than his just hatred of that execrable minion. On the 21st, only two days after his signing the decree of abdication by the unanimous advice of his ministers, Charles signed a solemn protest against that act, under the combined influence, it is conjectured, of Maria Louisa and the Queen of Etruria, ‘the declared enemy of ‘Ferdinand, and the intimate friend of Godoy.’ At the same time he wrote to Napoleon, throwing himself implicitly upon his protection. In a letter addressed to Murat, this imbecile old man earnestly requests him to interfere to procure the liberation of the Prince of Peace, ‘who suffers only because he ‘is the friend of France.’ The ‘poor Prince of Peace’ is evidently the uppermost thought in the minds both of the virtuous Maria Louisa and her amiable daughter. The style of cringing baseness in which they flatter their dear friend the Grand Duke of Berg, in the letters contained in the Appendix, is truly disgusting. Godoy owed his life to Ferdinand. At the request of his father, he rescued him from the enraged populace. ‘He told him,’ writes the Queen, ‘with a tone of ‘command as if he were the king, “I grant you your life.” ‘The Prince of the Peace, in spite of his wounds, thanked ‘him.’ The wounds and the tone of command were remembered by the Queen: the act was forgotten. The following are some of the expressions in which she gives vent to her malignant hatred of that son, in whom she saw only the rival of her paramour: they are addressed to this same Grand Duke of Berg.

‘His character is false, nothing affects him; he is void of feeling, little disposed to clemency; he is led by evil counsellors, and ambition, which rules him, will prompt him to do any thing. He makes promises, but he does not always perform them. In my opinion the Grand Duke ought to take measures to prevent the Prince of the

Peace from being killed, for the body guards have said that they would kill him, sooner than allow him to be taken out of their hands, even though the Grand Duke and the Emperor should command it. They are enraged, and they inflame the people, every body, and also my son, who is entirely in their favour. They are excited also against the King and me. We are in the hands of the Grand Duke and the Emperor, and we entreat that he will do us the favour to come and see us, and to take all possible steps for insuring the safety of the Prince of the Peace: and also, that he would grant the requests which we have already made. The ambassador is entirely in favour of my son, which makes me tremble for the consequences, for he neither likes the Grand Duke nor the Emperor; he likes nothing but despotism: it is of my son I speak. I trust the Grand Duke is persuaded, that we do nothing through a desire of vengeance, nor through resentment for the manner in which he has treated us; for we ask nothing from the Grand Duke and the Emperor, save tranquillity.' p. 291.

In another letter, she thus raves against him.

'My son has a very bad heart; his character is sanguinary; he has never loved his father nor me. His advisers thirst also for blood; their only pleasure is in making persons unhappy, and at heart they have no feeling for a father or mother. Their wish is to do us all possible injury. But the King and I have more interest in saving the life and honour of our innocent friend, than even our own.' p. 296.

It is said, that while the ex-monarch was residing with his family at Rome, a courtier, who had introduced himself into his good graces, first convinced him that the true origin of Godoy's extraordinary fortune was the intense passion which Maria Louisa entertained for him. It was a cruel disclosure, because it had become a useless one, and the bitter feelings it occasioned are believed to have hastened his death: he died soon after.

It would not be just to receive the evidence of such a woman against the object of her unnatural hatred; and in fact, as regards his father, Ferdinand does not appear to have been a bad son. A want of sensibility is one of his most characteristic traits; but he is unfeeling rather than sanguinary, not altogether unsusceptible of generous emotions, but only incapable of persisting in right principles. His conduct to Godoy was worthy of a prince. On another occasion, when Napoleon stooped to employ a courtesan to entrap Ferdinand at Valencay, (an expedient worthy of the man,) the royal prisoner is said to have resisted her seductions 'with nobleness and dignity.' When the pseudo Baron de Kolli was presented to him—by the way, it is stated that the genuine de Kolli was an *Irishman*—Ferdinand rejected the proposal with horror, and wrote to

his dear friend the Emperor to give him a princess of his dynasty as a wife ; a request which excited some mirth at the Tuileries. The character of Ferdinand's mind is by no means imbecility, but a childish instability of purpose, and weakness of judgement, united to heartless selfishness and habits of consummate dissimulation. He is, if possible, more fickle than he is false. It is said of him by the present Writer, that ' he ' is subject to no ruling passion.' He detests the chase, is given to no kind of dissipation, is apt to dispense with all etiquette, and is fond of nothing but smoking and buffoonery. Slight of hand tricks and phantasmagoria were among the amusements of the royal apartments.

' Ferdinand did not find much pleasure in the demeanour of his courtiers ; but he derived great enjoyment from that of the inferior servants, whom he treated with the greatest familiarity, and to whom he allowed the most extraordinary liberties. Among them was one Chamorro, celebrated as a sort of stupid and vulgar buffoon, who, by his fooleries, afforded infinite diversion to Ferdinand, and obtained a sufficient degree of influence with him to dispose of the first offices in the kingdom. It is incredible what a number of important affairs have been managed in Spain by such obscure means as these. The King listened with delight to all the tales and anecdotes which the servants related to him concerning the most important personages. Frequently have his servants, who were interested in the issue of any affair, pre-occupied his mind in such a manner, that when the ministers came to transact business, he informed them of the resolution which he had taken, and which was often the reverse of what they had contemplated. Woe to the minister who, in such circumstances, shewed the least obstinacy in opposing the suggestions of those secret instruments.' p. 251.

' The want of sensibility is one of the most characteristic traits of the present King of Spain. His self-love and pride may be deeply affected, but his heart is never touched. He was affectionately attached to his second wife, Maria Isabel of Braganza ; but he was playing at ninepins when her funeral left the palace, and the following day there was not the least sign of grief in his countenance. The uncommon fickleness of his imagination prevents any one sentiment from overruling him, or making any serious impression on his mind. In adversity he was never dejected : when misfortunes of a formidable nature occurred to him, he still knew how to take advantage of all the alleviating circumstances which they produced. It would seem as if he counted with certainty on the combinations of the future, which have so often extricated him from the most imminent dangers.

' Ferdinand is a man of middle stature ; his figure is large beyond proportion : his complexion is pale, and his health is frequently interrupted by extremely violent attacks of the gout. To this affliction, and to the infirmities of his youth, he owes a flaccidity of appearance which does not correspond with his age. His features are

strongly marked and rather deformed, though his look wants not animation. His constant custom of smoking segars, which he scarcely ever suspends, gives a bad odour to his breath. The versatility of his features is so great, that the most eminent artists have failed to give a perfect likeness of him. His gestures are lively, and often violent. He speaks in a hurried manner, and all his actions partake of the precipitate character of his conversation.' pp. 264, 5.

' The events of Ferdinand's life have contributed to increase the defects of his character, and to induce him to follow, without any reserve, his favourite inclinations. He has been always cast down through his own fault; he has himself always created the germ of those evils which have come upon him; but he has always found a foreign hand to rescue him from every misfortune.

' His hatred of enlightened ideas, and the fear which he entertains of well-informed men, are features in his character which have exercised, and will continue to exercise, great influence upon the destinies of Spain. She, unhappily, gives herself up to the most profound ignorance, while all the other communities of Europe nobly emulate each other in improving the useful sciences. Ferdinand abhors those sciences as dangerous enemies; and although public opinion does not set him down as a devotee, nor even supposes him to be sincerely religious, he will always continue to favour fanaticism as the best auxiliary of absolute power, which is the idol of his soul, and the most irresistible of his inclinations.' pp. 266, 7.

The most interesting and important part of the present *Memoirs*, is that which discloses the intrigues of Russia. It is affirmed that, during the residence of Tatistcheff, the Russian minister, in the Peninsula, there was not a transaction of the slightest importance in any department of the State, to which he did not give his sanction; and ' that his influence was never exerted, except for the purpose of degrading the Spanish nation.' Our limits will not admit of our entering upon this subject; and we must, therefore, refer our readers to the volume itself, which is in every respect deserving of attention. It is an inconvenient omission, that it appears without any index or table of contents. The history of Ferdinand is, in what must be termed the First Part of the work, brought down to his restoration in 1814, which is expressively characterised as ' Pandora's box for the unhappy nation.' The history of the six years which elapsed from that period, till the re-establishment of the Constitution in 1820, forms the Second Part, which is comprised under five sections: Foreign Relations—Government of the Interior—Ecclesiastical Affairs—Finance—War and Marine. To these are added a chapter of miscellaneous anecdotes and an appendix of documents. The following remarks on the subject of ' foreign relations', furnish, no one can now doubt, a key to the conduct of the Holy Alliance, although to

have entertained a doubt of their good faith and purity of intention, would, but a short time back, have been stigmatised as folly and radicalism.

‘ The system of government adopted by Ferdinand upon his return to Spain, was eminently suitable to the views of the Holy Alliance, and particularly agreeable to the high personages of which that body was composed. When the sovereigns were restored to the tranquil enjoyment and secure possession of their thrones, by the energy and virtue of their people, they naturally apprehended a reaction on the part of the latter, if, in exchange for the patriotism which they had shewn, and the sacrifices which they had made, their rulers were to give them again absolute and despotic governments. Hence the language of the monarchs was, in the beginning, mild and conciliatory. Hence they held out the most flattering hopes to their subjects, believing that it was expedient still to speak in that liberal tone, in which Alexander addressed the inhabitants of Poland. The most enlightened diplomatic persons of Europe were of opinion, that it was necessary to concede advantages to the middling classes of society, which had so efficaciously contributed to the destruction of the common enemy; and he who would then have ventured to propose, in the councils of the sovereigns, those extensions of the royal power which have since taken place throughout Europe, would have been deemed a rash adviser, if not a real enemy of crowned heads. The Holy Alliance was then precisely in the situation of those fortunate men, who, being desirous of accomplishing a great enterprise, and not possessing courage enough to take the first step, from not knowing whether the ground is or is not safe, find another man of less prudence and less fear, who boldly ventures of his own free will to make an experiment of the danger, and teaches them, by his example, the evils or the advantages which they have to expect. Francis, Louis, and Alexander, saw in Spain the *caput mortuum* of this grand experiment of arbitrary power. They left Ferdinand to work at his ease, in order that they might observe to what extent the patience of nations would go; and when they saw that the people who had fought with so much glory, and during so many years, in defence of their king and their liberties, yielded with such docility to the yoke which was imposed upon them, they calculated that the same thing would be done by their own subjects, who had acquired comparatively inferior titles to the gratitude of their rulers. Europe has witnessed the purposes to which this direful lesson has been applied, and the general imitation of that principle to which the conduct of Ferdinand imparted so much consistency and strength.’ pp. 137—139.

Art. VI. *The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1824.*
Vol. VIII. 8vo. Price 12s. London. 1824.

IN the present volume of this convenient work, the analysis of biographical works and the neglected biography are

d, to allow a greater space for original memoirs. The of these may, we think, be very properly left to us vers: the latter might be rendered very acceptable.

an unavoidable drawback on the value of such a work, the memoirs must needs partake very much of the par- of friendship and the language of panegyric; but still, is a useful depository for information not wholly un- ing, which would otherwise be lost; for, with all the ty of the reading public, it cannot digest quarto or memoirs of every celebrated painter, poet, politician, an, ecclesiastic, soldier, or dramatic performer that lie within the year. The memoirs of most interest in olume are those of the venerable Dr. Hutton, Robert ifield, Mr. Angerstein, Mr. Ricardo, Lord St. Vincent, ollekens, and Dr. Jenner. We will confess that it is with a view to place in our pages a brief memorial of athor of "The Farmer's Boy," that we notice the present e; since, as an annual work, the general commendation sed with regard to former volumes might seem all which ld claim from us.

life of Robert Bloomfield was as uneventful as his cter was unassuming. The tale is soon told, and, though tragical, it is a melancholy one; for it begins and it with poverty and sorrow. Yet, Bloomfield was neither is nor neglected. Had he possessed either a stronger or a worse heart, he might have ended his days in ease ompetence. But generous, improvident, with a crazy , and a mind debilitated by sickness and domestic soli- e, the efforts which were made to lift him above a state erty, were constantly rendered abortive either by his ty to help others, or his inability to help himself.

bert Bloomfield was born at Honington in Suffolk, Dec. 36. His father, who was a taylor, died when Robert was : six months old, leaving a widow with six small children. mother, a pious and exemplary woman, was the village almistress; and to such instruction as she could impart, rt was indebted for all his education, with the exception tending for two or three months at a school in a neigh- ng village, to be improved in writing. When he was not e eleven years of age, his uncle by marriage, a farmer at ton, a village adjoining Honigton, took him into his house, ing to give him his board for his service; but he was so of his age, that Mr. Austin pronounced it unlikely that ould ever be able to get his living by hard labour. His er, in consequence, wrote to her sons George and Na- el, then journeyman-shoemakers in London, begging their

assistance in placing him out. George, in reply, offered to take his brother, and find him board and lodging, while Nathaniel engaged to clothe him. His mother herself accompanied Robert to London, observing that she should never be happy, if she did not herself put him into his brother's hands. She charged her son George, as he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over his little brother, to set him a good example, and never to forget that he had lost his father; 'a solemn and pathetic adjuration which seems to have been religiously attended to.' 'Little I thought,' says his brother, 'that that fatherless boy would one day be known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest and the best men of the kingdom.'

The Farmer's Boy now found himself transferred to a garret in Pitcher's Court, Bell Alley, Coleman-street; as regarded health, an unfavourable exchange. Robert waited on his brothers, learned to assist them in their jobs, read the newspaper to them aloud, or some magazine or folio weekly number taken in by his brothers or the other journeymen. In this way, he spent as many hours in reading as other boys spent in play.

'At that time his brother George took in the *London Magazine*, in which publication about two sheets were appropriated to a review. Robert was always eager to read this review. Here he could see what literary men were doing, and could learn to judge in some measure of the merits of various works as they appeared. The poetry, too, always commanded his attention. Observing this circumstance, and hearing him with some surprise one day repeat a song which he had composed to an old tune, his brother George persuaded him to try if the editor of their paper would give his verses a place. He did so; and thus was kindled the flame of ambition in the youthful poet's breast. This, the first offspring of Robert Bloomfield's muse that appeared in print, was called "*The Milk-Maid, or the First of May.*" Emboldened by his success, he soon produced another little piece, to which he gave the name of "*The Sailor's Return;*" which was also published in the same newspaper. Indeed, he had so generally and diligently improved himself, that although only sixteen or seventeen years of age, his brother George and his fellow-workmen began to be instructed by his conversation.' pp. 109, 10.

About the same period, Robert made an acquaintance with a Scotchman who had many books, and, among others, Thomson's *Seasons* and *Paradise Lost*, which he lent to him; and Robert spent all his leisure hours in reading the *Seasons*, which he was now capable of understanding. Another circumstance must not be passed over, which occurred soon after he came to London.

‘ One Sunday, after strolling the whole day in the country, the brothers went by accident into a meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where a dissenting minister was lecturing. This preacher, whose name was Fawcett, and whose language and action were very rhetorical, although his discourse was sound and rational, filled Robert with astonishment. He was so delighted, indeed, that he thenceforward attended the lecture whenever he could ; and, although the meeting-house was so crowded with the most respectable persons that Robert was compelled to stand in the aisle, he always quickened his pace, in order to reach town on a Sunday evening in time to be present. Of this gentleman, Robert soon learned to accent what he called “ hard words ;” and in other respects greatly to improve himself.’

In the year 1784, a dispute among the journeyman-shoemakers, rendered it expedient for Robert to return for a season to Suffolk, and Mr. Austin kindly bade him make Sapiston his home. He remained here two months, during which time, with his mind warm from the perusal of Thomson, he retaced with new sensations the scene of his early occupation as the farmer’s boy, and imbibed that enthusiastic love of rural quiet and nature, by which he became distinguished. He at length returned to London, and resumed his craft.

‘ When Robert was between nineteen and twenty years of age, by which time he could work very expertly at his trade, that of a ladies’ shoemaker, his brother George left London. After that period he studied music, and became a good player on the violin. His brother Nathaniel had married a Woolwich woman : and it happened that Robert took a fancy to a comely young girl of that town, Mary Anne Church, who was the daughter of a boat-builder in the government yard ; and whom he married on the 12th of December, 1790. Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to procure household stuff afterwards. It took him some years to work himself out of ready-furnished lodgings. At length, by dint of hard labour, he was enabled to purchase a bed of his own : and he then hired a room up one pair of stairs, at No. 14, Bell Alley, Coleman street ; the landlord of the house kindly giving him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher. In that garret, amidst six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing “ The Farmer’s Boy.” ’

Bloomfield composed the latter part of his “ Autumn,” and the whole of his “ Winter,” without committing a single line to paper. When completed and transferred to paper, which was in the year 1798, he felt a strong anxiety that it should meet his mother’s eye in print. Stimulated by this idea, he offered his manuscript to several London publishers, but in vain. Foiled, yet not disheartened, he now transmitted the poem in its manuscript state to Suffolk, for the inspection of his mother and his friends. At the suggestion

of some of these, George Bloomfield was induced to submit his brother's production to Mr. Capel Lofft, who not only pronounced a highly favourable judgement on its merits, but exerted himself most strenuously to obtain the speedy publication of the poem. It appeared with what is in this Memoir termed, 'an able and elegant preface from the friendly pen of 'Mr. Lofft.' It was, in fact, neither elegant nor able, but it was kindly meant, and at the time serviceable; and there can be no doubt that to Mr. Lofft's exertions the Author was chiefly indebted for the auspicious commencement of his poetical career. The publication was completely successful, and the Farmer's Boy became a general favourite.

'Among the distinguished individuals who expressed the gratification which the perusal of "The Farmer's Boy" had afforded them, one of the earliest was His Royal Highness the Duke of York, who made the poet a liberal present in testimony of his approbation. The late Duke of Grafton also had him to Whittlebury Forest, of which His Grace was the ranger; and settled upon him a gratuity of a shilling a day; and, about two years after his first appearance as an author, gave him the appointment of Under Sealer, in the Seal Office; a situation which his declining health compelled him subsequently to relinquish; the private allowance, however, after the death of His Grace, was generously continued by the present Duke. Local subscriptions were also entered into at Hadleigh, and elsewhere, for the purpose of testifying the high and general esteem entertained for Robert Bloomfield's poetical talents and personal virtues. But his greatest emoluments were derived from the sale of his work, of which, in a comparatively short space of time, above forty thousand copies were disposed of.

'Mr. Bloomfield's finances having thus improved, he removed to better lodgings, and eventually took a cottage, near the Shepherd and Shepherdess, in the City Road. Here he worked for some years at his trade, and also made admirable Æolian harps; of which latter circumstance many liberal persons availed themselves, by purchasing harps at large prices, and thus delicately diminishing the obligation which a pecuniary gift might have been supposed to create.' p. 121.

In 1802, appeared the pleasing little collection of poems entitled "Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs." It did not excite an equal degree of attention with his first performance, but it was received with considerable favour, and did not merit it less. In 1804, Bloomfield published a poem designed to celebrate the then newly introduced practice of vaccination, under the title of "Good Tidings, or News from the Farm." Two years afterwards, appeared "Wild Flowers, or Pastoral and Local Poetry." In the summer of 1807, he had the high gratification of accompanying a party of friends down the Wye, and through part of South Wales. This gave rise to his de-

scriptive poem entitled "The Banks of the Wye," which appeared in the year 1811.

Unfortunately, Bloomfield's health began now to fail him. Never of a robust habit, his constitution had received several severe shocks long before he became known to the public. That heartless disease, the dropsy, gained upon him. It happened, also, in the natural course of events, that newer objects of attraction began in some measure to withdraw the public attention from him and his works; and that his income was thereby materially diminished. Under all these circumstances, he was induced to remove into Bedfordshire; principally, however, in the hope that the country air might be beneficial to him. He chose his place of abode at Shefford, in the neighbourhood of the late Mr. Whitbread, who had always treated him with great kindness, at whose table he was a welcome guest, and whose death was a severe affliction to him.

In his latter years, he became unable to work; and was nearly blind from frequent and violent headaches. To his bodily sufferings were added pecuniary embarrassments. The generosity of his friends and of the public was excited in his behalf some years since, but not efficiently; and,—it is most painful to say,—towards the close of life, his distresses accumulated upon him. In 1822, he published, "May Day with the Muses," written, as he pathetically observes, "in anxiety, and a wretched state of health." His last work was, "Hazelwood Hall," a village drama, in three acts, the preface of which is dated so late as April 12, 1823.

The question here naturally arises—how was it that a man who, for a time at least, floated on the full tide of worldly success, had not sufficient prudence to make some provision for his declining years? The fact is, that Robert Bloomfield was a most kind, generous, affectionate, warm-hearted being; and that his liberality constantly drained his purse. He was a man who went about in secret doing good; he gave to him that asked, and from him that would borrow he turned not away. Then his relations were all in needy circumstances. To insure a home to his aged and revered mother, and her husband, he bought the cottage which was his birth-place, repaired it at a great expense, and gave it to the old folks to live in. His brothers were all married, and had large families, which they were ill able to support. George, the eldest, a very estimable man, and whose affectionate treatment of Robert in his boyhood made an indelible impression on the mind of the latter, had ten children, and experienced many troubles. Nathaniel had twelve children, and was also frequently driven to great straits. To both these brothers the poet's hand was open on every emergency; and the pecuniary aid for which, at various times, necessity compelled them to call upon him, was very considerable. He had another brother, whose name was Isaac, a journeyman bricklayer, who lived at Honington, and who was seldom employed, except in the summer months. Robert took Isaac, his wife, and family, to London, and placed them in a general shop, or chandler's shop, as it is called. That not answering, he sent them

back to Honington, having incurred an expense on their account of above a hundred pounds; and on the death of _____, which took place ten years ago, Robert assisted his widow and nine children, to the utmost of his power. Added to all this, he lost a large sum of money, amounting to some hundreds of pounds, which he had lent to a relation of his wife's, who engaged in a building speculation that entirely failed.

Such were a few of the circumstances that conspired to render Robert Bloomfield a poor man. The moment, however, was rapidly approaching, when the evils of penury were to cease, and when the consolation arising from the retrospect of his exertions in behalf of others was to operate with unimpaired efficacy. Repeated attacks of his disorder left him more and more feeble. The last attack, his friends were apprehensive, if he survived it, would reduce him to a state of mental aberration worse than death. Happily it proved fatal; and on Tuesday, August 19, 1823, he expired, at Shefford, in the 57th year of his age. His remains were interred in a neighbouring churchyard; a spot having been selected for the purpose, with reference to the wish expressed in the concluding lines of his charming little poem, called "Love of the Country:"—

‘ “ O Heaven! permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave,
And those who from life's tumults fly,
With kindred feelings press my grave.” ’ pp. 124—126.

Bloomfield has left a widow and four children; three are grown up. The eldest daughter, who has been well educated, was her father's constant companion, his reader and amanuensis since the failure of his sight, and his assistant on every occasion. If any further memoir of her father is to appear, we hope that it will be only from her pen.

Art. VII. *Professional Christianity; or Considerations urging the Importance of Religious Influence on the Medical Character.* By a Medical Practitioner. 12mo. pp. 72. London. 1824.

WE are at a loss to conjecture what motive can have prompted the writer of this strange rhapsody. For the profession it cannot be designed, because the calumnies which it contains, could excite only contempt or indignation in professional men. And if meant for the public in general, as a caveat against employing irreligious surgeons and apothecaries, it comes with an ill grace from a medical practitioner, and has too much the air of an advertisement. Whatever be the writer's design, a more crude and injudicious performance we have seldom met with, or one more likely to prejudice the cause it advocates. The style is an exaggeration—we were

going to say a burlesque—of Mr. Irving's ; but we must first deal with the matter. The Writer begins by attempting to account for the prevailing infidelity among medical men. He thinks that the peculiar nature of medical studies supplies a simple and natural explanation.'

'Where a young mind has any serious impressions respecting its own future destiny, arising, it may be, from religious education or religious opportunities, the first spectacles of mortality never fail to send a *heavy twang* of sickening fear over the conscience. This sensation I have often known so overpowering as to occasion fainting, or such an aversion to anatomical pursuits as to cause them to be forthwith relinquished. In order to pursue the profession at all either with ardour or success, these uneasy feelings must be got rid of by some means or other. There are but two possible ways in which this may be accomplished. Either such a sincere belief in the Gospel as shall elevate the mind above all fear of death, and give it to soar on the wings of faith over the dismal mementos of futurity with which it is conversant, or, by rejecting the Gospel, and shaking away from the mind belief in a future state altogether. An immediate and resolute adoption of either of these methods is indispensable.'

That is, if we understand the Writer, indispensable to the ardent or successful prosecution of professional studies. This is not true. The fact is notorious, that there are men of the first eminence in the profession, who are neither infidels nor men of decided piety. But the whole representation is fallacious. It is altogether untrue, that the first sight of a corpse never fails to send a 'heavy twang of sickening fear over the conscience.' It is apt to excite a physical sensation of disgust ; in some cases it may excite terror ; but it may produce either, or both, without the conscience having any thing to do with the matter. It may produce a sickening sensation to the extent of nausea or fainting, in persons armed against the fear of death by the sincerest reception of the Gospel. But, in point of fact, so much depends on the nature of the spectacle, and the circumstances under which it is presented, that, not unfrequently, no such impression is produced. We will admit, indeed, that the first view of a *subject* in the theatre or dissecting-room, is likely to send a 'twang' over the stomach, though we doubt whether *that* is the region of conscience. We must confidently affirm, however, that the Gospel is not an antidote to this *nausea*. The force and duration of the disgust which often is produced, and of the aversion to anatomical pursuits which sometimes results from it, almost absolutely depend upon the student's temperament and strength of stomach. Familiarity with the object, however, soon enables him to overcome this sensation, and he learns to abstract his mind from all con

siderations but such as belong to the science which it is sary he should acquire in order to get his bread. I must do, whether he is a believer or an unbeliever, terialist or an immaterialist; and he assuredly may without rejecting the Gospel or the hope of immortality

The Writer proceeds to insinuate, that the unavoidable of anatomical studies on an unconverted man is to p a brutal insensibility of mind. This is so monstrous at tion, that we shall need cite his own words.

‘ Precisely the same opinions the student imbibed, the prac carries into the sick chamber with him, polluting the atmo thought his patient inspires, with the poison of *blasphemous scy* and under such sentiments and feelings does he gradually b infidelity, and at length come to view his *dying charge* with a as *apathous*, as entirely *disjointed* from sympathy, as he he accustomed to do the *dead subject*. The one is matter, a other.’

In this passage, we have distinctly implied three t first, that every young man who leaves the hospital v having received the Gospel, is and must be a blaspt sceptic; next, that, being such, he will introduce his sent into the sick chamber, and poison his patient’s min his blasphemous scepticism; and thirdly, that he will value on his patient’s life, and have no sympathy wi sufferings. This last assertion is still more explicitly tained in the following paragraph.

‘ In the first place, he loses all just sense of the value of lives. So soon as I have brought myself to think that the Creature I am requested to visit with my professional aid a mass of diseased matter, containing nothing within th survive vitality, I must have other inducements to exert me restoration to health, than any thing like sympathy for his or his fears, arising from an adequate estimate of the import his existence. Whatever terrors death may wear to him, he appears invested with none. My Patient’s fears are all a weakness; and that idle dream of consequences, that preys so on his spirits, it is not my business to enter into. As sensations, they are really so severe, the chances of recovery small, the possibility of ultimate restoration to usefulness in very hopeless, it seems no longer a compliance with the even of common humanity to exert myself in protracting istence so truly miserable. If the man, however, is a man o or of notoriety, or of pecuniary affluence, then indeed th is different; the life is a valuable one, if not to society, at me; and every endeavour must be made in his favour, in proportion as it may conduce to my own worldly interest as for him who is poor, who can give me no adequate remun

of what use is his life to society? what good will it do to me to waste my time on him, who is a burden to his friends, to the public, to himself? Such considerations as these, however, are for my own bosom. It may be well for me to acquire at least credit for disinterestedness in a certain quarter, and this or that pauper I shall attend.

‘ Such reasoning is nothing else than human nature, and though one man may put it in practice with greater delicacy and finesse than another, it loses not by that means one shade of its sophistry. We charge not any individual or body of individuals on this score; and we should indeed be sorry if direct cause to send home such an imputation were to come before us. But let any man whatsoever thrust aside the sacred volume, and draw the curtain of infidelity over futurity, and regulate his own professional movements by the compass of materialism, or deism, or any other merely human conceit, and then point out any ostensible principle that will be the measure of his professional attentions other than his own interest; and the common sense of mankind will attribute his conduct to a fluctuating feeling, an uncalculating eccentricity, or a covert policy.

‘ The man alone who believes and acts upon the Scriptures, can possess pure motives to professional duty. pp. 13—16.

For the credit of religion, we must disclaim this whole representation as false and scandalous. A medical practitioner who will thus stand up and bear false witness against the larger part of his own profession, must have imbibed extremely little of the spirit of that Gospel he professes to believe. For in what light does it represent ‘ the worldly-minded physician?’ That of a murderer, or of one who would not scruple to commit murder,—of a man who coolly speculates on the *qui bono* of saving the life of a fellow-creature, and does not consider it as worth saving, unless he is well paid for it. We feel it difficult to repress indignation at transcribing the rash and criminal aspersion. The most charitable construction we can put upon the Writer’s conduct, is, that he is acquainted only with hospital practice, has mixed only with army and navy surgeons or assistant surgeons, and that he judges from what he has seen in such practice, or heard from such practitioners, of the little account that is taken of a poor fellow’s life. But, the picture he has drawn, can apply only to the dregs of the profession. Apart from every religious motive, from every consideration of humanity, the medical practitioner who takes any pleasure in his profession, is impelled by the interest he feels in every case that tests his skill, by the natural ambition of success, by a regard for his own character, and by a sense, at least of his professional duty, to do his utmost in the case of the poorest individual, having once consented to undertake

it. The value of the individual life is nothing to him, and it rarely enters at all into his calculation. If it does, it has only the effect of inducing greater caution, and a wish to share the responsibility with other professional advisers. But, if the poor man comes in for less of his time and attention, it proceeds not from any speculation as to the comparative value of the individual's life, but from a necessity to which the most upright and Christian physician must bow. In a general way, however, it is the specific nature of the disease or the accident, that chiefly determines the degree of interest awakened by the individual case. There are, no doubt, sordid men, and negligent men, and unprincipled men in the medical profession, as well as in every other. We wish that they were confined to the 'worldly' and the irreligious. But the practitioner who, having undertaken the case of a patient, deliberately withholds his utmost aid, on the calculation that the man's life is not worth saving, is, in heart, as he runs the hazard of being in fact, a murderer.

A physician or inferior practitioner may choose whether or not he will attend a poor man, or undertake a case of any description; or he may afterwards have reason to withdraw; but, while giving his attendance, he has no option as to the employment of his best skill. If once he begins to speculate on the fitness of the individual for death, the importance or non-importance of his life to society, the value of his soul, &c. as in the least affecting the question of his professional duty, let him be a worldly man or a religious man, he is not fit to put his foot into the chamber of a patient in a medical capacity. Once admit such a principle as this, and we might have medical practitioners like this Writer, benevolently facilitating the decease of some pious sufferer, because to keep him alive, would only be keeping him out of heaven. We might have evangelical doctors as well as infidel doctors, exercising their discretion. And while some might be for lengthening out the day of grace to the dying sinner, others might think it merciful to abridge the sinful course of one who seemed obstinately impenitent. The man who should 'weigh out his medical attentions' in any such manner, whatever might be his motive, would have to answer for it to the Judge of all.

The Writer's next position is, that 'materialism and irreligion' limit the physician's means of counteracting disease. He does not seem, by the way, to be aware that there have been materialists who have been so far from irreligious men, much more blasphemous, sceptics, that they have firmly held the resurrection of the body and the future state. The way in which he endeavours to make it appear that the worldly physician's

means of counteracting disease are limited, is, by arguing that religious conversation is one means of cure. 'There is no specific,' he says, 'for the morbid irritability of the soul, but the healing influence of the Gospel.' Here he enters upon a delicate subject, which he is utterly incompetent to handle. There can be no doubt that the pious physician has frequent opportunities of being useful to the souls as well as to the bodies of his patients. When the house is shut against a priest, the ear and the heart may be open to the well-timed counsel and instruction of the confidential medical attendant. But were every practitioner to consider himself as, in all cases, and at all hazards, called upon to examine the spiritual condition of his patients, and to prescribe for it accordingly, we should fear that very great evils, as well as very gross improprieties, would ensue. For instance, were such a person as the present Writer to be called in, it might be a case in which any agitation of mind would have an extremely unfavourable effect on the patient, might shorten existence,—would it, or ought it to be endured, that the medical practitioner should, with or without the consent of friends, proceed to the most delicate of discussions, and intrude upon the sick man his own theological opinions under pretence of dealing faithfully with his patient's soul? This Writer does not scruple to avow, that though every tear of sorrow for sin were *largely to curtail* his short term of existence, still he would 'urge the necessity of repentance as warmly as ever;' that 'though the first tear of true penitence he shed were to stifle his existence in death,' he would 'hail with unmingled joy, the gracious token of his salvation.' Such a person would be likely grossly to abuse the confidence reposed in a medical attendant. What right has he to invade the most sacred and difficult office of the Christian minister, and to turn preacher in the sick-room, even at the risk of shortening the life of his patient? Is every Christian surgeon and apothecary to have this license, or is it to be restricted to the physician as a prerogative attaching to his diploma? Really, the presumption and indiscretion betrayed in this statement, are such as we have rarely met with in a Christian man. How excellent soever may be the Writer's intentions, he is likely, we fear, to do more harm than service to the cause he has espoused. He is certainly out of his element in his profession, and we would seriously recommend him to renounce the pestle and mortar, and get ordained forthwith. With a little more theological knowledge and somewhat more discretion, he might be a useful minister.

We know not where our zealous Anti-materialist acquired the notions respecting the resurrection of the body, expressed in the following strange passage.

‘ At the solemn sound of the trumpet each of the scattered disjointed bones shall be reknit together, and every pulverized particle which the wind has dispersed shall be re-united in original freshness ; and that spirit which, at the hour of death, was called to render in its final account, shall again re-enter the ghastly empty skull so long deserted, and shall re-animate with new life and new vigour every vital organ and every moving limb of the corporeal structure ; and in that distant hereafter there shall start out into being immortal that same sickly emblem of mortality that now languishes before his eyes.’

pp. 17, 18.

This is not being wise above what is written : it is, however, a way of answering the Materialist, that never entered into St. Paul’s ideas, when contending against the Sadducees of his day. “ Thou fool ! that which thou sowest is not quickened “ except it die ; and that which thou sowest, *thou sowest not that* “ *body that shall be*, but bare grain ; and God giveth it a body “ as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.” This medical divine, however, informs us, that the dead are to come up with the same identical body ; that what is sown is the body that shall be, not the seed of a spiritual body. The infant is to have his modicum of pulverized particles that composed his little frame, reunited, while the strong man is to re-appropriate the materials of his sinewy bulk. Here, the animal structure is constantly undergoing a process of consumption and re-production ; the particles are in a perpetual flux, and the bodies we bring into the world with us, are completely *shed* in the course of this process, possibly more than once in the revolution of a life. But this exquisite Physiologist has discovered, that let death arrest this process at whatever stage, just that aggregation of organized atoms which happened to be in combination with the living principle in the shape of bone, muscle, adipose, medulla, or fluid, at the time of dissolution, shall be reunited in the structure of the soul’s immortal vehicle. If his words have any meaning, this is certainly their obvious import. But we should not wonder if, when translated into this matter of fact language, our philosopher should himself be ashamed of his hypothesis. We should be glad to believe that, by this time, he is heartily ashamed of his whole performance—ashamed of having committed himself by so jejune and bombastic a production, but especially of having thought to recommend himself as a medical practitioner, by libelling his profession, and affecting a zeal which is assuredly not according to knowledge.

Art. VIII. *First Steps to Botany*, intended as Popular Illustrations of the Science, leading to its Study as a Branch of General Education. By James L. Drummond, M.D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution. 12mo. pp. 390. 100 Woodcuts. Price 9s. London, 1823.

THIS answers more completely to the proper notion of an introduction to Botany, than any work we have yet seen. It is strictly scientific, and at the same time, of a popular character, replete with entertaining information, and adapted to make the study at once attractive and improving in a high degree. It is distributed into chapters. The first treats of the Root; the second, of the Stem; the third, of the Surface or Cuticle; the fourth, of the Leaf; the fifth, of the Fulcra or Prop; the sixth, of the Flower; the seventh, of the Fructification; the eighth, of the Nectary: the ninth chapter is occupied with an account of the Linnæan classification, and some general remarks are added as a 'Conclusion.' Throughout the volume, poetical illustrations, selected with much taste, are judiciously interspersed, together with much various information from the works of modern travellers. The wood-cuts are admirable, and add essentially to the value of the work. The pains which the Author has evidently taken in preparing it, will ensure him the thanks of the public; especially of that portion who are interested in the business of education.

We agree with him, that abstruse topics, such as concern more particularly the medical student, are better omitted in works introductory to the science; but we do not see why the respiration of plants and the functions of the leaf, might not admit of familiar explanation to one who knew little or nothing of either anatomy or chemistry. We differ from him, too, on the subject of the terminology: it is both difficult, heterogeneous, and 'abominable.' Why 'moon-shaped' is more 'absurd' than lunate, we perceive not: crescent-shaped is better than either. The whole of these terms, cucullate, tubulate, deltoid, dolabriform, acerose, panduriform, mucronate, &c. are pedantic and useless: we would that they were exploded. The following lines from an American poet will probably be new to our readers: we give them with the remarks by which they are introduced.

'But nothing can be more beautiful than a view of the bottom of the ocean, during a calm, even around our own shores, but particularly in tropical climates, especially when it consists alternately of beds of sand and masses of rock. The water is frequently so clear and undisturbed, that at great depths the minutest objects are visible; groves of coral are seen expanding their variously coloured clumps, some rigid and immovable, and others waving gracefully their flexible

branches. Shells of every form and hue glide slowly along the stones, or cling to the coral boughs like fruit; crabs and other marine animals pursue their prey in the crannies of the rocks, and sea-plants spread their limber fronds in gay and gaudy irregularity, while the most beautiful fishes are on every side sporting around.

‘ The floor is of sand like the mountain drift;
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs where the tides and billows flow :
 The water is calm and still below ;
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air.
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter ;
 There with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn in the upland lea ;
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone ;
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
 Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs in the coral grove.’

pp. 374, 5.

Art. IX. *Morning Thoughts in Prose and Verse on Single Verses in the successive Chapters in the Gospel of St. Matthew.* By a Country Clergyman. f.cap. 8vo. pp. 108. Price 3s. London. 1824.

ELEGANCE and simplicity are the characteristics of this pleasing little volume. The brief meditations of which it consists, are adapted either to assist the devotions of the closet, or to be read with advantage in the family. An entire specimen will be the best recommendation of the work.

‘ att. vii. 9. *What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone ?*

‘ How numerous and powerful are the passions which interfere with the exercise of sympathy and benevolence in the mind ! And

yet, in the case of a parent, all these passions are still found to do homage to a still stronger passion,—self interest gives way to fatherly affection. “*What man is there, &c.*” And if a poor, selfish man cannot refuse bread to his child, will He who is the author of these affections in the soul, deal less tenderly with his children? If the spark of fatherly feeling in our nature be bright, must not the flame from which it is derived be brighter? If *our* feelings yearn over the child of our bosom, will not He who “*is Love*”—love in the abstract, love in essence—the very source and centre of all affection—sympathize with us, feel for us, weep with us, and rejoice with us? Perhaps, of all the worlds which roll through the regions of infinite space, this alone which we inhabit, is an offender against the will of his maker: and yet, such is his tenderness, that, for this one culprit and wanderer, he has sent his Son to suffer and to die! O Lord, may our poor and mistrusting hearts no longer question the greatness and fulness of thy compassion! Thou art love; and every act of thy hand bears the impress of pity and affection. Thou hast said, from the mercy-seat where thou sittest, “*Knock, and it shall be opened.*” O hear us, now that we knock at the everlasting gates: lift up the massive bars, and let thy wanderers in. Once more welcome us, though prodigals, and at a distance from thee. Call on the spirits who “*rejoice over one sinner that repenteth,*” to rejoice over *us*. Let the triumphant language again be heard; “*My son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found.*”

‘ The world with stones, instead of bread,
Our hungry souls has often fed:
It promis’d health—in one short hour
Perish’d the fair, but fragile flower:
It promis’d *riches*—in a day
They made them wings, and fled away:
It promis’d *friends*—all “*sought their own,*”
And left my widowed heart alone.

‘ Lord! with the barren service spent,
To thee my suppliant knee I bent;
And found in Thee a Father’s grace,
His hand, his heart, his faithfulness;
The voice of peace, the smile of love,
The “*bread*” which feeds thy saints above;
And tasted, in this world of woe,
A joy its children never know.’

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The Miscellaneous Writings of the celebrated John Evelyn, the appearance of whose Memoirs lately excited so much interest, are preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 4to. printed uniformly with that work.

In the press, Tours to the British Mountains; descriptive poems, &c. By Thomas Wilkinson, of Yanwath, Westmoreland, small 8vo.

In the press, Critical and Descriptive Accounts of the most celebrated Picture Galleries in England, with an Essay on the Elgin Marbles, foolscap 8vo.

Sir Arthur Clarke, M. D. &c. Author of an Essay on Bathing, &c. has nearly ready for publication, a Practical Manual for the Preservation of Health and the Prevention of Diseases incidental to the middle and advanced periods of life, in 1 vol. 12mo.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Goethe, the admired Author of Faust, the Sorrows of Werter, &c. are just ready for publication.

In the press, in one small volume, Our Village; sketches of rural character and scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford.

The fourth Livraison of the "Napoleon Memoirs" may be expected in the course of the present month.

Speedily will be published, the Cross and the Crescent; an heroic metrical Romance: partially founded on Mathilde. By the Rev. James Beresford, M.A. Rector of Kibworth, Leicestershire.

In the course of next month will be published, the second edition, enlarged, of Mr. Cottle's Strictures on the Plymouth Antinomians.

Mr. Babb is about to answer the Christian Observer, for their condemnation of Antinomianism, contained in their critique on Mr. Cottle's Strictures.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the Influence of the Holy Spirit traced through successive periods of the Church of God, from the formation of man to the consummation of all things. By Thomas S. Biddulph, M.A. Minister of St. James's, Bristol.

Preparing for publication, the Life and Diary of Lieut.-col. John Blackader. By Andrew Crichton, S.T.P. 12mo.

A new edition of Professor Paxton's Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures is in

the press, with large additions, index, map, portrait, &c.

In the press, Sketches of Scenery, furnished by their respective Authors, Vol. the 7th.

In the press, the Whole Works of Bishop Reynolds, now first collected in 6 vols. 8vo. with a life by Alexander Chalmers, Esq.

In the Course of this month will appear, Practical Observations on Fire and Life Insurances, being a guide to persons effecting insurances, and a caution to intended shareholders; with a comparative view of the plans and merits of the different offices. By James Mitchell, LL.D. F.A.S.E. late actuary to the Star Life Assurance Company.

A curious and interesting work will be published next month by the Rev. Charles Swan, Late of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, under the following title: Gesta Romanorum, or entertaining moral stories invented by the Monks as a Fireside Recreation, and commonly applied in their discourses from the pulpit, from whence the most celebrated of our own poets and others, from the earliest times, have extracted their plots translated from the Latin, and illustrated with original notes by the translator, with the preliminary observations of Warton and Douce.

Mr. Jennings, who recently published Dr. Meyrick's splendid work on Ancient Armour, has in the press, a new work on European scenery, by Capt. Batty of the Grenadier Guards. It will comprise a selection of sixty of the most picturesque views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and in Holland, and will be published uniformly with his French and German Scenery. The first Artists of the Metropolis having been engaged to engrave the plates, and the most liberal plan having been adopted, it is confidently trusted, that, in point of execution, this will far surpass his former works. The first number will appear on the 1st of May.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen has in the press, his completed Translation of Tasso. The first vol. will be issued to subscribers the latter end of April, printed from types cast expressly for the work, and embellished with 10 fine engravings on wood, from designs by Mr. Corbould, and a

portrait of Tasso, from an original painting presented to the author, by W. Roscoe, Esq.

In the press, British Galleries of Art, now first arranged in one volume. By Charles Westmacott, author of the "Annual Critical Catalogue to the Royal Academy."

. This Work will contain a critical and descriptive catalogue to each collection, with a history of the choicest treasures of the Fine Arts, ancient and modern, in the possession of His Majesty and other noble and distinguished persons; including the Dulwich Gallery and British Museum. Illustrated with interior views of the principal Galleries, drawn and engraved by Cattermole, Finlay, and Le Keux; with eight elegant engraved portraits of illustrious and noble patrons and academicians, by Wageman, Hawksworth, and Philips.

The Rev. Miles Jackson, Minister of St. Paul's, Leeds, has a new edition of his Sermons in the press, in two volumes duodecimo, in which will be included many new ones.

Shortly will be published, A System of General Anatomy. By W. Wallace, M.R.I.A. Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery. This Work will include all that is valuable in the "Anatomie Generale" of Richat, and in the additions to the same Work by Beclard, together with such facts as have been ascertained in this country, &c. &c.

Dr. Kennedy of Glasgow, has in the press, a work to be entitled, Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease; comprehending popular rules for regulating their diet, dress, exercise, and medicines; together with a variety of prescriptions adapted to the use of the nursery. This work will form a neat volume in 12mo. of about 250 pages. It will be ready for publication in the early part of next month.

Proposals are circulated by Mr. Taylor for publishing in 12 monthly parts, price 5s. each, a new and improved Edition of the scarce and valuable Work by the late Sir William Chambers, on Civil Architecture, with the original plates in imperial folio, and the Text entire in quarto.

To accommodate this new edition to the present state of the art, an appendix will be added by an eminent Architect, of examples of the Doric and other Orders from the best remains of Grecian Architecture, which will make six new additional plates, and will be accompanied by a Dissertation on the State, Taste, and Principles of Grecian Architecture: to which will be added, Notes and Observations on the original Work. It is presumed, that this will be the most complete and interesting book for the information of students and amateurs on the elementary principles of Decorative Architecture.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Mrs. Matilda Smith, late of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope. By John Phillip. D.D. 8vo. 6s.

Nugæ Chirurgicæ; or a Biographical Miscellany, illustrative of a collection of professional portraits. By William Wadd, Esq. F.L.S. &c. 8vo. 9s.

The Historical Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples, &c. with details of the literature and manners of Italy and Provence in the 13th and 14th centuries. With portrait, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 5s.

A Biographical Portraiture of the late Rev. James Hinton, A.M. By John Howard Hinton, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

An Outline of the System of Educa-

tion at New Lanark. By Robert Dale Owen. 8vo.

A Treatise on Navigation and Astronomy, adapted to Practice and the purposes of Elementary Instruction. By E. Riddle, Master of the Mathematical School, Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich, 8vo. 11s. boards, 12s. bound.

The Little Historians; a new chronicle of the affairs of England, in church and state, between Lewis and Paul. By Jefferys Taylor, author of Exop in Rhyme, &c. 3 vols. with frontispieces. 9s. half-bound.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Imaginary Conversations of Learned Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.

Remarks on Dr. Henderson's Appeal to the Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the subject of the Turkish New Testament. By Professor Lee, of Cambridge, 8vo.

The New Annual Register for 1823. 21s.

Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators, shewing the duties and responsibilities incident to the due performance of their trusts; with directions respecting the probate of wills, &c. 8vo. 5s.

POETRY.

The Birds of Aristophanes, translated into English verse, with notes. By the Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M. Author of the Translation of Dante. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain, selected and translated by John Bowring. small 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated into English verse, with notes critical and explanatory. By John Symmons, Esq. A. M. of Christ Church. 8vo. 8s.

Australia; with other Poems. By Thomas K. Hervey, Trinity College, Cambridge, f. cap. 8vo. 6s.

Il Pastore Incantato; or, the Enchanted Shepherd, a Drama: Pompeii, and other Poems. By a Student of the Temple, &c. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Old English Drama, No. I. containing the Second Maiden's Tragedy, from an original M. S. small 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The History of Joseph, in verse: in six dialogues, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

The Slavery of the British West India Colonies delineated, as it exists both in law and practice, and compared with the Slavery of other countries, ancient and modern. By James Stephen, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

The West India Colonies; the Calumnies and Misrepresentations of the Edinburgh Review, Mr Clarkson, &c. examined and refuted. By James McQueen, 8vo. 12s.

A Letter to William Wilberforce, Esq. on the subject of Slave Emancipation. By an Eye Witness. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Divine Grace the Source of all human Excellence; a Sermon occasioned by the death of the late Rev. William Ward, on Friday, March 7, 1823. Preached at the Mission Chapel, Serampore, and, by particular request, at the Union Chapel, in Calcutta; including a brief memoir of the Deceased. By J. Marshman, D.D.

A Third Course of Practical Sermons, expressly adapted to be read in Families. By the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Infant's Church - Membership and Baptism most clearly proved to be God's ordinance from plain testimony of holy Scripture; first printed in 1728. 6d.

Of the Use of Miracles in proving the Truth of Revelation. By the Rev. John Penrose. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

The Daily Expositor to the New Testament; in which the text is divided into sections, accompanied with a practical exposition to each, especially intended as morning and evening portions, for pious families and private Christians. By the Rev. Thomas Keyworth, one of the Authors of "Principia Hebraica." No. 4. 8vo. 6d. to be completed in 12 monthly numbers.

The Works of the Rev. Andrew Fuller. Vol. VIII. and last, 8vo. 14s.

The Aged Pilgrim's Triumph over Sin and the Grave; illustrated in a series of letters, never before published. By the Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

ERRATUM.

In our Number for February, p. 120, sixth line from the bottom, for—"shoots arrows against us from his bow," read—"shooting arrows against us."

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR MAY, 1824.

1. The Administration of Criminal Justice in England, and the Spirit of the English Government; translated from the French. By M. Cottu, Counsellor of the Royal Court of Paris, Secretary-General of the General Council of the Royal Society of Prisons, and of the Special Council of the Prisons of Paris. 8vo. pp. 312. Price 9s. London. 1824.

CRIMINAL jurisprudence is an awful subject. Whether considered as an abstruse and difficult science, or as a system of practical remedies for those moral disorders that disturb the tranquillity of social and civil life, it presents some of the most important problems that can exercise the intellect of man. Every rightly-framed mind must feel a trembling solicitude for the efficacy of penal regulation: every sincere lover of his species must be ardently willing to remove and to supply its deficiencies.

M. Cottu's work, which we did not intend to leave so long unnoticed, has received, we are disposed to think, its full share of reputation. It were invidious to inquire, whether its merits are in a due ratio to that reputation; nor are we inclined to lessen the value of the general suffrage, by pointing out the several instances in which it may have been unthinkingly awarded. Many circumstances concurred to give it, on its first appearance, unusual popularity both in France and England. On this side the water, it was natural to receive with an unwonted partiality the testimony of a foreigner, and, we all, of a Frenchman, in favour of our municipal institutions,—of those institutions which we justly hold the dear,—because we habitually look to them for the protection of our lives and our liberties. The work, therefore, being a condensed panegyric upon a code of jurisprudence which, with many defects, is so dear and venerable in our eyes, made a

direct appeal to the warmest of our national affections. The peculiar candour also, with which it canvassed the defects, or rather vices, which disfigure the criminal polity of his own country, the pride derived from the comparison, and the weight necessarily attributed to the opinions of a writer who was expressly sent over to us by the French Government, to study the mechanism and the operation of our trial by jury, as a step towards the revision of their code by their two chambers of legislation ;—all this had no imperceptible effect in securing for M. Cottû's treatise, the approbation which was so generally and so ungrudgingly given it. Its popularity in France naturally arose from the universal impatience, which prevails throughout that country, of the existing system, and which, in this instance at least, seems to have suspended the workings of national vanity on behalf of every thing that is French, and the morbid irritability which our kind neighbours usually feel, when any thing English is praised or recommended. The perplexed involution,—the clumsy and oppressive heaviness of their own penal law,—the slow and lingering movement of their processes and formalities, but, more than these, the manifest partiality and obvious injustice of the greater part of their criminal procedure, alike felt and deplored by all who think or feel through every province of that great kingdom, have long demanded something more than a revision. The appearance, therefore, of M. Cottû's book, excited among all ranks in Paris, the hope so long deferred and so often frustrated, of a complete reformation of a judicial system, which, in its present state, is equally odious and intolerable.

M. Cottû had many advantages for his undertaking. Recommended by our own Government to the judges on the Northern circuit, which he travelled with Mr. Scarlett, he lived at the same time with the Bar, who furnished him with many useful suggestions, and in every other respect zealously promoted his researches. When his book was finished, it had the further advantage of Mr. Scarlett's revision, who enriched it with many valuable notes on the spirit of the English constitution. Under so many advantageous circumstances, we cannot help remarking, that a better treatise might have been expected. To render it beneficial to France, (the only point of view in which it could be rendered useful at all,) it was doing but little, to exhibit a faithful, or even a flattering portrait of English jurisprudence. That jurisprudence might have been contrasted, feature by feature, with the system at this moment at work in France. "Look on this picture,—and on this!" The Author would thus have held out in stronger colours and

more distinct relief, to the eyes and the hearts of his countrymen, a code of criminal justice marked by so many odious inequalities, and working so much scandalous oppression, placed by the side of that equal and beneficent scheme which, while it throws so many securities around the innocent, is not devoid of salutary terrors to the guilty. The lesson derived from such a comparison would have been doubly impressive. Livelier emotions of disgust would have arisen in every humane and patriotic bosom, when the massy and deformed structure of their police and their judicature stood before them in a point of view contiguous to the simple majesty and harmonious proportions of the venerable fabric with which it was contrasted. M. Cottû has not, indeed, passed unnoticed the abuses which deform the code of his country; but has he dwelt upon them with sufficient emphasis? Its greatest fault, he observes, consists in the numerous difficulties and anomalies with which it is accompanied, and the languor and heaviness which impede its operation. But this, while it aggravates the mischief, is not the mischief itself. It is the arbitrary spirit of the legislator, which, by poisoning the fountains of justice, has tainted its remotest currents. In its actual operation, the whole of this unwieldy machinery appears to have been constructed, not for the protection of innocence, but for the discovery of guilt—a fatal error in the constitution of a criminal code, which, whatever be the elements that compose it, can never effectually punish the guilty, but by giving security and assurance to those who are not so. We must be permitted, therefore, to supply the defect of M. Cottû's treatise in this respect, and shall enter into a rapid review of the chief vices of the French criminal law, as they have fallen under our own personal observation in the tribunals of that country.

We begin with what in Great Britain would be called the commitment. The jealousy with which personal liberty is watched by the English law in the earliest stage of a criminal proceeding, cannot be more strikingly illustrated, than by glancing at the total insensibility of the French legislator towards this invaluable right.

‘ Upon the commission of a crime in England,’ observes M. Cottû, ‘ the injured party lays his complaint before a magistrate, who first swears him, and then delivers to a constable (an officer corresponding nearly with our police commissary) an order termed a *warrant*, commanding the latter to bring the prisoner before him, and to secure all the proofs of the charges. By virtue of this order, the constable proceeds to the prisoner's residence, apprehends him, if he can, and brings him, with the plaintiff and his witnesses, before the ma-

gistrate ; the latter hears them all separately, and, according to the circumstances of the case, leaves the prisoner at large, or commits him to prison. He then adjourns the further hearing of the case to the first convenient day : at the time appointed, the witnesses, and the plaintiff, accompanied by his *attorney*, come into court ; the prisoner is then brought up, accompanied also by his solicitor, if he has the means of procuring one. The magistrate takes down in writing the prisoner's declaration, together with the depositions of the plaintiff and his witnesses, as they are respectively elicited by the prosecutor's or prisoner's solicitor.

‘ These examinations take place in London in a room open to the public, by the magistrates in Westminster, and by the aldermen in the City. I have reason to think that the same system is adopted in the country, although I had no opportunity of being present there, as I had in London. After the examination has been drawn up, the magistrate, according to the nature of the crime, and the weight of the charges, discharges the prisoner altogether, or liberates him on bail, or makes out a fresh warrant, and commits him to the county gaol, leaving the proofs of the charge in the care of the constable, or plaintiff. He afterwards considers, according to the nature of the offence, to what court he shall send the prisoner, to the assizes or quarter sessions ; the plaintiff and all the witnesses are then bound in their recognizances, generally of forty pounds sterling, to pay this sum to the king, in the event of their not coming forward, at the next assizes or quarter sessions, one to prosecute the prisoner, and the other to give evidence to the circumstances within their knowledge. The recognizances and examination are afterwards lodged with the clerk of the assizes or quarter sessions, and the recognizance, if forfeited, is rigorously levied.

‘ Should the prisoner think himself wrongfully detained, he is at liberty, by virtue of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to complain to the court of King's Bench, who will examine into his case, and order his liberation or retention in gaol, according to the circumstances. But a proceeding of this nature is extremely rare, and it is hardly possible to cite even a few instances of it, owing to the very great precaution taken by the magistrates, in committing none to prison unless upon the strongest suspicions.’ pp. 33—36.

To these remarks, in the correctness of which we fully agree, the Author should have added, that in certain cases, the English law gives the accused party the right of being set at liberty upon bail, and that the demanding of excessive bail is forbidden under severe penalties by the act of William and Mary. Every one knows, that this is matter of common right, except in cases of atrocious crimes, where public justice might be eluded. Yet, even in these cases, circumstances may arise, where bail might reasonably be admitted, and where it would be hard and unjust, says Blackstone, to confine a man in prison, though accused of the greatest offence. This power may

be interposed by the King's Bench, or by a single judge of that court in the vacation.

In France, the *procureur du roi*, or the *juge d'instruction*, two functionaries whose duties are of a most indefinite character, and strangely confounded together, have the power of issuing warrants. (*mandats*.) But, while an English justice of the peace, a magistrate for the most part unsalaried, independent of the government, and inaccessible to its influence, is solicitously watched by the unslumbering eye of English law, and, for every wilful abuse of authority, is liable not only to penal animadversion, but to pecuniary compensation at the suit of the injured party,—these two officers, avowedly the creatures of the French government, called into existence by its breath, and devoted, by every motive of hope and fear, to its service, are wholly irresponsible, in the true and ordinary acceptation of that term. The code, indeed, contains a barren prohibition against the abuses of their power, but promulgates no penal sanction for the offence; and in fact, they are liable to no other forum than their own consciences, which, among persons of this description, are not tender to a very extraordinary degree. As for the *juge d'instruction*, his authority seems to have scarcely any other limits than his own discretion. He is armed with several weapons, and the entire liberties of France may be said to be at his disposal. He may issue, according to his pleasure, a simple *mandat de comparution**, which is merely a summons to the party. It is rare, indeed, that this lenient process is issued. There has gradually arisen a practice equally of dubious policy and oppressive operation, of calling in the gendarmes, a military police, into a perpetual alliance with French jurisprudence. Nothing is done without the intervention of this fearful engine. Hence, the *mandat d'amener*, a warrant of personal caption, is the most frequently resorted to. With us, unless in those cases where arrests may be executed without warrant, by magistrates, or even by private persons, viz. cases of felonies committed in their view,—with us, no warrant is granted without an examination upon oath of the party. A French subject may be seized by the gendarmerie on a *mandat d'amener*, without any previous accusation, and dragged through the streets with more than the ignominy of a convicted criminal. He is then interrogated in private by the magistrate, who may either send him to prison by a *mandat d'arrêt*, or simply detain him there *en état de dépôt*; a distinction of little importance, since it is equally imprisonment, by whatever name it

* Code d'Instruction Criminelle. Art. 40.

may be called. Nor is it an imprisonment for the mere sake of safe custody, or of that mild and humane description which is enjoined by our own law. It is generally a stern coercion equivalent to the severest legal infliction, and the prisoner may be *mis au secret*,—a term which the humanity of our language refuses to translate, and which is in effect a series of cruelties (we shall describe them hereafter) that makes the abolition of torture and of the inquisition in that country, little more than an empty and nugatory boast.

It will be asked, Who are these magistrates, by whom constituted, who are thus enabled to wield an authority which human beings, conscious of their common infirmity, would tremble to exercise? By what slow and toilsome gradations of study, have they reached any thing amounting to a fair moral competency, that constitutes them the arbiters of the lives and liberties of their countrymen? It were surely not exacting too much from functionaries clothed with such powers, and armed with such instruments, to demand a long life of laborious application to juridical science—the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of Lord Coke; the ripened experience of sages, who had grown pale over the midnight lamp, in collating, comparing, and digesting all the treasures of ancient and modern wisdom. But if these rare qualifications do not exist among them, it might be expected that their character and their virtues would be included in their titles to so awful a duty. Certain requisites at least might be looked for;—for instance, persons of mature age might naturally be expected to exercise more circumspection and prudence in handling such delicate matters as the lives and fortunes of their fellow men, than a raw and rash tyro who has only taken his first degree in the faculty. The husband, the parent, would be more susceptible of kind and benevolent feelings to mitigate these dreadful and severe offices, than he who has no family; ‘for wife and family,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘are a kind of discipline of humanity, and single men are cruel and hard-hearted, because their tenderness is not so often called upon.’ Those, also, who have been long trained to public functions, will be less conceited, less puffed up by their little brief authority, than the beardless youths who are suddenly snatched from their studies, and transplanted into public offices. These, however, are not the attributes which direct the selection of *procureurs du roi* or *juges d’instruction*. They are chosen for qualities little above those of husbandmen at our statute-fairs. For, as the French code has rendered these magistracies to the last degree complex and laborious, the first, nay, the only requisite which determines the choice, is vigour of age. The Bar supplies young men in the fullness of their

strength, fit for labour, and whose zeal and activity may be easily employed to the service of the government. The office of *procureur du roi* in almost every provincial court of the kingdom, is filled by a deputy taken from the lowest ranks of the bar. His judgement and moderation, therefore, in the grave and awful duties that are entrusted to him, will be necessarily on a par with his years and experience.

The *mandat d'amener* does not, indeed, empower the *procureur du roi* to commit the prisoner. It is, however, nearly the same thing, for he remains a deposit in the hands of justice, (*en état d'amener*,) till the *juge d'instruction* has decided how he is to be disposed of*. This, as will be seen, is a miserable sophism of the code,—a solemn and cruel irony, which mocks at the liberty it destroys. For, although these warrants are issuable only† in cases of flagrant délit (*flagrans delictum*), and when corporal or infamous punishment is incurred, or where an offence is committed in a dwelling-house, and when the master of the house calls on the *procureur du roi* to inquire into the matter;—yet, in all these cases, if the accused be on the spot, he may be instantly seized, or, if absent, be taken by a *mandat d'amener*. And though the code does not, *totidem verbis*, authorize an imprisonment, still, that imprisonment actually takes place; nor is its hardship at all alleviated by the sophism of being *en état d'amener*. And the right of issuing these warrants is also given to the *juges de paix*, to the officers of the gendarmerie, the commissaries of police, the prefects of departments, and the prefect of police at Paris. To what an extent also may the words 'flagrant délit' be interpreted! By law, indeed, the actual imprisonment of the person is not warranted, until an examination has taken place, and the facts resulting from it are sufficient to authorize it. But these precautions are shamelessly evaded. Where is the remedy? The injured party complains. But the officer entrenches himself in the immunity given by the code to all acts officially done, unless the prosecution is authorized by the *conseil d'état*; a board resembling our privy-council, composed of the ministers and those peers and deputies who give them their political support. It is remarkable, that the grossest want of formality, even in the *mandat de dépôt*, the instrument which consigns a man to a dungeon,—an omission even of his right name, or a wrong description of his offence, so that he may be ignorant of what is laid to his charge—an error, too, which may sometimes, for grave state-purposes, be designedly committed, and by virtue of which blunder he may

* Code d'Instruct. Crim. art. 40. Ib. art. 46. † Ib. art. 48, 49.

lie in gaol *for an indefinite period*,—is liable to a fine of fifty francs*. And this fine is to be levied on whom? Not on the officer who executed the warrant, but on the *greffier* (registrar) through whose office it passed!

In cases where only what is called *la peine correctionnelle* is incurred, a summons is issued, (*mandat de comparation*), which is an order to appear for the purpose of undergoing interrogatories. If the party does not appear, a *mandat d'amener* is executed; and, in case of resistance, the officer may call to the aid of an armed force. But the code peremptorily enjoins that the interrogatory is to take place within twenty-four hours at least. This provision, as must necessarily happen where the legislator does nothing more than enter a vague direction in the statute-book, is shamelessly evaded. It is the daily practice, as if in mockery of that direction, to convey the party to a prison where he remains several days before he is interrogated. Nay, it often happens, even after the interrogatory, when, according to the code, he ought either to be discharged, or committed for trial, that he is kept in imprisonment under that convenient, but indefinite fiction, *en état de mandat d'amener*.

The *juge d'instruction*† is the only magistrate who can legally commit, and that only by a *mandat de dépôt*, or a *mandat d'amener*. As to the prisons themselves, they would furnish a mass of details disgusting and sickening to humanity. In the departments, they are crowded, infected, and damp. In many of them, twenty or thirty out of a hundred have perished annually, of epidemic disorders, arising from neglect and uncleanness. The gaolers, 'seldom the friends of man,' carry the rigours of their office to a wanton and tyrannical excess. Many of letters confined for libels and other political offences, and persons detained only for debt, are doomed to a close and inevitable contact with the vilest criminals of both sexes. M. Béranger mentions a fact, which is but too well authenticated; we would gladly disbelieve it, if we could. A young lady of high birth and elevated rank, had, shortly after the Bourbon Restoration been condemned, for a political offence, to *peine perpétuelle*; but, so scanty were the accommodations of the prison, that she was obliged to endure, night and day, the society, and to the converse of twelve abandoned women. That Writer has described her, as he tells us, breathe her complaints against the torture which was thus inflicted upon her. 'I was on the point,' she said, 'of suffering capital punishment, and I

* Ib. art. 112. † Ib. art. 107. and 111.

‡ "De la Justice Criminelle en France," Par M. Béranger. P. 1818. p. 585.

those who were convicted with me, marched to the scaffold. Death indeed was terrible to my apprehension; but the miseries I am now undergoing, are a thousand times worse; for the language which I am compelled to hear from the depraved wretches around me, is a slower and more lingering death than that from which I was saved. I envy the fate of my friends! It is true, that the *juge d'instruction* is directed to visit the prisons in his *arrondissement*; and every president of *magistrats* is also required to inspect the *maisons de justice*. These duties have dwindled into an idle formality, for no penalty attaches to the neglect and non-execution of them.

We promised to say something of the *mise au secret*, or secret confinement;—that stain of French justice,—that reproach of a gallant and enlightened nation! If we describe it as it exists in the fulness of its horrors at this very moment, we are conscious that we shall make a more than usual demand upon the faith of our readers. It is well known, that the *question*, that savage relic of the old law of France, was finally abolished on the 9th October, 1789. But, from the fancied necessity of obtaining confessions, or the revelations of accomplices in certain cases, there has gradually grown up a new species of torture, under which the stoutest frame and the most stubborn courage must at last sink. The facts which establish the existence of this merciless procedure, are beyond all controversy; and although we would indulge, for the honour of our common nature, a reluctance to believe it, yet, the details of its frequent practice are too numerous and well authenticated, to admit even of that dubious solace.

The victim of this accursed torture is thrown into a narrow dungeon, damp and paved with stones, and from which fresh air is entirely excluded. If a ray of light finds its way into this gloomy cavern, it is only through the intervals of a small grated window, or rather hole pierced through the wall. The furniture is one miserable French blanket. Neither chair nor table is permitted, so that the prisoner is obliged to stand upright, or lie down. Every employment in which the mind might find a slight escape from its miseries,—books, paper, pens, are strictly excluded. A scanty portion of bread is all his aliment, and even that portion is sometimes designedly withheld from him. From time to time, he is led out of this sepulchral cell to undergo an interrogatory; but his recollections are confused, and his answers perplexed and contradictory. The hesitations, the embarrassments of the wretch are turned by this beneficent process into fresh heads of accusation. There are instances of its having been continued for 150 days. M. Béranger, whose work we have just cited, was present at a

a trial before a court of assizes. The offence was a political one, and the principal proofs, except those which were attempted to be extorted from the prisoners, were furnished by the agents of police.

“ You contradict yourself,” said the president, addressing one of the prisoners, “ in many of your answers.” “ Sir,” answered that unhappy being, “ I have undergone so many interrogatories, that I hardly know what I am saying. I have been *au secret* ! ! This torture I suffered 100 days. For fifty hours I received no food, and thrice in that time I was interrogated. The last time was at midnight, and I could scarcely stand for hunger. When I was carried back, I asked for bread. It was refused as being beyond the usual hour of distribution. I remained six weeks without change of linen or water to wash in. My wife tried frequently to bring me a few necessary articles;—in vain. My three first interrogatories were succeeded by twenty others. If the scaffold had then been offered me, I should have thought it a mercy. My reason was shattered. When the judge interrogated me, I had lost my recollection. ‘ You hesitate,’ said he; ‘ you contradict yourself; you are agitated—then you are guilty.’ Now, Mr. President, can you be surprized, if you find some contradictions in my answers.” The appearance of the man bore full testimony to the sufferings he described. The crowd shuddered with horror. A loud murmur burst forth, and it was with some difficulty that order could be restored.’

It is nugatory to deny the existence of this dreadful practice, because it rests upon no direct enactment in the code. If it actually exists, no matter whether it is avowedly sanctioned, or arises out of a legal ambiguity, France has gained little by the solemn abolition of torture in 1789. It is, in truth, a revolutionary revival of torture adopted in the worst of times, and is now one of the saddest memorials of that guilty period.

After this melancholy episode, we resume our delineation of a French criminal process, of which we have only entered into some of the preliminary formalities. The first step after a summons or apprehension, is the interrogatory of the prisoner. It is remarkable that the Revolution, in the fermentation of which so many dreadful abuses were worked off, should have left this odious feature of the old law untouched. The interrogatory, however, of the ancient regime was of a much milder character. It was, indeed, conducted in secret, as at present, but the jurists divided interrogatories into *immediate* and *suggestive*; the former being such as bore directly on the subject-matter, the latter being such insidious and circuitous questions as answer to our cross-examinations of witnesses. The former kind were, then, the only ones permitted: a single suggestive interrogatory vitiated the whole proceeding. At pre-

It, not only is this odious part of the French law carried on *secret*, but the magistrate who puts the interrogations, invariably displays all his professional skill and acuteness in making the accused party betray himself. Not unfrequently examination takes place at night, when the prisoner is suddenly awakened out of his sleep, and in a state of mind far from being sufficiently unclouded to undergo it; when it is not uncommon to tell him that the matter is already detected, that his accomplices have revealed every thing, and that it will no longer avail him to deny his guilt. All his answers, taken at different examinations, are put together, and afterwards form a part (unhappily too important a part) of the proceedings.

We can scarcely move a step in travelling through the present mode of criminal proceeding, without finding traces of the old law. Of these, the most obnoxious usages are those which respect the examination of witnesses; but will it be imagined, that a witness is summoned, interrogated by the *juge d'instruction*, and his answers written down by the *greffier*, and that all this passes neither in the presence of the prisoner nor of his counsel? A malicious witness, therefore, may depose to the most unfounded falsehoods without check or restraint;—a dark, tortuous, disingenuous procedure alike at variance with common sense and justice. Hence, also, a witness, his depositions being thus taken down and remaining on record as memorials against himself, will naturally adhere to them afterwards, with the tenacity of a man jealous of his credit, and anxious to prop it up by inflexibly and obstinately persisting in his first allegations.

These proceedings, viz. the examination of the prisoner and that of the witnesses, (both private,) being now completed, they are next submitted to the chamber of council, consisting of three judges, one of them being the *juge d'instruction* himself, who has hitherto conducted the whole business, from the warrant to the present stage of the proceeding. There is an inherent self-love in our natures, that makes us expert sophists where our own penetration or judgement may be called in question, and renders us more enamoured of our blunders, than disposed to repair them. It would have been sound policy to exclude this officer from the chamber, where, in fact, he sits in judgement on his own acts. Be this as it may, he makes his report to the chamber, who sit with closed doors. The prisoner is not present, either personally or by counsel;—so that if the *juge d'instruction*, who has himself reduced the several depositions to writing, (and that too in his own style and language,) has designedly spread any colouring or exag-

geration over it, the prejudice must inevitably be im-
 his colleagues, who can only see with his eyes, or by
 his feelings. If two of the judges deem the proof
 cient, the accused is *hors de cour*, (out of court,) and the
 end of the proceedings: if sufficient, they then deter-
 class or category of the offence; viz. whether it is one
 induces criminal, or only correctional penalties.—a class
 which, in some degree, corresponds to our classification
 offences—into felonies and simple misdemeanours.
 however, we start a strange and unaccountable absurdity
 have just seen, that a majority of the three is required
 cide as to the sufficiency of proof; but, if a single vo-
 nounces the offence liable to *peines afflictives ou infamantes*
 poral or infamous,) the culprit is sent before the crim-
 bunal. Nine years experience have testified, says M.
 ger, that this single voice is that of the *juge d'instruction*
 proceedings are now ripe for the *procureur du roi*. I
 can more strikingly demonstrate the clumsiness of the
 chine, than the cumbrous intervention of the chamber of
 council, consisting of three judges, in which a single
 only is empowered to qualify the offence, and determine
 by the jurisdiction where it is cognizable,—a question
 the most important in the preliminary part of the pro-
 ceedings?

At length, however, and for the FIRST TIME, the
 party is allowed to say something for himself, and to
 such memorials as he thinks fit. Up to this time, he
 remained a stranger to the proceedings against him, and
 cally speaking, has neither been made acquainted with the
 accuser nor his accusation. He has been kept also in
 ignorance of the names and depositions of the witnesses
 he has had to fight, with his eyes blind-folded, an arm-
 sary. To the poor, the drawing up of their memorials is a
 heavy and insupportable expense; and five days are al-
 lowed, before the chamber of accusation, consisting of three
 judges, (the next link in this interminable chain of pro-
 ceedings) comes to a determination. No other document forms
 the basis of that determination than the report of the *procureur*
 who, as soon as their decision is notified to him, proceeds to
 draw up the *acte d'accusation*, or indictment. It is by
 this instrument, in fact, that the prisoner becomes ac-
 quainted with the crime laid to his charge. It is the most
 important document in the whole process. But, in the course
 of this paper, all the technical rule and regular prin-

precision and accuracy of an English indictment, are wholly disregarded. On the contrary, it is swelled out to an interminable length, and abounds with those ornaments of rhetoric, misplaced in such an instrument, but which are never unpleasing to the ears of a Frenchman, whose intellect is not to be reached but through a rhetorical medium. It sometimes exceeds forty folios, and occupies three hours of the trial in reading.

And here we must again remind our readers of the torturing slowness, the leaden, funereal pace of a French criminal process, by shortly recapitulating the several halts which are made in it, and which render the 'law's delay' in that country, one of the most intolerable of its grievances, while it oppresses the innocent with those hopes deferred that make his heart sick, and dooms him to suffer, in many respects, the penalties of guilt. After the first interrogatory, he is, as we have seen, committed to prison. Once lodged there, the law is seized with an unaccountable lethargy. The *juge d'instruction* has now to prepare the *procès verbal*, and to examine the witnesses; but these duties are stimulated by no penalty or responsibility, and a negligent or relaxed execution of them. Distracted by a variety of similar proceedings, all going on at the same time, like the lawyer in Tom Jones, he probably wishes himself cut into twenty pieces, while the prisoner, who, in his dungeon, is only invoking the tardy genius of French jurisprudence, must wait his leisure. At last, however, his report is ready for a chamber of council. Here another delay takes place, for the whole procedure must be previously submitted to the *Procureur du roi*, on whose table it probably slumbers unobserved for several days. When it reaches the chamber, in common probability the instruction is found incomplete, when further investigation is ordered; so that, after several months have been consumed, and after so profuse an expenditure of ink and paper, the proceeding at last draws its slow length, like the wounded snake, into the court of assizes. Yet, even here, a delay may occur. If Mr. *Procureur du roi* can shew sufficient cause for not bringing on the case immediately, he may move to put off the trial. The result is, that it rarely happens in France, that a prisoner is brought to trial within nine months from his commitment.

But he has now passed through the unmeaning labyrinths, the "passages that lead to nothing," which retard the preliminary parts of his process, and has reached the court where his fate is to be decided. Here we look in vain for the humanity, the tenderness, the compassion which temper the execu-

tive justice of England. Well might the words of Mac be put into the mouth of a French criminal :

‘ The Judges are met,
A terrible set.’

His look, his voice, his gesture, are interpreted against him. If he has not the confidence of hardened guilt,—if his answers to the interrogatories (often continued for three successive days) are confused or at variance with the *procès verbal*, (which is not allowed to see,) a fatal impression is felt against him from which neither the ordinary firmness of the jury, nor the religion of their oath, is sufficient to guarantee them. Berryer, one of the counsel of Castaing, lately tried for murder at Paris, alluding to the various contradictions of the prisoner, so unfairly pressed against him by the judge who interrogated him, justly exclaims :

‘ Is it so very remarkable then, that, charged with so foul a crime, distracted by the recollections of his parents, his infant,—the friendship he is supposed to have betrayed,—affrightened himself by the contradictions into which he has been goaded, and forming against him a perplexed series of inferences fatal to his innocence,—strange that he should hesitate and feel alarm on so awful a session, in the presence of death, which is soon to usher him before his Maker? What must be the feelings of a man thus called upon to throw his life, in the very flower of his years,—all that is dear to him, upon the uncertain issue of a public trial, and to trust to the infirmity and frailty of human judgements?’*

The oath administered to the jury has this particularity: not to try the issue joined according to the evidence, ‘ according to their consciences as good and just men,’ vague, and often the most dangerous criterion by which fallible beings can decide. The *acte d'accusation* is then the indictment, which, in Castaing’s case, (we adduce it only for an example) occupied fifty-six closely printed octavo pages, and, during the reading of which, the court was twice adjourned. It is, in other words, a long pleading, in which every presumption hostile to the prisoner is urged, all his contradictions in his *procès verbal* are insisted on, and all the probable topics of defence are refuted. Who could suppose, that, in a bill of indictment, the most insignificant circumstances would be stated with so much pomp of phrase, as in the following passage

* *Procès complet d’Edme Samuel Castaing, docteur en médecine à Paris, 1823.*

which we copy from the *acte d'accusation* in the case of Castaing?

‘Moreover, before the death of Auguste Ballet, and whilst they were at the auberge together, he (Castaing) took especial care, contrary to the ordinary usage, to pay for every thing from hand to mouth, as it was brought to them. A circumstance which they who have been accustomed to observe upon the mind of man, will not deem unimportant. It is evident, that Castaing wished that every body about him, should be pleased with him, and entertain towards him the good will that is ordinarily excited by kindness.’

We cite this sentence at random, as a specimen of the materials which compose an *acte d'accusation*.

Perhaps, the most striking contrast between the forms of an English, and those of a French court of justice, would be found in the style, spirit, and mode of address to the jury, made in the two countries by the respective counsel for the prosecution.

‘The counsel for the crown in England,’ observes M. Cottu, ‘lays before the jury a summary of the case, which is nothing but a more detailed and circumstantial repetition of the indictment; guarding himself, however, from every sort of invective against the prisoner, and making no reflections on his depravity. Facts must speak, and the counsel is forbidden to excite feelings which must be called forth by them alone. The counsel finishes by saying that he shall call witnesses to substantiate the charges against the prisoner. This opening address very seldom lasts more than a quarter of an hour.’

The French advocate rarely exhibits this degree of moderation. An opportunity occurs of exhibiting himself to advantage, and it is one which no French man, French woman, we had almost said, French child, has sufficient resolution to resist. In place, therefore, of a calm statement of facts, the public prosecutor delivers a long rhetorical discourse, which is a sort of commentary upon the *acte d'accusation*. Every common-place which the hackneyed subjects of human crime may call to his recollection, every figure of a laboured and artificial eloquence, is marshalled against the unhappy wretch at the bar, of whose destined punishment these dull and vapid effusions are no slight aggravation; and though equally alien from good taste and humanity, they seldom fail in stifling all sympathy or pity that might be felt in his behalf. Cicero himself could scarcely have denounced Catiline with more impassioned declamation, than that employed by a *procureur general*, to obtain the conviction of a person accused of any of the common offences which usually fill an assize-calendar. It might be imagined

that the government itself was shaken to the centre by felony and misdemeanour committed within its frontiers.

But the prisoner has still to undergo an ordeal, to which, all that he has yet experienced is light, viz. his public examination by the president of the court, a member, be it observed, of the chamber which sends to trial, and, therefore, in most cases naturally disposed to support an accusation, the failure of which would be a reflection upon his own decision. Accordingly, on this occasion all the professional ingenuity and skill imparted by the habit of framing questions fitted for extorting an absolute confession of guilt, or bewildering him in a labyrinth of contradictions, which answers the same end,—all this is laid off upon delinquents for the most part ignorant of the meaning of the questions, and wholly unarmed against the insidious and dangerous effect of them.

‘The president,’ says M. Cottu, ‘questions the prisoner—is the president?—a member of the royal court which has placed the prisoner in a state of accusation; a colleague of the attorney or officer who supports the accusation; finally, a magistrate charged with detailing the proofs of it to the jury: the honour of the court to which he belongs, his connections with the accuser, the loss of his own reputation, every thing induces him, imperceptibly to hope for the success of the accusation, at least to fear that if the proofs upon which it is founded, should escape the experience of the jury.’

‘He questions the prisoner!.... We have seen how he is persuaded almost the whole time of the certainty of the result, his object is to draw an absolute confession from the culprit by questions, presses, twists, and turns him, scarcely allowing him time to answer, and if the prisoner manifests an insuperable resistance, he grows angry and exasperated, and almost his enemy.’

A more unequal conflict can hardly be imagined. Emerging from the gloom of a dungeon, the criminal is brought on to play the principal part as in a theatre, where a thousand eyes are upon him. Is it to be wondered at, that he answers with hesitation and embarrassment, or even in such circumstances that may lead to his conviction? The president, on the other hand, has every advantage; he asks questions, and receives answers of the prisoner before the *juge d'instruction* is in his hand. If his answers on this occasion vary from those which he gave formerly, the jury are reminded of the variance in terms strongly implying that the variance is a proof of guilt.

No ear attuned to the sounds of humanity or just must shrink with horror from such an examination, and

sometimes for several days, and conducted against a poor, trembling delinquent, sinking beneath the consciousness of crime, and deserted by his faculties in this awful hour of his tribulation. How forcibly does the humane intimation of a British judge, when an imprudent declaration is ready to escape the lips of a prisoner, 'to take heed lest he convict himself'—how forcibly does this recur to our recollection, as if to heighten the savage deformity of the French practice! There are, indeed, sophisms ready at hand to defend the most disgraceful procedures; and even M. Cottû, while he reprobates the examination of the prisoner, ascribes it to the ardent love of truth inherent in his countrymen. But, though the detection of crimes may be necessary to social welfare, let it be understood, that it never receives a severer wound, than when public justice is at variance with humanity and mercy.

This ardent love of truth has generated several lamentable errors in the judicial system of France, and we meet with them in the next stage of the trial—the examination of the witnesses. After the examination of each witness, M. Cottû states, the president puts fresh questions to the prisoner, and fresh falsehoods occur on the part of the latter, with still increasing animosity on the part of the judge. It is a sacred maxim in an English court, that what are called leading questions, such as give hints or suggestions to the witness, are strictly forbidden. In France, the examination of the witnesses is not conducted by the counsel, who can ask no question but through the mouth of the president, who shapes it in his own way, and most frequently, it may be added, to answer his own object; which, we lament to say, is, in almost every instance, the conviction of the offender.

By article 315 of the Code d'Instruction, the prisoner is furnished with a list of the witnesses only twenty-four hours before the trial. It may be said, that he would have had no earlier notice (except in high-treason) in England; but the previous examinations before the magistrate in the presence of the prisoner, must have afforded ample intimation of the names and characters of those who are to testify against him. Passing this by, however, the law which authorizes the president to call any person he pleases to elucidate the matter, and which absolves the person so called from the solemnity of an oath, adding at the same time, that the declarations of a person so called, are to be considered only as *renseignements*, is vicious, absurd, and mischievous. Whether the evidence of such a man is called testimony or *renseignement*, they are both attestations of fact. Granting that there

is a distinction between them, what are the respective portions of weight attributable to each? There may be cases, when the *renseignement* has more force than the formal deposition. The distinction calls to our mind the old juridical practice, according to which, proofs and half proofs were put into the scale, and extended by the celebrated parliament of Toulouse to quarters and eighths; subtleties which not only render the study of law perplexed and contradictory as an artificial science, but work irreparable evil, where the life and fame of a fellow-creature are involved in the decision; which substitute for fixed and unbending rules of evidence, the most vague and unlimited discretion,—breaking down the sanctions and the solemnities by which judicial truth is distinguished from the random, mis-shapen, arbitrary asseverations of coffee-house or tea-table gossip. Nor is it unusual, when the prisoner, or his counsel, desires the president to put a specific question, for the latter to hem and haw about its relevancy. Frequently he refuses to put it at all without such modifications as wholly defeat its purpose. This is not all. The witness wishes to rectify his deposition; and if the alteration is favourable to the accused, he is brow-beaten and intimidated. His first declarations before the *juge d'instruction* are quoted against him, and he is threatened with being punished for prevarication, if he persists; one of the many mischiefs resulting from the secrecy of the preliminary part of the proceeding, by enabling the judge, who, according to the spirit and practice of French jurisprudence, is the prosecutor, to reproach both the prisoner and the witnesses with their contradictions, and to compel the latter to give unfair and biased testimony. The witnesses being heard, the time arrives for the defence, which is stated by the prisoner's advocate, (or, if more than one, advocates in succession,) to which the advocate-general has a right to reply. It is much to be lamented, that the same extravagant and exaggerated species of discourse, which we reprobated in the prosecuting counsel, is resorted to, if possible to a much greater extent of overheated statement or sophistical reasoning, by the prisoner's advocate. To this, M. Cottú bears a strong testimony.

‘ To prevent a conviction for the most palpable crimes, we see young barristers, of gentle manners, unblemished integrity, of pure and inflexible principles, throwing doubt on the most irrefragable proofs; fabricating suppositions devoid of all probability; laying down maxims subversive of morality and social order; infusing guilty terrors into the simple minds of the jurors, and deriving a vain and empty joy in having snatched a scoundrel from due punishment.

‘ Sometimes, to crown all, the attorney-general replies, and the

counsel answers him. Fresh vehemence on both sides. The court becomes a perfect arena, where the passions have full play; exaggeration is pushed to madness, and the prisoner's life is disputed with a fierceness which disgusts the spectator and makes the stranger shudder.'

And now we are arrived at a period of the procedure, which, in our own courts, inspires a still but awful solicitude—we mean the summing up by the president. From this solemn and dignified duty, the collisions of zeal and the strife of the passions, which necessarily agitate the controversies of the bar, are religiously excluded; and the magistrate, from the sacred and serene seat of justice, a height inaccessible to prejudice or partiality, nicely, and cautiously, and humanely adjusting the balance of facts and probabilities, by a steady and unwavering light, guides, without impelling, the jury to a sound and safe determination. Alas, this is the vision of the fancy, rather than a slight approximation to the mode in which this essential duty is discharged by the president of a criminal court in France. Let M. Cottù be heard,—an unexceptionable witness.

'The president sums up the case!..... A recapitulation ought to be an impartial exposition of the charges against the prisoner, and of his grounds of defence: but is it in fact so?—unhappily, we are forced to acknowledge that it is but too often a tissue of fresh arguments against the prisoner, the extravagance of whose counsel sometimes, it is true, reduces the president to this sad necessity: but it often happens that the resentment which he himself has retained during the course of the trial, acts involuntarily on his mind, and induces him, without his suspecting it, to insist more forcibly on the proofs of guilt, than on the arguments urged by the prisoner in his favour.'

With our eyes fixed upon the numerous difficulties, as we have rapidly sketched them, which the delinquent has to combat,—bearing in mind, too, that the presiding maxim which governs every part of the proceeding is, that the conviction of the guilty is paramount to the deliverance of the innocent,—it is most distressing to recognize in the magistrate, whose opinions, if forcibly expressed, must have a powerful influence on the jury, the absence of every judicial quality or feeling. In summing up, how misplaced are pompous and antithetical sentences—epigrammatic or metaphorical expressions—as if, in the discharge of so delicate a duty, the judge could condescend to court the applause of the audience! To say in Westminster Hall, that a judge was eloquent in his summing up, would be the bitterest satire. It would, in fact, be equivalent to an imputation of being partial. He who is eloquent,

cannot be impartial. It is the very essence of eloquence to take a side, to uphold a tenet, and to enforce a peculiar series of impressions.

The jury now withdraw to deliberate. A few words, however, and only a few, upon a subject of great moment. A question may be well asked, before we speak about the trial by jury in France—whether that trial exists there at all? It is not in a name, that the virtue of that judicature resides. Unanimity of decision is so combined, in our ideas, with the trial by jury, that we cannot, with a safe conscience, admit that to be a jury, which decides by a majority of votes; and in France, a majority by one single voice, devotes a human being to the scaffold. For, when he is declared guilty by a majority only of seven to five, (as in the case of Castaing,) the judges join their votes to the majority of the jury, and thus the simple majority of the judges and the jury combined, decides the verdict. Suppose, then, that seven of the jury, (which consists of twelve, as with us,) agree upon a finding of guilty, whilst *three* judges out of the five vote for an acquittal, the *two* judges who vote for a verdict of guilty, by the union of their votes with the seven votes in the jury, form the majority; and thus the prisoner is condemned by nine votes against eight—the excess of one vote only in a case of life and death! But mark the absurdity, the monstrous absurdity of this regulation. The prisoner is in fact found guilty by the jury, and acquitted by the judges, viz. by each of those tribunals separately,—whereas, by this unnatural conjunction, he is convicted, although acquitted by a majority of that organ of the court, in which it must necessarily be presumed, that the greater discernment and judgement are to be found. Or state it thus. Two tribunals, upon whose *united* decision his fate is made to depend, come to diametrically opposite decisions. Is it not to be inferred from so marked a disunion of sentiment, that the guilt of the prisoner has been matter of great doubt? In the merciful system of English justice, every doubt is as beneficial to the prisoner, as if positive testimony was adduced in his behalf, for the jury are uniformly admonished to acquit in all such cases. But in France, in the case we have stated, there is more than doubt,—the positive determination of eight men in favour of innocence, while the preponderance of one single voice decides that innocence to be guilt! In truth, this heterogeneous admixture of magistrates and jurors, makes the trial by jury in that country a ridiculous misnomer.

M. Cottû, to our great surprise, has passed by all these considerations; nor are his remarks upon the question of unanimity

at all to our satisfaction. They are neither correctly nor luminously stated. As this, however, is an important judicial problem, it is fair that we should permit our Author to speak for himself; premising that, by the law of 1798, unanimity of decision was established in France with this modification only, That if, after a deliberation of twenty-four hours, the jury should not agree, then their verdict should be returned by an absolute majority; —and adding, moreover, on M. Cottû's authority, that during the existence of that law, viz. for twelve years, all the verdicts throughout France were unanimous, excepting forty only.

‘ The principal arguments opposed to this unanimity are, that, in the event of disagreement among the jurors, the unanimity to which they ultimately come, is never more than apparent, and that in fact it is but the forced submission of the smaller part to the greater; that on all occasions of a verdict against the prisoner, either by a simple majority or one of two thirds, the public ought to be satisfied, and should consider as certain that the remaining third are in their hearts of the opinion of the majority, and that if they refuse to agree with the rest, the reason is that some are prevented by a feeling of weakness, and the others are men of a stubborn and obstinate disposition, who have laid down for their guidance the anti-social law of never pronouncing a condemnation, however convinced they may be of the culprit's guilt.

‘ They assert, finally, that the system of unanimity produces no other effect than establishing a contest between the strong and the weak, in which victory must always rest with him whose mind and body can hold out the longest.

‘ To these objections, the partizans of unanimity reply; First, That it is wrong to assert that, by their system, the union of the minority with the majority is merely apparent; since whatever condescension may be supposed in the former, we can never so far think that, with a strong and deep conviction of the prisoner's innocence, they could ever be tired into a surrender to the wish of the majority; and that their compliance with this wish proves at least that they had an inward persuasion of the prisoner's guilt, although they might have wished for more positive proofs against him during his trial.

‘ Secondly, That if the public ought to consider as certain that the majority of two thirds really carries with it the assurance of unanimity, unless in cases where some of the jurors are determined, as it were, never to pronounce any condemnation, this becomes an additional motive to exact a public declaration of such unanimity; on one side, to force the weak from their last intrenchment, to cut off their shameful retreat, and compel them to march with the others to the assistance of society; and on the other, to break those refractory and systematic spirits who would be wiser than the law.

‘ Thirdly, that we must not suppose that the bold and firm will always be on the side of error or bad faith; but will frequently be found in the cause of justice, and aid it by their zeal and courage:

and that, lastly, if it be not mathematically impossible for a pertinacious and obstinate man to force the eleven jurors decided on condemnation, to abandon, by lassitude, their own opinion and adopt his, yet, this is a less inconvenience than the one resulting from the existing system, by which we see a prisoner condemned by a majority of eight out of twelve, when the four others are perfectly convinced of his innocence, and may openly proclaim their opinion in the highways.'

If we were justly surprised that M. Cottû should have passed by so important a feature in the criminal law of France, as the combination of the judges and the jury, we were quite at a loss to account for the slight and transient notice of many other provisions equally favourable to the stern despotism which frowns in every part of it. We cannot pursue the details, but they have frequently fallen under our personal observation. Our Author has dwelt with considerable emphasis upon the mode in which the points of a case are submitted to the jury.

' By the code, the question resulting from the act of accusation or indictment is the only one that should be submitted to their deliberation. Reason, indeed, pointed out that a prisoner could only be tried for the fact indicated in that act, without which the procedure relative to his being brought to trial would become useless. But when circumstances, unknown during the preparatory stage, came to modify the nature of the offence, are we to deem ourselves obliged, strictly, to present to the jury the question of the act of accusation, which would thus remain without an object? The code had not foreseen this difficulty.

' For instance, a man is seen descending from the window of a room in which a robbery has been committed: the articles stolen are afterwards found in his possession: he is presented to the jury as guilty of robbery with escalade.

' At the trial, the case is entirely altered; the witnesses, who at the hearing and examination had positively deposed to the prisoner being the person whom they saw descending from the window, hesitate in their testimony; but the circumstance of the property being found upon him remains in full force: he is unable to explain in what way it came into his possession.

' In this situation, we may conceive it possible for the jury to have some hesitation on the principal charge, this hesitation arising from a doubt of the prisoner being indeed *guilty* of the robbery; but they can have none on the collateral fact, of his being at least an *accessary* by concealing the articles stolen.

' The indictment, or act of accusation, however, makes mention of the *robbery* only, and is silent on the question of being *accessary*. What is to be done? Must we suffer the prisoner to be acquitted of the robbery, and remand him to undergo a fresh examination and committal, as an accessary, when it is plain that this committal must depend upon the same evidence as the former?

‘ The inconvenience flowing from such a system may be at once perceived : business impeded, crowded gaols, vast expenses incurred by the state for nothing, prisoners subjected to three or four successive arraignments, and growing grey in confinement, without the power of obtaining a definitive trial. Such a state of things was intolerable in practice ; nor does it indeed exist, provision having been made against it, as we are about to explain.

‘ The courts, finding in the code of criminal process, no means of obviating the abuse just specified, and feeling the urgent necessity of so doing, have fastened on article 338, by which a president is allowed, when there result from investigation during the trial one or more aggravating circumstances, to present to the jury a fresh question relative to them. From this, the courts have drawn the inference that the president was authorized to present to the jury all the points collateral to those of the act of accusation.

‘ Assuredly, the framer of the law was far from suspecting that this article would ever receive such an extension. He had only adopted it to furnish the means of perfecting the accusation, when it came to be aggravated by fresh depositions, proving a circumstance which was unknown at the examination, such as the being an accessory, escalade, or forcible entry ; but he by no means contemplated establishing the right of presenting collateral questions. Consequently, when the first complainants against collateral questions presented by the presidents of the courts of assize came before the court of cassation, this court was at first extremely surprised at the strange construction put upon article 338 ; but it was soon convinced of the impossibility, in practice, of foregoing a legal interpretation by which courts of assize acquired the power of presenting questions collateral with those of the accusation ; and that it was necessary, since the above latitude was not laid down in the code, to supply it by giving to one of its articles a construction so urgently required.

‘ But the wording of this article soon gave rise to another abuse, of which we daily experience the inconveniences. By its tenor, the president alone is to present the aggravating circumstance ; and in like manner, according to the allowed construction, it is still he who is authorized to present the collateral questions. Hence it follows, that, in a great number of cases, a prisoner’s fate is in the hands of the president.’

But, among the many provisions which denote an adamantine and un pitying hardness of heart in the legislator, is that which excludes all compassion from the bosom of a juror. When they retire to deliberate, a mass of documentary evidence, the *acte d’accusation* and other papers extrinsic to the question before them, and which they are required to read, is put into their hands ; and it often happens that the perusal of them dissipates the favourable impressions made upon them during the trial. More than this. In the apartment to which they retire, appears in large characters, a memento taken from

the code*. ‘ *Il est défendu aux jurés de penser aux dispositions des loix pénales, et de considérer les suites que pourra avoir par rapport à l'accusé, la déclaration qu'ils ont à faire.*’ So that if a punishment most outrageously disproportionate in point of severity, is annexed to the offence, the jury cannot so modify their verdict as to subject the prisoner to a more lenient penalty. It not unfrequently happens, that the president, apprehensive lest the jury should soften their verdict in consideration of the consequences of it upon the culprit, prohibits the penal code from finding its way to them, pending their deliberations.

We have now brought to a conclusion our sketch of that portion of the law of France, which pertains to its criminal process. Much yet remains to be said on an equally important branch of jurisprudence,—its scale of punishments. But we are admonished by the length of our article, that we must abstain, at least for the present, from that interesting disquisition. We take our leave, therefore, of M. Cottû, with general sentiments of satisfaction for the animated eulogy which he has pronounced upon the forms and the spirit of British jurisprudence, and with our sincere and inmost wishes that they may hereafter be infused into that of France, to mitigate its severities, and to correct its anomalies.

Art. II. A Summary of the Principles and History of Popery, in five Lectures, on the Pretensions and Abuses of the Church of Rome. By John Birt. 8vo. pp. 176. Price 4s. London. 1823.

AT a time when Popery is making rapid strides, and Protestants in general have lost the zeal which once animated them, we consider the publication we have just announced as peculiarly seasonable. What may be the ultimate effect of the efforts made by the adherents of the Church of Rome to propagate its tenets, aided by the apathy of the opposite party, it is not for us to conjecture. Certain it is, there never was a period when the members of the papal community were so active and enterprising, or Protestants so torpid and indifferent. Innumerable symptoms appear of a prevailing disposition to contemplate the doctrines of Popery with less disgust, and to witness their progress with less alarm, than has ever been known since the Reformation. All the zeal and activity are on one side; and while every absurdity is retained, and every pretension defended, which formerly drew upon Popery the indignation and abhorrence of all enlightened Christians, we should be ready to conclude from the altered state of public

Code d'Instruct. Crim. Art. 342.

feeling, that a system once so obnoxious had undergone some momentous revolution. We seem, on this occasion, to have interpreted in its most literal sense the injunction of "hoping all things and believing all things." We persist in maintaining that the adherents to Popery are materially changed, in contradiction to their express disavowal; and while they make a boast of the infallibility of their creed, and the unalterable nature of their religion, we persist in the belief of its having experienced we know not what melioration and improvement. In most instances, when men are deceived, it is the effect of art and contrivance on the part of those who delude them: in this, the deception originates with ourselves; and instead of bearing *false* witness against our neighbour, such is the excess of our candour, that we refuse to credit the unfavourable testimony which he bears of himself.

There is, in the meantime, nothing reciprocal in this strange method of proceeding: we pipe to them, but they will not dance. Our concessions, instead of softening and mollifying, seem to have no other effect upon them, than to elate their pride and augment their arrogance.

An equal change in the state of feeling towards an object which has itself undergone no alteration whatever, and where the party by which it is displayed profess to adhere to their ancient tenets, it would be difficult to specify. To inquire into the causes of this singular phenomenon, would lead to discussion foreign to our present purpose. Let it suffice to remark, that it may partly be ascribed to the length of time which has elapsed since we have had actual experience of the enormous cruelties of the papal system, and to the fancied security we possess against their recurrence; partly to the agitation of a great political question, which seems to have had the effect of identifying the cause of Popery with that of Protestant Dissenters. The impression of the past has in a manner spent itself; and in many, its place is occupied by an eagerness to grasp at present advantages, and to lay hold of every expedient, for shaking off the restraints which a narrow and timid policy has imposed. The influence of these circumstances has been much aided by that indifference to religious truth which too often shelters itself under the mask of candour; and to such an extent has this humour been carried, that distinguished leaders in Parliament have not scrupled to represent the controversy between the Papists and the Protestants as turning on obscure and unintelligible points of doctrine, scarcely worth the attention of enlightened minds; while a beneficed clergyman of some distinction, has treated the whole subject as of no more importance than the idle disputes

agitated by the schoolmen. It was but a few years since, that a celebrated nobleman, in the House of Peers, vehemently condemned the oath of abjuration for applying the term *superstitious* to the doctrine of transubstantiation. In exactly the same spirit, the appellation of Papist is exchanged for Catholic,—a concession which the adherents of the Church of Rome well know how to improve, as amounting to little short of a formal surrender of the point at issue. For, if the Papists are really entitled to the name of *Catholics*, Protestants of every denomination are involved in the guilt of schism.

This revolution in the feelings of a great portion of the public, has probably been not a little promoted by another cause. The present times are eminently distinguished by the efforts employed for the extension of vital religion: each denomination of Christians has taken its station, and contributed its part towards the diffusion of evangelical sentiments. The consequence has been, that the professors of serious piety are multiplied, and form at present a very conspicuous branch of the community. The space which they occupy in the minds of the public, is not merely proportioned to their numerical importance, still less to their rank in society. It is in a great measure derived from the publicity of their proceedings, and the numerous associations for the promotion of pious and benevolent objects, which they have originated and supported. By these means, their discriminating doctrines essential to vital piety have become better known, and more fully discussed than heretofore. However beneficial, as to its general effects, such a state of things may have been, one consequence which might be expected, has been the result. The opposition of the enemies of religion has become more virulent, their hatred more heated and inflamed, and they have turned with no small complacency to the contemplation of a system which forms a striking contrast to the object of their detestation. Popery, in the ordinary state of its profession, combines the “form of godliness” with a total denial of its power. A heap of unmeaning ceremonies, adapted to fascinate the imagination, and engage the senses,—implicit faith in human authority, combined with an utter neglect of Divine teaching,—ignorance the most profound, joined to dogmatism the most presumptuous,—a vigilant exclusion of biblical knowledge, together with a total extinction of free inquiry,—present the spectacle of religion, lying in state, surrounded with the silent pomp of death. The very absurdities of such a religion render it less unacceptable to men whose decided hostility to truth inclines them to view with complacency, whatever obscures its beauty, or impedes

its operation. Of all the corruptions of Christianity which have prevailed to any considerable extent, Popery presents the most numerous points of contrast to the simple doctrines of the Gospel; and just in proportion as it gains ground, the religion of Christ must decline.

On these accounts, though we are far from supposing, that Popery, were it triumphant, would allow toleration to any denomination of Protestants, we have the utmost confidence, that the professors of evangelical piety would be its first victims. The party most opposed to them, look to Papists as their natural ally, on whose assistance in the suppression of what they are pleased to denominate fanaticism and enthusiasm, they may always depend; they may, therefore, without presumption, promise themselves the distinction conferred on Ulysses, that of being last devoured.

Whether Popery will ever be permitted, in the inscrutable counsels of Heaven, again to darken and overspread the land, is an inquiry in which it is foreign to our province to engage. It is certain that the members of the Romish community are at this moment on the tip-toe of expectation, indulging the most sanguine hopes, suggested by the temper of the times, of soon recovering all that they have lost, and of seeing the pretended rights of their church restored in their full splendour. If any thing can realize such an expectation, it is undoubtedly the torpor and indifference of Protestants, combined with the incredible zeal and activity of Papists; and universal observation shews what these are capable of effecting,—how often they compensate the disadvantages arising from paucity of number, as well as almost every kind of inequality.

From a settled persuasion that Popery still is, what it always was, a detestable system of impiety, cruelty, and imposture, fabricated by the father of lies, we feel thankful at witnessing any judicious attempt to expose its enormities, and retard its progress. The lectures published some years since by Mr. Fletcher, are well adapted for this purpose, and entitle their excellent Author to the esteem and gratitude of the public. "*The Protestant*," a series of periodical papers composed by Mr. Mc Gaver, of Glasgow, contains the fullest delineation of the popish system, and the most powerful confutation of its principles in a popular style, of any work we have seen. Whoever wishes to see Popery drawn to the life in its hideous wickedness and deformity, will find abundant satisfaction in the pages of that writer.

The Author before us has been studious of conciseness, and has contented himself with exhibiting a brief, but a very correct and impressive outline of that copious subject. As

these lectures were delivered at Manchester, it is probable the Author's attention was more immediately directed to it, by witnessing the alarming progress which the tenets of the Romish Church are making in that quarter. There is nothing in them, however, of a local nature, or which is calculated to limit their usefulness to any particular part of the kingdom. They are adapted for universal perusal, and entitled to an extensive circulation.

The first lecture is on the claim of the Church of Rome to the appellation of *catholic*, the futility and absurdity of which the Author has confuted in a concise but highly satisfactory manner. On this part of the argument he very acutely remarks, 'That no church which is not coeval with Christianity itself, ought to pretend to be the universal Christian Church.'

'The contrary sentiment is evidently unreasonable and absurd; for it supposes, that something which has already a distinct and complete existence, may be a part of something else which is not to come into being until a future period; or, which is equivalent to this, that what is entirely the creation of to-day, may include that which was created yesterday. This would be in opposition to all analogy; and therefore, if the Church of Rome had not an earlier commencement than all other Christian Churches,—if the origin of that Church be not coincident and simultaneous with the first moment of Christianity, then the pretension of the Church of Rome to be the "Catholic Church," is altogether vain. Now it is clear from the Acts of the Apostles, that many Christian Churches flourished in the East, before the Gospel was even preached at Rome. It was enjoined on the Apostles that their ministry should begin at Jerusalem, and in that city the first Christian church was actually constituted. Until the persecution which arose about the stoning of Stephen, Christ was not preached beyond the borders of Palestine, and even then, with a scrupulous discrimination, "to the Jews only." In fact, churches were formed in Jerusalem and Judea, at Damascus and Antioch, and the Gospel was sent even into Ethiopia, before there is any evidence of its being known at Rome.' pp. 10, 11.

The second lecture is an historical exposition of the principal events which led to the elevation of the Church of Rome to supremacy: in tracing these, much acumen is evinced, as well as an intimate acquaintance with ecclesiastical history.

The third lecture consists of a masterly delineation of the genius and characteristics of the papal ascendancy. In this part of the work, the judicious Author enters deeply into the interior spirit of Popery. After setting in a striking light, the seeming impossibilities it had to encounter ere it could accomplish its object, he enumerates the expedients employed for

purpose under the following heads. The votaries of the
 al see succeeded, 1. By enslaving the mental faculties to
 an authority.—2. By giving to superstition the semblance
 sanction of religion.—3. By administering the affairs of
 government on the corruptest principles of worldly
 policy. Each of these topics is illustrated with great judge-
 ment, and a copious induction of facts. On the last of these
 subjects we beg leave to present to our readers the following
 fact, as a specimen of the style and spirit of this writer.

“My kingdom is *not* of this world,” said our Lord; “my king-
 dom *is* of this world,” is truly the sentiment of the Pope; and here
 lies the difference. The only consistent view of this Church, is that
 of a political establishment, employing indeed religious terms and
 denominations, but only as the pretext and colour of an inordinate
 pursuit of secular and temporal objects. Read its history as that of
 the Christian Church, you stumble at every step, and every period
 shocks you with the grossest incongruities: read the same history as
 one of the kingdoms of this world, all is natural and easy, and the
 various proceedings and events are just what you are prepared to
 expect. The papal supremacy was conceded by an earthly monarch
 and its interests have varied with the fluctuations of human affairs—
 when the princes of this world shall withdraw their support, it
 will fall, and great will be the fall thereof. The bishops of Rome
 have ever pursued, under the guise of religion, some earthly advant-
 age; and thus Pope Leo the Tenth exclaimed most appropriately,
 “how profitable has this fable of Jesus been unto us!”

The first object of these subtle politicians, was to provide a re-
 venue, ample and permanent. Kings and nations were accordingly
 brought under tribute, and to the utmost extent of papal influence, the
 treasures of Christendom flowed into the Exchequer of Rome. On
 every hand, art, fraud, and intimidation, were equally and success-
 fully employed, in transferring the wealth of the world to the coffers
 of the church.

This was effected partly by regular ecclesiastical taxes, but prin-
 cipally by selling every thing the Church of Rome had to bestow, and
 perpetually inventing new articles of bargain and sale. Hence the
 multiplying of sacraments; hence the sale of pardons, indulgences,
 benefices, dignities, and of prayers for the living and the dead.
 Every thing was prostituted; and under the pretence of being the
 bride, the Lamb’s wife,” this church became the “mother of har-
 lots.” In the same spirit, the death-beds of the rich were besieged,
 that they might bequeath their property to the Clergy; and the con-
 sciences of opulent criminals were appeased, in return for liberal
 donations to ecclesiastical funds. Thus an amount of riches almost
 incredible accrued to the papal treasury.’ pp. 94—96.

The fourth lecture is occupied by giving a rapid sketch of
 the most interesting events in the past history of the Romish
 community. We have seldom, if ever, seen so large a body

of facts exhibited with perfect perspicuity within so small a compass: the Author's complete mastery of the subject appears from the ease with which he has condensed an immense mass of historical matter, without the least indication of disorder or confusion.

The last of these lectures presents an animated and instructive view of the prospects which are opening on the Christian Church, and the probable issue of the causes and events which are in present operation.

The notice we have taken of this publication will, we trust, induce our readers to avail themselves of the instruction and the pleasure which an attentive perusal cannot fail to bestow. It is distinguished for precision and comprehension of thought, energy of diction, and the most enlarged and enlightened principles of civil and religious freedom; nor should we find it easy to name a publication which contains, within the same compass, so much information on the subject which it professes to treat. A little redundance of ornament, and excess in the employment of figurative language, are excrescences very pardonable in a young writer, and which more mature years and experience may be safely left to correct. On the whole, we cannot dismiss the work before us, without sincerely congratulating the Author on that happy combination of philosophical discrimination with Christian piety, which it throughout displays.

Art. III. *Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist*. By James Baldwin Brown, Esq. LL.D. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 689. Price 15s. London. 1823.

IN consequence of unfortunate circumstances connected with the original publication of these memoirs, the first edition escaped our cognizance. We are happy in availing ourselves of the present opportunity of supplying the omission. The absence of a complete biography of John Howard, left a blank in that portion of our literature which records the actions, and describes the characters of our English worthies. A few brief sketches of leading events and incidental circumstances, were all that existed in a permanent form; and the precious recollections of contemporary friendship were fast sinking into the oblivion of the grave. All this was the more to be regretted, as calumny, anonymous calumny, had been busy with the fame of "the Philanthropist," accusing him of gratuitous harshness and capricious tyranny in his domestic relations, and attributing to his stern and

unrelenting discipline, the mental aberrations of his son. This was, at best, a dastardly accusation. Howard was not living to answer for himself, and his assassin knew the difficulty, under the most favourable circumstances, of proving a negative; especially in a case that could be met only by complicated evidence, and minute as well as protracted detail. The slander was not suffered to go forth without immediate reply, though not of that specific kind which deprived the insinuations of the calumniator, of that shadow of plausibility which they derived from the peculiar texture of Howard's mind. Dr. Aikin, and other friends of the deceased, denied the imputations, and called indignantly for proofs. But it was reserved for Dr. Brown to take up the whole business in the only way that could set it at rest. His habits of legal investigation gave him many advantages, and of these he has availed himself with much patience and dexterity, in the collection and discrimination of a mass of testimony, personal, traditional, and documentary, bearing directly and satisfactorily on the point in question, and establishing, beyond all controversy, the falsehood of the charge. In fact, the motives which actuated its framer, were betrayed by the absurdly uncourteous intimation, that Howard was a tyrannical husband and a harsh parent, *because he was a rigid Predestinarian!* Well might Dr. Aikin say, when writing in refutation of this base attempt to blot the fame of his illustrious friend: 'My hands tremble with indignation and horror while I copy it; and scarcely can I restrain myself within temperate bounds, whilst I refute a slander black as hell, against a man whose unparalleled benevolence rendered him the pride and ornament of human nature.'

Analysis of the comprehensive detail of facts which makes up the biography of this transcendent man, is, of course, completely out of the question. No regular series could be given, without trespassing on our limits to an extent altogether inadmissible. Nor has Dr. Brown been able to compress his ample materials within the compass of a single octavo, without the sacrifice of some interesting matter, and the exercise of a difficult, though skilful discrimination. We shall, therefore, merely advert to such leading circumstances as may tend to give specific illustration of the character of Howard, and as may connect themselves most readily with the observations that we may find it expedient to make.

John Howard 'appears' (for there is considerable uncertainty on the point) 'to have been born about the year 1727, at Clapton,' near London. His father, who had retired to the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, acquired in business, was a

Calvinistic dissenter ; and the son remained, through life, firmly and on principle, attached to the same religious profession ; although his views of doctrine and discipline, as an Independent, did not prevent him from cordially uniting in Christian worship, with pious men of different sentiments on non-essential points. His education, though not intentionally neglected, was entrusted, in a great measure, to tutors evidently incompetent, since we find him incapable of writing his own language with grammatical, or even orthographical accuracy. His original destination was to mercantile pursuits ; but, on the death of his father, he abandoned the warehouse, and left England on his travels through France and Italy.

‘ In this tour, he either acquired or strengthened that taste for the fine arts, which induced him, during his earlier travels—for in his latter ones he had more noble objects to attend to—not only to embrace every opportunity of contemplating with the eye of an ardent, if not an enthusiastic admirer, the most finished specimens of the magic skill of their ablest professors ; but, as far as his means would allow, of becoming the possessor of some of the productions of their creative genius. It must have been during these travels, that he obtained those paintings of the foreign masters, and other works of art, collected upon the Continent, with which he afterwards embellished his favourite seat at Cardington ; for when he had once entered upon the execution of his great scheme of universal benevolence, it so completely absorbed all the energies of his mind, that he never suffered himself for a moment to be diverted from carrying it into effect, even by the most attractive of those objects which formerly possessed all their most powerful influence upon his curiosity and his taste.’ p. 12.

We have inserted this paragraph as illustrative of an excellence in the character of Howard, which has not been sufficiently adverted to. There is, we think, a strong tendency to jealousy in our common nature ; and when we find an individual who has made himself eminent by the cultivation of a specific virtue, we are apt to resolve much of his consistent conduct to natural tendency and disposition ; and, while he is entitling himself, by a steady course of self-denial, to our love and veneration, to view him as doing little more than seeking his own gratification in a somewhat more respectable and useful way than the average routine of human action. Nor is this lowering estimate of benevolent or heroic character always erroneous. Take away the immediate influence of religion, which ennobles motive by marking it with a Divine impress, and the feelings which stimulate man to honourable enterprise, as well as the principles which guide and sustain him in its execution, will seldom stand the application of a rigorous

st, but exhibit a large alloy of baser matter mingled with the purest ore of human excellence. From such an examination, however severe, the character of Howard will come forth right and unimpaired. He passed through scenes of grandeur, and sojourned among the most glorious remains of ancient art, without suffering himself, for one instant, to be diverted from the main object of his quest; and that this neglect was not attributable to ignorance or insensibility, is sufficiently attested by the extract just given, which indisputably proves him to have had a decided and expensive partiality to lettered pursuits. When Burke said of him, that he had visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; he might have added, that, in neglecting all this, Howard made a noble and high-principled sacrifice of taste to Christian benevolence; that he did not pass these things by, from any want of interest in the achievements of genius, but from a settled and unalterable conviction that he had a "great work" to perform, and that it was in his power to complete it only by a resolute exclusion of every other pursuit from his fancy and his feelings. And he was right in his estimate. Nothing less than a "single eye" to his object, would have enabled him to effect, as he did, a change in the public mind of Europe. Nothing less than a stern and unmingled devotedness of all his mental faculties, all his moral and physical energies, in all the varieties of their exercise, could have enabled him to accomplish the mighty task, the execution of which was the one business of his life. Nor will it abate from the magnanimity of his self-denial, if we admit that he felt a pure and elevated satisfaction in the success of his endeavours. His first steps were on ground untried and unsafe. He had, arrayed against him, two of the most appalling and unconquerable hostilities that can be opposed to human enterprise,—the interests of individuals, and the prejudices of mankind. Yet, these he encountered and overcame by a steady, calm, and heroic perseverance, altogether unparalleled in the history of man. To this he had bent the whole force of his character; he had put silence upon his peculiar habits and preferences, that he might go completely through with his disgusting and dangerous office; and if, in these offensive and hazardous investigations and exposures, he found gratification, or if at any time he might contemplate the reformatations that he had wrought, with feelings of complacency, the former was no impeachment of his disinterestedness, nor did the latter impair his humility. His

letters and his uniform course of life, attest his utter regardlessness of self; and every document that is brought forward by Dr. Brown, in illustration of Howard's habitual state of mind, shews that he cherished the deepest prostration of spirit, in the contemplation of his own character, as an instrument in the hands of God.

Nor was it a restless spirit, that made Howard, first a wanderer, and accidentally the benefactor of mankind. He had an exquisite relish for the pleasures of home; and his letters exhibit sufficient evidence that, while yielding to the high claims of duty, he sighed for the repose and the pleasures of his own tranquil dwelling. The peculiar tastes which make home delightful, were his in a remarkable degree. He had all those habits of elegant decoration, minute inspection, and social kindness, which make our apartments commodious, our garden a source of daily occupation and pleasure, our fields the subject of many a pleasant scheme of economical and ornamental improvement, our neighbourhood a sphere of usefulness and gratification. The man whose house and grounds, and whose habits and feelings in connexion with them, are the subject of the following interesting description, must have been under the influence of most powerful motives when he determined to encounter, not only severe privations, but the daily contact of disease, loathsomeness, and degrading associations.

‘ In the house (at Cardington) which was but small, he made some further alterations, to render it commodious for his future residence; and his taste, with the assistance of Mrs. Howard's, which was highly cultivated and correct, soon gave to it an air of neatness and elegant simplicity very different to the appearance it had formerly borne. The front he adorned with lattice-work, replacing by simple cottage-windows the old-fashioned casements that had given to the whole building a character as sombre as that of the church-yard into which they looked. To the back of the house he made some additions, by the erection of a new set of rooms, abutting somewhat beyond the site of those he had pulled down, upon the pleasure grounds, to which he made a handsome entrance from the house, near the end of the new buildings. The grounds themselves were formed entirely under his own direction, out of a field of about three acres, which had formerly been a kind of homestead to the farm. They are laid out with great taste, having a kitchen-garden in the centre, so completely hid from observation by the shrubs surrounding it, that you can have no idea of its existence until you arrive at some of those narrow openings, over-arched by spreading boughs, through which you enter it, without the intervention of any gate, or other artificial barrier, to break the charm of so pleasing and so harmless a deception. Between the shrubbery and the house there is a very

neat lawn, and the whole is surrounded by a broad gravel walk, sheltered from the heat of the sun by fine full-grown trees, or thickly planted evergreens. In one part of the grounds, this walk is skirted on each side by a row of very majestic firs, the plants or seeds of which are said to have been brought by Mr. Howard from abroad, on his return from some of his earlier travels. The still silence of this shady grove was his most favourite resort; and in its mossy path, he spent many a solitary hour in devising, and many a social one in communicating to his friends, when devised, those glorious schemes of benevolence, which will never cease to impart to every spot his footsteps are known to have traversed on so merciful an errand, a charm more powerful than, without the magic influence of some such genius of the place, can dwell in nature's loveliest or sublimest scenes. The trees are still standing where they were first planted by his hand, and the gardener who watered the nursing shoots is yet living, in his ninetieth year, to prune, though with a sparing hand,—unwilling to lop off any thing his master loved to cherish,—the exuberance of their spreading boughs. One tree in particular seems to be the object of his especial care. It was planted, as he delights to tell you, by Mrs. Howard, on the original formation of the walk, and therefore always possessed a peculiar charm in her husband's eyes. Nor has the moss with which Mr. Howard delighted to see the paths of his pleasure-grounds and gardens completely overspread, entirely disappeared..... Nor has any thing been altered there, beyond the change which nature herself has introduced by the ordinary process of vegetation, except it be in a root-house at the end of the pleasure grounds, now not exactly in the state in which Mr. Howard left it. This little rural retreat is built entirely in the rustic style, without any of those curious intermixtures of Chinese, Grecian, or Tuscan architecture, which give to many buildings, intended for similar purposes, in our days, a sort of non-descript character often truly ridiculous. The materials of which it is formed, are the roots and trunks of trees; the roof, thatch-work, without ceiling or panneling on the inside, to mar the rude simplicity of the exterior. The door and its portico are Gothic, with windows of the same description on each side, just admitting light enough into the hermitage within, to fit it for the purposes of study and retirement, for which it was intended, without destroying the sombre and recluse appearance of the whole. The furniture exactly corresponded with the room. In the centre are still the remains of a lamp formed out of a root, and originally furnished with glasses, some of which were broken the first time they were used, and have never been replaced. In one corner is a fireplace, hid from observation by a chimney-board, formed, like the rest of the interior of the building, of roots and rough-hewn pieces of green wood. The place of chairs is supplied, partly by some singular masses of peat, of a very curious description, in the precise state in which they were cut out of a moss at Ampthill, a market town in Bedfordshire, distant from Cardington about seven miles;—and on another side of the room, by benches, fastened into

the wall, and covered with coarse matting. Opposite to these is a stone slab, serving the purposes of a table, and ornamented with a female figure in marble, seemingly a nun, in a reclining posture; a model in wood of one of the public buildings which Mr. Howard had seen in the course of his travels; and an hour-glass. Over there, in a recess in the wall, is a small book-case, with glass-doors, still enclosing a sufficient number of books to enable us to form a pretty accurate notion of what description of reading their former owner was most attached to, from the little library he had selected for the spot where he was wont to spend his more retired hours in study and meditation. Hervey, Flavel, Baxter, and the divines of that class, seem to have been his favourite authors. But besides a well chosen selection of writers of this cast, these shelves contained the poems of Milton, Thomson, Young, Watts; Lord Anson's *Voyages*; *The Wonders of the Universe* displayed; and most of the popular, with a few of the more abstruse philosophical treatises of the day; such, principally, as are calculated to exhibit and illustrate the wonders of creation and of providence, and, whilst they inform the inquiring mind in some of the minutest, as well as the grandest of her operations, to teach their pupils, as a lesson habitually to be derived from all her works,—

“ To look through Nature up to Nature's God.”

Nor does the book, in which, after all, that and every other valuable lesson are taught, at once in the simplest and the sublimest language, fail to find a place in a retreat so admirably adapted to the serious contemplation of its sacred page. The identical Bible which was Mr. Howard's constant companion in all his travels, undertaken for the sole object of carrying into effect those principles of universal charity to the whole brotherhood of man, which the Bible, and the Bible alone inculcates, still occupies the spot where it was regularly placed, whenever its owner, for a few short days or weeks, had found a resting place from his labours, in the calm solitude of the shades he loved.

Mr. Howard returned from his first continental journey, in a state of health which rendered a ‘ rigorous dietetic regimen ’ necessary in the opinion of his medical attendants. He resided at Stoke Newington, and the attentions which he received from the mistress of the house in which he lodged, during a severe attack of disease, were so unremitted as to induce him, on recovery, to make her an offer of his hand. The extreme disparity of their ages, twenty-five and fifty-two, induced that highly respectable woman to remonstrate with him on the unsuitableness of such a union; but he persisted, and they were married in 1752. Their connexion was happy, though brief; Mrs. Howard only survived her marriage two or three years, and her husband sincerely lamented her death. With his characteristic generosity of disposition, he had transferred

the whole of the small property possessed by his wife, to her sister; and when, on her decease, he gave up house-keeping, he distributed the greater part of his furniture among the poor of the neighbourhood. An old gardener, who had previously experienced his liberality,

gratefully remembered to the day of his death, that, upon this occasion, he had for his *dividend*, as he was accustomed to call it, a bedstead and bedding complete, a table, half a dozen chairs, and a new scythe;—besides receiving a guinea for a single day's work, probably in assisting in the removal of the portion of his furniture which Mr. Howard reserved for his own use.'

In the hope of obtaining relief from depressed feeling, Mr. Howard determined on quitting England for a time; and the first object to which his course was directed, was the capital of Portugal, then in ruins from the recent effects of the tremendous earthquake of 1755. The Lisbon packet in which he sailed, was, however, taken by a French privateer, and, under circumstances of great barbarity, he was thrown into prison at Brest. He was subsequently released conditionally; and, on his return to England, he exerted himself with promptitude, energy, and success, to procure redress for those of his countrymen who were still suffering under the horrors from which he had been liberated. It was to these circumstances that he ascribed the first impulse, which gradually absorbed the whole of his mental energies, though it was not until confirmed by subsequent events, that it became the settled purpose of his life. He now took up his residence at Cardington, where he occupied himself in superintending the improvement of his estate, in doing good, and in making those meteorological observations which procured for him, in 1756, his election as an F.R.S. In April 1758, he married the daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. serjeant at law. This pious, amiable, and accomplished woman possessed his entire confidence and affection; and her death, in March 1765, though it was alleviated by the hope of a Christian, fell heavily upon him. She expired a few days after having given birth to a son, who survived to become a source of the severest anxiety to his father, and to furnish calumny with a pretext for assailing the parental character of Howard.

'Never, perhaps, was a man more sincerely attached to a woman, whose fortunes he had identified with his own, than Mr. Howard appears to have been to his second wife; and never, according to the account of those who enjoyed the happiness of her acquaintance, was such attachment fixed upon a more worthy object. To such an extreme, indeed, I might almost say, did he carry his veneration for her,

that I have been informed from the most undoubted authority, that he always kept the anniversary of her death as a kind of fast, or time more peculiarly devoted to meditation and prayer; shutting himself up in his own room, and taking nothing in the course of the day but an apple and a piece of bread, or such slight refreshment." p. 39.

In 1769, he undertook another journey of curiosity to the continent, with the intention of passing the winter in the south of Italy. His reasons for altering that determination are at once so honourable and so characteristic, that we shall give them in his own language as extracted from his private journal.

“ Turin, 1769. Nov. 30. My return without seeing the Southern part of Italy was on much deliberation, as I feared a misimprovement of a talent spent for mere curiosity at the loss of many Sabbaths; and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure, which would have been, as I hope, contrary to the general conduct of my life, and which, on a retrospective view on a death-bed would cause pain, as unbecoming a Disciple of Christ—whose mind should be formed in my Soul—These thoughts with distance from my dear Boy determines me to check my curiosity and be on the return.—Oh! why should Vanity and Folly, Pictures and Baubles or even the stupendous Mountains, beautiful Hills, or rich Vallies, which ere long will all be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an eternal everlasting Kingdom.—A worm ever to crawl on earth whom God has raised to the hope of glory, which ere long will be revealed to them who are washed and sanctified by Faith in the Blood of the divine Redeemer! look forward Oh! my soul! how low, how mean, how little is every thing but what has a view to that glorious World of Light, Life and Love—the preparation of the heart is of God.—Prepare the heart Oh! God! of thy unworthy Creature, and unto Thee be all the glory through the boundless ages of Eternity.
Signed “ J. H.”

“ This night my trembling soul almost longs to take its flight to see and know the wonders of redeeming love—join the triumphant choir—‘ Sin and sorrow fled away—God my Redeemer all in all—Oh! happy spirits that are safe in those Mansions———”

We have copied this impressive evidence of Howard's devotional spirit, as well as of the determination with which he followed up the convictions of his conscience, precisely as given by Dr. Brown from the manuscript, with all its irregularities of orthography and punctuation. We feel, however, a little uncomfortable in doing this, since these peculiarities have an injurious effect on what may be otherwise very respectable composition; and we regret that Dr. B. should have deemed it expedient to adopt, as a general rule, what is admissible only as an occasional illustration.

We shall follow up the preceding extract with another of

the same devotional cast, written while on his journey homeward.

“Hague, 1770. Sunday Evening, 11th Feb. I would record the goodness of God to the unworthiest of his creatures. For some days past an habitual serious frame, relenting for my sin and folly, applying to the blood of Jesus Christ, solemnly surrendering my self and babe to Him, begging the conduct of his Holy Spirit.—I hope a more tender conscience, by a greater fear of offending God; a temper more abstracted from this world, more resigned to death in life, thirsting for union and communion with God as my Lord and my God. O the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope, even I, through redeeming mercy, in the perfect righteousness, the full-atoning sacrifice, shall ere long be made the monument of the rich, free grace and mercy of God, through the Divine Redeemer. O shout my soul, Grace, Grace, free, sovereign, rich, and unbounded Grace!—Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature; but where sin has abounded, I trust grace superabounds. Some hope—what joy in that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Christ Jesus; and, my soul, as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently and fervently to the Father of spirits to bless his word, and your retired moments, to your serious conduct in life.

“Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to my eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful to death. My soul, walk thou with God; be faithful; hold on; hold fast; and then—what words can utter!” J. H.”

Such, however, was the state of his health, and so overpowering the dejection of his spirits, that he was compelled to lay aside his intention of returning home, and again to direct his movements southward. We may be assured that this measure could have been taken by Howard, only under the influence of a paramount necessity; and we find him, in his journal, sifting his own motives, jealously watching over the tenderness of his conscience, and deprecating the slightest departure from the path of providential guidance.

“No step,” is his language, “would I take without acknowledging God. I hope my present journey, though again into Italy, is no way wrong; rejoicing if in any respect I could bring the least improvement that might be of use to my own country.”

In this last expression, we may distinguish the internal workings of that master-passion, as yet undefined even to the mind of Howard himself, but which was, at no distant interval, to break forth with an energy of beneficence, of which the salutary effects will cease only with the end of time.

In September 1770, he reached England. His return to Cardington seems to have revived feelings which had given an irrecoverable shock to his constitution, and his health again failed. At Bristol Hot Wells, which he visited in the course of a western journey, he was confined during six months by a severe attack of gout; he took up, in consequence, a resolution, from which he never afterwards swerved, to abstain from all vinous and spirituous liquids. On his return to his own mansion, he busied himself in 'devising plans for the 'melioration of the condition of the poor in the immediate 'neighbourhood,' in which the low, marshy situation, combined with the poverty of the inhabitants and the want of comfort in their dwellings, made intermittent fever distressingly prevalent.

' With a view, therefore, to remedy this inconvenience, he at different times pulled down all the cottages on his estate, and rebuilt them in a neat, but simple style; paying particular attention to their preservation, as much as possible, from the dampness of the soil. Others, which were not his property before, he purchased, and re-erected upon the same plan; adding to the number of the whole, by building several new ones in different parts of the village. To each of these he allotted a piece of garden-ground, sufficient to supply the family of its occupier with potatoes and other vegetables; and generally ornamented them in front with a small fore-court, fenced off from the road by neat white palings, enclosing a bed or two of simple flowers, with here and there a shrub, or an evergreen, in the midst of them; thus imparting to these habitations of the poor, with their white fronts and thatched roofs, uniform in their rustic simplicity, though purposely varied in external form and appearance,—that air of neatness and of comfort, so strikingly characteristic of every thing in which he engaged.

' This project for improving the general condition of the village where he resided, no less creditable to his taste, than it is strongly illustrative of his benevolence, he had begun to carry into execution before he was deprived of the invaluable assistance of his beloved partner in life, of whose entire concurrence and active co-operation in this, as in every other plan of usefulness, we may be, as her husband was, most fully assured. "I remember," says Dr. Aikin, in his memoirs of that husband's life, "his relating that once, having settled his accounts at the close of a year, and found a balance in his favour, he proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or any other gratification she chose. 'What a pretty cottage it would build,' was her answer; and the money was so employed. These comfortable habitations," continues his Biographer, on precisely the same information with my own, though, as I do not flatter myself that I can clothe it in better language, I gladly avail myself of that in which he first communicated it to the public, "he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find;

and over them he exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment, to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children. In order to preserve their morals, he made it a condition that they should regularly attend their several places of worship, and abstain from public-houses, and from such amusements as he thought pernicious; and he secured their compliance with his rules by making them tenants at will." The cottages which he thus improved so materially to the promotion of the health and comfort of their tenants, he always let at their original rent of from twenty to thirty shillings per annum; so that there was scarcely a poor person in the village who was not anxious to have the privilege of residing in them. The care with which he selected the most deserving of the applicants for this favour, was, however, a source of dissatisfaction in those who were not the objects of his preference.'

* * * * *

' " He would visit the farmers, his own tenants especially," says a letter from my kind and excellent friend, the Rev. Samuel Hillyard, now minister of the church and congregation which Mr. Howard first attended at Bedford, " and converse with them in the most affable manner. He also visited the poor; sat down in their cottages, and generally ate an apple while he talked with them. Even the school-boys, whenever they had an opportunity, would place themselves in his way; for he never failed to speak kindly to them, and to give each of them a halfpenny, if he had enough in his pocket to supply them, invariably concluding his advice by telling them to be good children, and to wash their hands and faces. To the cottagers he was also very particular in requesting them to keep their houses clean; especially recommending that the rooms should be swilled, (a provincial expression for washing the brick floors, by plentifully sluicing them with water,) and he had sinks made in them for that purpose. He not only gave away the milk of his dairy, which was not used in the house; but sent it round to the poor, that they might not lose their time in coming for it." '

A less pleasant duty was forced upon him by his connexion with the Old Meeting-house at Bedford. The highly respectable pastor of the church assembling for worship in that place, having announced from the pulpit his rejection of pœdobaptist principles, and the majority of the members supporting him, this circumstance, combined with previous causes of dissatisfaction, led to a secession, in which Mr. Howard united, though without any diminution of friendly intercourse between himself and his old minister. While feeling himself bound to act upon his convictions, and to maintain his consistency, he was so far from yielding to capricious or uncharitable emotions, that he continued, until death, his ' subscription towards the support of the meeting, and his contribution for the relief of the poor of the church from which he had seceded.' We cannot

forbear the expression of a wish, that all separations might be conducted in a similar spirit.

The event which may be considered as the turning point in Howard's life, occurred in 1773, the year in which he was nominated to the office of high-sheriff of Bedfordshire. In the quarto edition of these memoirs, the well-known anecdote which describes the interview between Mr. H. and the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, was treated as an 'idle story,' with the intimation that the former took upon himself the office, and served it 'at all hazards; trusting, no doubt, to the liberality of opinions which began to prevail even in those days, to protect him from the pains and penalties of an act which, at those times as factious as they were intolerant, first found a place upon our statute-books.' We were a little surprised at finding this passage retained *verbatim* in the octavo edition, although it appears from subsequent communications, that the facts in question are substantially correct, and that Mr. Howard was so far from executing the duties of his post 'at all hazards,' that he acted under an express and satisfactory assurance of protection from Lord Bathurst. The following statement is from the unexceptionable authority of the Rev. Martyn Moyle, an aged and respectable Baptist minister, residing at Bedford.

'I can perfectly remember, though it is thirty years ago or upwards, being in his (Mr. Howard's) company with the Rev. Will Clarke, many years pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Usic Yard, in the Borough. I cannot recollect what introduced the subject, but Mr. Howard expressed himself as follows. "When I was appointed to be high-sheriff for the county of Bedford, I knew I was not qualified for that office, and I did not wish to refuse the office for the sake of avoiding the expense, as it was customary for those gentlemen who served on the grand jury, to serve that office; and instead of making my case known to others, I applied at first to the Lord Chancellor; and upon being introduced to his lordship, I stated my case, and I said, I wait upon your lordship on being appointed high-sheriff for the county of Bedford. To which his lordship replied, I am a very proper person, Mr. Howard, for that office. I answered, I am much obliged to your lordship for your good opinion, but I am incapable of being qualified for that office. To which his lordship answered (with surprize), Why, Mr. Howard, you cannot refuse to take the sacrament! No good Christian can refuse to take the sacrament. To which I replied, No, my Lord, I esteem it a privilege; but, my Lord, I am a dissenter, and I could not take a test to qualify me for a civil office in my own community. To which his lordship answered, Well, Mr. Howard, this makes it a very difficult case, as you make it a point of conscience; however, I wish to go down and serve the office, and take no notice of it. I can speak as a professional man that no difficulties shall arise; b

here should, he signified he would take care, and do *all he could* to turn the edge of them. I did serve the office without being qualified, and I believe it is the only instance since the passing of the Test-act.”

The office of sheriff, in the hands of Howard, was no sinecure. He was conscientious in his inspection of the prisons which were under his nominal control; and it was with a view to the correction of abuses connected with their management, that he commenced his examination of the general system acted upon in the other counties of his native land. From this small beginning took its rise that grand series of exertions in behalf of the afflicted and aggrieved, which has given a new and brighter aspect to one, at least, of the darkest scenes of human misery. The condition of the guilty, and too often of those who had nothing more of guilt than its imputation, was an object too low for the ambition of governors and legislators; and schemes of moral improvement were deemed utterly romantic and intangible, until the steady purpose, the intelligent reasoning, and the unanswerable statements of Howard, had made so powerful an impression on the public mind, that it became both disgraceful and unsafe for men in authority to neglect the indications of general feeling. In the few, the very few instances where moral discipline had been combined with a prudent application of restraint and coercion, it was ascertained that the result had been highly advantageous; and the mass of evidence accumulated by the researches of “the Philanthropist,” was too weighty and important to be assailable by the commonplaces of official evasion. It is not, however, our intention to enter on the ample field presented to us by the collections of Howard, nor even on the able and complete analysis presented to us by Dr. Brown. Both the results and the more interesting details have been so often laid before the public, as to render repetition here inexpedient; we shall therefore content ourselves with a specific reference to the volumes now before us. The larger (the first) edition will be found to contain a highly interesting history of the researches of Howard; and in the octavo, though to a certain extent abridged from the former edition, it is compressed with so much skill as to render it a most satisfactory and equally attractive substitute. In fact, the abstract is so well managed, that, not having placed the volumes side by side for the purpose of close comparison, we should find it difficult to point out where the deficiencies of the less diffuse publication were to be found; and we are inclined to think that, to the general reader, it will be the more acceptable of the two,

though the minute inquirer may find more ample materials in the original quarto.

In the course of his beneficent travels, Howard visited Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Prussia, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Turkey, exposing himself, with calm intrepidity, to all the various and complicated privations, sufferings, and hazards connected with his undeviating pursuit of his object. The tremendous exhibition of human wretchedness which, in the published results of his inspection, he unfolded to the world, was broken by occasional gleams of a better system; and, in this respect, England was far outdone by some of the continental municipalities. In the hands of a writer of powerful imagination, the vivid, though accurate description of the scenes through which our countryman passed, would have made up a work transcending in interest all the exaggerated productions of fiction. His personal adventures, the innumerable anecdotes which the different circumstances and situations in which he was placed, would have supplied, the picturesque details of the appalling objects with which he was conversant, the dangers, real and apparent, to which he was exposed,—all these might have been displayed, without any violation of truth, to signal advantage, by one who had regarded these things as worth recording. To Howard, however, they appeared in a different light; they had no bearing upon the one determinate end to which he had devoted all his energies, and they were discarded without a further thought. So completely was he insensible to the usual vanity of authors, and to the tenaciousness with which they cling to their own peculiar modes of expression, that he never published, without having previously submitted his works to the rigid examination of his friends. He first put all his memoranda into the hands of an old intimate, who assisted him in arranging them, and in making a correct copy, which then passed into the hands of Dr. Price, who frequently made considerable alterations. He then set off with them for Warrington, the abode of his favourite printer, and at that time the residence of Dr. Aikin, who gave him the most important assistance in carrying his papers through the press.

‘First,’ writes Dr. A. ‘he read them all over carefully with me, which perusal was repeated, sheet by sheet, as they were printed. As new facts and observations were continually suggesting themselves to his mind, he put the matter of them upon paper as they occurred, and then requested me to clothe them in such expressions as I thought proper. On these occasions, such was his

vidence, that I found it difficult to make him acquiesce in his own language, when, as it frequently happened, it was unexceptionable.'

The fearlessness with which Mr. Howard followed up his searches, was, in a remarkable degree, proof against those circumstances of time and place which would have made man of laxer nerve to quail. His great object was the acquisition of information upon a question of paramount importance, and he was utterly regardless of risk in his efforts to obtain it. He never descended to any concession unworthy of his highly estimated character as an Englishman, and, amidst the ruffian crew of a hostile privateer, in conference with men of high official rank, in the presence of anarchy itself, he maintained, inflexibly, the firmness and dignity of his mind and deportment. The steps which he took for the purpose of procuring information, were sometimes of a decidedly hazardous kind. When visiting Petersburg in 1781, he was desirous of ascertaining how far the affection of excluding the punishment of death from the penal code of Russia, was practically observed.

'He did not, however, look for exact information to the courtiers or the empress, or to the chief ministers of justice, because he judged that they would be disposed to exalt, by their representations, the glory of their sovereign; but, taking a hackney-coach, he drove directly to the abode of the executioner. The man was astonished and alarmed at seeing any person, having the appearance of a gentleman, enter his door, which was precisely the state of mind his visitor wished to find him in; and he endeavoured to increase his confusion by the tone, aspect, and manner which he assumed. Acting, therefore, as though he had authority to examine him, he told him that if his answers to the questions he should propose were conformable to truth, he had nothing to fear. He accordingly promised that they would be so; when Mr. Howard asked, 'Can you inflict the knout in such a manner as to occasion death in a short time?' 'Yes, I can,' was the answer. 'In how short a time?' 'In a day or two.' 'Have you ever so inflicted it?' 'I have.' 'Have you lately?' 'Yes, the last man who was punished with my hands by the knout, died of the punishment.' 'In what manner do you thus render it mortal?' 'By one or more strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh.' 'Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?' 'I do.' At the close of this curious dialogue, Mr. Howard left the executioner, fully satisfied that the honour of abolishing capital punishment had been ascribed to the infliction of a cruel, lingering, and private death, in lieu of one sudden and public.'

In another instance, Mr. Howard assumed a 'little brief authority' for a different purpose, and if we could suspect him of relishing a practical joke, we should be tempted to refer the following curious adventure to some such whimsical motive. While in Prague,

‘ he paid a visit to one of the principal monasteries of the Capucin friars On reaching this convent, he found the holy fathers at dinner, round a table, which, though it was meagre day with them, was sumptuously furnished with all the delicacies the season could afford, of which he was very politely invited to partake. This, however, he not only declined to do, but accompanied his refusal by a pretty severe lecture to the elder monks, in which he told them, that he thought they had retired from the world to live a life of abstemiousness and prayer, but he found their monastery a house of revelling and drunkenness. He added, moreover, that he was going to Rome, and he would take care that the Pope should be made acquainted with the impropriety of their conduct. Alarmed at this threat, four or five of these holy friars found their way the next morning to the hotel at which their visitor had taken up his abode, to beg pardon for the offence they had given him by their unseemly mode of living, and to entreat that he would not say any thing of what had passed, at the papal see. To this request our countryman replied, that he should make no promise upon the subject, but would merely say, that if he heard that the offence was not repeated, he might probably be silent on what was past. With this sort of half assurance, the monks were compelled to be satisfied; but before they took leave of the heretical reprover of their vices, they gave him a solemn promise that no such violation of their rules should again be permitted, and that they would keep a constant watch over the younger members of their community, to guard them against similar excesses.’

Howard in the prisons of the Spanish Inquisition, conversing freely with the chiefs of that tremendous tribunal, and obtaining from them a further ingress than ever heretic had with impunity been previously allowed, is an interesting object both to the feelings and the imagination. Some writers would have given us a whole chapter about it, and left us, at the close, no wiser than we now are after the compact narrative of the volume before us. Dr. Brown is no book-maker; he never indulges himself in that sort of idle prosing which, though it may gratify the vanity of the author, is altogether unprofitable to the reader: his object has been, to exhibit a full-length portrait of Howard, and not to thrust the accessories into the place of the principal figure. The determination of our fearless countryman to acquire information at all hazards, had, at a previous period of his career, led him to make an attempt to enter the Bastille: he had actually passed the first gate, by calmly walking through the guard, and was only stopped at the second by the appearance of an officer who compelled him to retire. There is, however, one part of the *Memoirs* in which we cannot help suspecting an error, though Dr. Brown has stated the evidence in its favour very forcibly. In 1785 or 1786, he re-visited France, though he

had received an intimation from the Government of his own country, that, if he persisted in his design, his liberty would be endangered. It was, however, necessary to his plans, that he should inspect the lazarettoes of Marseilles and Toulon, and he was not a man to be turned aside from his purpose by the dread of a *lettre de cachet*. His movements were watched from Brussels to Paris, where he gave his *mouchard*, a 'man in a black wig,' the slip, and reached the south by the Lyons diligence. At Lyons, he visited the prisons and hospitals; at Marseilles, he gained access to the lazaretto; at Toulon, he inspected the arsenals and galleys; and after all these leisurely movements, quitted France in safety, though the most active and dexterous police in Europe was in search of him. That Howard was told this, there can be no doubt; but we own that its correctness appears to us extremely doubtful.

Of the influence possessed by this eminent man over the minds of those miserable objects whose calamities it had been the great business of his life to mitigate, the following interesting anecdotes are related on the authority of Dr. William Lawrence Brown, principal of the Marischal college of Aberdeen.

“ When Ryland, the celebrated engraver, was under sentence of death for forgery, a gentleman came one morning to Mr. Howard, during one of his temporary visits to London, and, begging pardon for his intrusion, informed him that some years ago a maid-servant in a house opposite to Ryland's, had suddenly left her situation, and could not be heard of. In her room, however, some scraps of his writing were discovered, and application was immediately made to him to learn what had become of her. But the only answer he would give was, that she was provided for; and with this, during the days of his prosperity, her friends were obliged to be satisfied. When, however, his fortune was ruined by his condemnation, they desired to be more particularly informed of her condition, in order that they might take her home, to prevent her coming upon the town. They accordingly applied to him in Newgate, but could get no specific answer to their inquiries; when, hearing that Mr. Howard had great influence over persons in Mr. Ryland's situation, they determined upon soliciting his assistance. He promised that he would bring back an account of the unfortunate girl's situation in twenty-four hours, and he fulfilled his promise. She had been kept by Ryland in a village at some distance from London, where she was found by her relations, and restored to their protection.” From the same authentic source, I am furnished with a proof of the courage and presence of mind which this extraordinary man possessed, as exhibited during one of his visits to the metropolis, at this period of his life. “ During an alarming riot at the Savoy,” says Dr. Brown, “ the prisoners had killed two of their keepers, and no person dared to approach them until the intrepid Howard insisted on entering their prison. In vain

his friends, in vain the jailors endeavoured to dissuade him: in he went among two hundred ruffians, when such was the effect of his mild and benignant manner, that they soon listened to his remonstrances, represented their grievances, and at last allowed themselves to be quietly reconducted to their cells." ' pp. 392, 3.

Into the details of the domestic calamity which clouded the latter period of the life of Howard, we shall not enter. That he was a tender father, Dr. Brown has *proved*; that he was eccentric in his views of parental discipline, is very probable; and that he was blameworthy in committing his son so much to the care of a worthless servant, whose hypocrisy might have been easily detected, is, we fear, beyond controversy. To this last circumstance, the profligacy and consequent insanity of the younger Howard were unquestionably owing, and by no means to the severity of a parent who seems, on the contrary, to have been uniformly affectionate.

We could easily extend this article by a selection from the many interesting and well-told anecdotes with which this volume abounds; but we could not do justice to the public and private character of Howard, without very inconveniently trespassing on our limits. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a reference to the work itself, with the remark, that if it produce the same effect on our readers which it has had on us, they will thank us for our warm recommendation.

The circumstances connected with the death of this Christian hero, are too generally known to require repetition. It took place at Cherson, on the 20th January, 1790. His last moments were cheered by the presence of that Saviour whom he had loved and followed through life, and on whose merits he implicitly relied for acceptance with God. The simple tablet to his memory in Cardington Church, prepared under his own direction before he left this country for the last time, in order to preclude any more ostentatious memorial, contains his dying sentiment,—‘ Christ is my hope.’

Art. IV. *The Christian Philosopher; or the Connexion of Science with Religion. With an Appendix.* By Thomas Dick. 12mo. pp. 444. Price 7s. Edinburgh. 1823.

WE have been much pleased with this volume in every respect. The design, every one must approve; the execution is highly respectable; it comprises a fund of instructive information, and the whole is brought to bear both judiciously and effectively on the subject of religion. We can give only an abridged view of the contents.

Introduction. Necessity of Revelation. Folly of discarding the
e of Nature from Religion. Beneficial effects which flow from
study of the works of God. Chapter I. *On the Natural Attributes
Deity*. § 1. On the relation of the Natural Attributes of God
to Religion. § 2. Illustration of the Omnipotence of the Deity from
immense quantity of matter in the universe—the rapid motions
of celestial bodies—immense spaces which surround them. Moral
of such contemplations. § 3. Wisdom and Intelligence of the
Deity illustrated from the solar system—variety of nature—mecha-
nism of the eye—and the bones. § 4. Goodness and Benevolence of
Deity. Chapter II. *Cursory View of some of the Sciences related
to Christian Theology*: Natural History—Geography—Geology—As-
tronomy—Natural Philosophy—Chemistry—Anatomy and Physiology
History. Chapter III. *Relation which the Inventions of Art bear to the
of Religion*: Art of Printing—Navigation—the Telescope—the
Steam—Air Balloons—Acoustic Tunnels. Chapter IV.
Natural Facts illustrated from the System of Nature. Chapter V.
*Moral Effects which would result from connecting Science with
Religion*.

A general sentiment which pervades the volume, is so per-
fectly in unison with the opinion we had occasion to throw out
in noticing Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses*, 'that
there is, among serious persons, a quite *irreligious* neglect of
both of the two grand forms of Divine Revelation,'*—that we
not only feel satisfaction in recommending a work well
calculated to counteract the ignorance and prejudice which are
the source of that neglect. We would especially recommend
the perusal and purchase of this volume to Christian ministers.
In many neighbourhoods, were familiar lectures, on the plan of
this volume, to be addressed to young persons, it strikes us that
such a fact would be highly beneficial. To rouse the dormant at-
tention, to waken an interest in intellectual and moral subjects,
to develop the idea of God in the half-formed mind, is often half
the difficulty which the Pastor has to surmount, in conveying
divine truth into the mind. Now the language of God's
word is one which the child can understand; and in teaching
by these sensible images, what they "declare" concern-
ing the glory of God," you act as you do by a child who is
learning to read,—you begin with single letters, and with these
you connect pictures, and it is from these that he learns
the power of words. But the fact is, that Theology takes
no cognizance of the manifestation of God in his works; so
has she been perverted by metaphysics and controversy,

* *Eclectic Review*, N.S. Vol. VIII. p. 218.

that she is unaccustomed to speak of the great Object of worship, except in the language of abstract propositions and formal doctrines; and, strange to say, discourses on the nature and attributes of the Deity are apt to be the most abstruse and unaffecting of all religious discourses. We hear by far too little of God from the pulpit, as *our Father in heaven*, there is by far too little in most sermons, that leads the mind *directly* to the contemplation of God. We think there is much truth in the following remarks.

‘Notwithstanding the connexion of the natural perfections of God with the objects of the Christian Revelation, it appears somewhat strange, that when certain religious instructors happen to come in contact with this topic, they seem as if they were beginning to tread upon forbidden ground, and as if it were unsuitable to their office as Christian teachers, to bring forward the stupendous works of the Almighty to illustrate his nature and attributes. Instead of expatiating on the numerous sources of illustration of which the subject admits, till the minds of their hearers are thoroughly affected with a view of the essential glory of Jehovah, they despatch the subject with two or three vague propositions, which, though logically true, make no impression upon the heart;—as if they believed that such contemplations were suited only to carnal men and mere philosophers, and as if they were afraid lest the sanctity of the pulpit should be polluted by particular descriptions of those operations of Deity which are perceived through the medium of the corporeal senses. We do not mean to insinuate, that the essential attributes of God, and the illustrations of them derived from the material world, should form the sole, or the chief topics of discussion in the business of religious instruction; but, if the Scriptures frequently direct our attention to these subjects—if they lie at the foundation of all accurate and extensive views of the Christian Revelation—if they be the chief subjects of contemplation to angels and all other pure intelligences in every region of the universe—and if they have a tendency to expand the minds of professed Christians, to correct their vague and erroneous conceptions, and to promote their conformity to the moral character of God—we cannot find out the shadow of reason, why such topics should be almost, if not altogether overlooked, in the writings and discourses of those who profess to instruct mankind in the knowledge of God, and the duties of his worship.’

Art. V. *A Narrative of the Establishment and Progress of the Mission to Ceylon and India*, founded by the late Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D. under the Direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. With an Introductory Sketch of the Natural, Civil, and Religious History of the Island of Ceylon. By W. M. Harvard, one of the Missionaries who accompanied Doctor Coke. small 8vo. pp. lxxii, 404. Price 9s. London. 1823.

FOR many years, the only Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society was—Dr. Coke. He was the founder of the Mission to the West Indies, which dates as far back as 1786; and the Mission to Ceylon owes its origin entirely to his zeal and beneficence. He had often met with discouragement and opposition from his brethren in the Conference, with regard to other Missions which he had proposed, in consequence of the state of their finances; and up to the year 1813, scarcely a pound had been expended in the missionary cause, that had not been furnished out of his own income, or obtained by his personal application; for he was, in fact, collector-general. At length, the Conference sanctioned an annual public collection for the missions which he had established; but the “General Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society” was not established till 1817, four years after the commencement of the Mission to Ceylon. Upon the accomplishment of this object, his mind was so anxiously bent, that, after the death of Mrs. Coke, he resolved to devote himself personally to the service. As the missionary fund of the Society was at that time under embarrassments, he generously offered to bear, out of his own private fortune, the whole expense of the outfit, to the extent of 6000*l*. The Conference declined this noble offer, but they consented to undertake the mission, on the condition that he should guarantee the sum, in the event of its not being otherwise raised; and they afterwards borrowed of him above half the amount. Dr. Coke expended, however, a considerable sum in the outfit of the mission, in addition to what was allowed by the Conference. No sooner was the undertaking agreed upon, though he was now at the advanced age of 67, than he entered with all the fervour and diligence of youth, upon the business of preparing himself for the service. He had long applied his mind to the study of the Portuguese language, which, he had understood from Dr. Buchanan, was spoken throughout the Asiatic coast and the adjacent islands; and his desire to perfect himself in this language now became so intense, that, says Mr. Harvard, ‘I do not remember to have seen, from that time, any book in his hand,

‘ which did not tend, in some way or other, to assist
 ‘ acquirement of the Portuguese.

‘ Helps in the study of the Singhalese and Tamul languages less easy of access. Indeed, a teacher of either of them was to be procured in London. And to this, as well as to his attachment more than perhaps a due importance to the Portuguese as a mode of intercourse with the Asiatics, may be attributed the Doctor's unwearied and persevering application. It is true that the Portuguese language is spoken throughout India. But neither is it exactly the same as that which is spoken in Europe, nor is it to that extent in general, which would admit of a free communion of religious sentiments. The degenerated state of the Portuguese language, as it is at present found throughout Asia, is, indeed, but a melancholy vestige of the general influence which was formerly possessed in the East, by that once enterprising and successful nation. Had that influence been consecrated to the dissemination of pure and undefiled religion among the Indian pagans over which it was exercised, it is more than probable it would have been continued unto the present day. The subserviency of a nation to the purposes of God in the spread of the everlasting Gospel, is intimately and evidently connected with its political ascendancy and greatness, and is the strongest pledge of its universal prosperity. In the order of events, the influence and language of Portugal in India, is almost entirely given place to those of our own highly favoured country.’

The declining or ruined state of all the Roman Catholic missions—we fear we must except their *home mission* in their own country—is a striking feature of the times. In India, we have heard the poor Abbé Dubois bitterly bewailing their approaching extinction. In Syria, the *Terra Santa* establishments are giving way before the intrigues and growing ascendancy of the Greeks, English and Russian influence being alike fatal to their prosperity. The Jesuits, who were the chief missionaries, have been arrested in their ambitious schemes of universal proselytism and conquest; and Spain and Portugal, the countries which chiefly supported the foreign missions, have been too much crippled abroad and impoverished at home, to be able to afford their wonted aid to distant ecclesiastical establishments. That Protestants should so recently have begun to discover any want for the propagation of Christianity among heathen nations, is a circumstance which calls for the deepest humiliation, as well as astonishment. The Papists must be allowed to have set in this respect a noble example, and to have been, so far, more righteous than ourselves. But the corrupt Christianity which they propagated, differed so little from heathenism, except

new names which it introduced, that the decline of their empires must be considered as tantamount to the removal of a formidable obstacle in the way of evangelizing the Pagan and the Mahomedan world. How much the exertions of English missionaries directly contribute to the consolidation of the English empire in distant regions, it would not be difficult to show. The connexion formed by conquest and political alliance is feeble, compared with the ties of a common religion and a common language. And contemplating the probability that the British empire may share the fate of other empires in colonial relations, and be compelled either to yield to other foreign influence, or to see her dependencies throw off their allegiance, every day is now rendering it less and less possible that those countries which have been the sphere of missionary activity, should cease to belong to England by these moral ties. The extension of education and religious knowledge among the colonies, unquestionably tends to promote our mercantile prosperity, by widening the market for commerce; and it is by the opening of fresh markets, rather than by any extension of empire, that our colonies tend to the aggrandisement of the Mother Country. But, as regards the true glory of a nation, what territorial accessions can be put in competition with the permanent honour of having made its language and literature the all but universal medium of intelligence and religious instruction, as the English language is likely to become, by means of our foreign commerce, and next by missionary exertions?

Dr. Coke sailed for Ceylon with six missionaries in December, 1813. He was not, however, permitted to see the commencement of the work. Before the vessel reached the bay, a fit of apoplexy closed his labours, and his remains were committed to the deep, which he had so often traversed on the same benevolent errand: he is said to have crossed the Atlantic no fewer than eighteen times. Among the advocates and promoters of Christian Missions, this venerable individual is certainly entitled to no ordinary rank. During the last twenty years of his life, this cause was ever uppermost in his thoughts. When in England, he 'stooped to the very drudgery of charity,' employing much of his time in travelling through the country, to solicit subscriptions for missionary purposes, while the larger part of his own private time was cheerfully dedicated to the same cause. 'His conquerable activity,' remarks Dr. Brown, 'was attributed by the world to enthusiasm, by his enemies to ambition; but, by his friends, who knew him best, to zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of men. He was not, however, with-

‘out his faults. Of a warm and sanguine temperament, he was frequently hurried into schemes without consideration, was liable to be provoked by opposition, was improvident in his plans, profuse in his expenditure, and had, we suspect, no inconsiderable share of vanity. His many excellencies, however, more than counterbalanced his faults.’ One of his chief faults, indeed, appears to have been, that he was before-hand with the Conference, and with the greater part of the religious world, in embarking in the cause of Missions; that he was impatient of the apathy and supineness which he had to encounter in his brethren; and that he differed from some of them as to the relative importance of carrying the Gospel to the heathen, and extending a sect at home.

Mr. Harvard has devoted, we think injudiciously, upwards of a hundred pages to a detail of the circumstances preliminary to the actual commencement of the mission: his fifth chapter commences with the arrival of the surviving missionaries at Bombay, and it is not till the seventh chapter, that the reader is landed at Ceylon. Mr. H. remained behind at Bombay till the following January, when, with Mrs. Harvard, he joined his brother missionaries. He laboured at Ceylon four years, and returned to England in ill-health, in January 1818. At this date, the narrative terminates. The information which the volume contains, will not, therefore, be very new to those readers who are in the habit of inspecting the missionary accounts. But they will feel interested in tracing the steps by which the mission has been brought to its present encouraging state. The Methodist Missionaries had, in 1822, established no fewer than fifteen stations, and their judicious exertions in instituting schools, had been crowned with great success. The last Report states the number of scholars at 5000. ‘Not only has no resistance been offered by the heathen native priests, but even they have themselves cheerfully co-operated in the erection of school-rooms, and in encouraging the attendance of their children.’ The transcendent stupidity of the adult natives presents an almost unsurmountable difficulty in the way of any other exertions at present: ‘such stocks and stones,’ says Mr. Fox, missionary at Colombo, ‘cannot be conceived of out of Asia.’

Of all the systems of religious belief or disbelief that have deluded and degraded mankind, the vulgar Budhuism would seem to be well-nigh the most incapable of resisting or surviving the introduction of rational ideas, by the diffusion of education. Mr. Harvard is right when he says that, ‘compared with the prevailing religion of the Hindoos, Budhuism wears an aspect amiable and humane. Unlike the worship

of Juggernaut, (to instance one Hindoo deity only,) whose rubric prescribes impurity and blood as acceptable, and even essential acts of worship, the worship of Budhu is simple and inoffensive.' The sacred books of the system, we are told, forbid cruelty, dishonesty, unchastity, and falsehood, and inculcate kindness, sympathy, and subordination. But the same may be said of the sacred books of the Hindoos; and as well might the religion of the Jesuits and Dominicans be sought for in the New Testament, as the religion of the Hindoos, the Chinese, or the Singhalese be judged of from their *vedas*, or *banna*, or sacred books. The common people have no access to these books; they are, for the most part, written in a language which the people do not understand. The *Banna*, or sacred writings of Budhu, are in the *Pali* language; and when they are read in public, it is the business of a subordinate priest to interpret them, sentence by sentence, in the vernacular tongue. This seems a rational proceeding,—the relic, possibly, of a better system. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that Budhuism is a corruption of a purer faith—a reformation, as Mahomedanism was, upon polytheism; and its founder may not have been chargeable with the atheistic tenets avowed by his followers. He may have taught, as a philosophical dogma, that the world made itself, in opposition to the ridiculous fables respecting its origin; or, rather, perhaps, he may have held the eternity of matter, without connecting with it sentiments strictly atheistic. In fact, the notions held by his worshippers, who regard him as an incarnation of Deity, seem to imply that the existence of a Deity was not excluded from his doctrines. Mr. Harvard was told by a converted Budhuist priest, that the worshippers of Budhu believe that several incarnations of their Deity have taken place, the last of which they conceive to have happened about four hundred years before the Christian era.

According to their writings, Budhu visited Ceylon for the purpose of rescuing the natives from the tyranny of the demons who covered the whole island, and exercised the most cruel tyranny over the inhabitants. So numerous were these malignant spirits, that, on the arrival of Budhu, they covered the whole ground, and there was not sufficient space left for him to set his foot; and had a pin fallen, it could not have found its way to the ground. Budhu, confident of the efficacy of his doctrines, directed his discourse to a part of the vast mass before him, which immediately yielded to its force, and became panic-struck by the superior power which was opposed to them. Availing himself of the confusion into which the demons were thrown, and perceiving a vacant space, Budhu descended, and occupied the spot. As he continued to preach, directing his sermons to every part of the vast circle which was formed around him, the

demons gradually retired further from his presence, until they were all at length driven into the sea. Budhu then issued the following proclamation: "Behold, I have conquered the malignant spirits who had so long, and with such irresistible sway, tyrannised over you. Fear demons no more—worship them no more!"

' This tradition, divested of the absurdities in which it is clothed, represents Budhu as a religious reformer, who, finding the Singhalæ devoted to the Kappooa system of demon worship, endeavoured, by preaching some portion of truth, though mixed up with much error, to raise their minds from the degraded and enslaved state in which they had been held for ages; success followed the persevering promulgation of the system, until it gained the ascendancy, and became the established religion of the island. The principal doctrines he inculcated, appear to have been these: He denied the existence of a Great First Cause of all things, and taught that matter is eternal; and that the affairs and destinies of men are invariably fixed by an uncontrollable fatality. As a rational effect of these principles, he rejected as absurd the practice of any form of religious worship. With respect to a future state, he asserted, that human beings pass from one mode of existence into another, in an endless series of transmigrations; that these transmigrations are regulated according to their moral character; until, by repeated births and sufferings, they attain to that state of moral perfection which, as a necessary consequence, shall usher them into *Nirri-wana*.'

That is, absorption, the *ne plus ultra* of Budhuistical beatitude. To the Singhalæ in general, this word, says Mr. Harvard, conveys no other idea than that of annihilation. This may be questioned. At least, among the Burmans, *Nirwana* implies exemption from all the miseries, incident to humanity, a state of perfect quiescence, but by no means annihilation. 'The Hindoo idea of absorption,' says Mr. Ward, 'is, that the soul is received into the Divine essence;' and it is difficult to conceive that the absolute termination of existence can ever be represented as the consummation of happiness. The doctrine of absorption, which places bliss in the utter extinction of desire, may be considered as the Stoicism of the Eastern world.*

That Budhu rejected any form of religious worship, is by no means clear; it is more probable that he only condemned the bloody sacrifices and absurd ritual of the Hindoo polytheism. This institution of temples and a priesthood, is at variance with the supposition that 'Budhuism in its original form was a system of undisguised atheism.' We know but little what was its original form. It is now acknowledged to be universally corrupted. 'The followers of Budhu, and even the priests themselves,' Mr. Harvard admits, 'will perform acts of wor-

* See Ward's View of the History, &c. of the Hindoos. Vol. II. p. 206.

to the Kapooistic deities, and have figures of demons
ted on the walls of their own temples. But this' he
' so far as I have been able to learn, is a corruption of
Budhuist system.' The worship of Fo is in like manner
ed with the more ancient polytheism of China. The fact
at the doctrines of Budhu, whatever they were, have,
ver they prevail, grafted themselves on the popular faith,
ying only, rather than displacing, the pre-existing idolatry,
rocess analogous to that by which a corrupt Christianity
re blended with the paganism of Greece and Rome. And
stitution of Budhu himself as an object of worship, in
lace of the devils whom he expelled, would be the natural
, in the absence of enlightened ideas respecting an in-
e Object of worship; just as the worship of Venus and
te was transferred to the Virgin, and all the rites of classic
enism were adopted into the hagiology of Christian Rome.
irst step would be the deification of the deceased teacher;
idea the vulgar would soon convert into the prevailing
n of an incarnation of deity,—a god come down in the
ess of man; and the downward tendency of the depraved
would soon lead to the absolute identification of Deity
this supposed *avatar*, to the exclusion of any higher ob-
of worship. But idolatry cannot subsist on invisible
s. Budhu himself must needs undergo incarnation, or
condescend to become wood and stone. In the North of
the former alternative has been adopted, and the besotted
ippers believe in an ever-renewed incarnation of Budhu,
e person of one or other of their Lamas. In Ceylon, the
has taken place.

The Budhuist *wihārees*, or temples,' says Mr. Harvard, ' which
fallen under my observation, appear to have been constructed
y as receptacles of the sacred image; as they are not sufficiently
ious to have been designed for the accommodation of worshippers.
atives generally perform their devotions standing at the door.
principal image of Budhu in these temples, represents the god
ecumbent posture, with his eyes open, and the head resting on
of the hands. The size of this image is sometimes fifteen or
y feet long. The god is also represented by smaller images,
g cross-legged, after the manner of the Asiatics; and by
s, standing, with the right arm extended, and the thumb and
inger compressed, as if in the act of communicating instruction.
temples also contain smaller images of the idol, molten and
d, with celestial attendants painted on the walls. A frightful
n, usually painted black or blue, armed with some instrument of
action, is stationed at the door of the temple, as a guard of
r or defence. A priest is generally in attendance to receive
fferings of the worshippers: these consist of food, flowers, and
y. The food is the portion of the priests; the flowers are

placed on a table before the image; the money, of course, is at the disposal of the priests. A *dagobah*, or mausoleum, is erected a few feet from most Budhuist temples; and the worshippers are to believe that these contain some part of the real body of Buddha; they are, therefore, frequently the objects of adoration. A tooth of Budhu is affirmed to be preserved in the principal temple at Kandy.

“The tooth of Budhu,” remarks Dr. Davy, “is, by the Budhuists, considered as *the most precious thing in the world*, and the pride and glory of the country; the whole of which is dedicated to it. It was brought by the daughter and nephew of the king of Kalliaratte, when in danger of falling into the hands of a neighbouring monarch, who made war for the express purpose of seizing it. During the rebellion in 1817, this sacred relic having been clandestinely retained by the insurgents, it became a mighty instrument in forming their nefarious plans, and in inspiring their adherents with confidence of the ultimate success of their cause. Its subsequent recovery by our government naturally produced an opposite effect on their minds. From the author of the preceding observations the following description of the relic is inserted. “Through the kindness of the governor, I had an opportunity (enjoyed by few Europeans) of seeing this celebrated relic, when it was recovered at the conclusion of the rebellion. It was of a dirty yellow colour, except towards its truncated base, where it was brownish. Judged from its appearance, at the distance of two, three or four feet, (but the chief priests were privileged to touch it,) it was artificial, and of ivory, discoloured by age. Never was a relic more precious and more highly prized and venerated. Wrapped in pure sheet gold, it was placed in a case large enough to receive it, of gold, covered externally with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies, tastefully arranged. This beautiful and valuable bijou was put into a very small gold *karandura*, (a kasket or casket,) richly ornamented with rubies, diamonds, and emeralds: this was enclosed in a larger one, also of gold, and very richly decorated with rubies: this second, surrounded with tin plates, was placed in a third, which was wrapped in muslin; and this in a fourth, which was similarly wrapped: both these were of gold, beautifully wrought, and richly studded with jewels: lastly, the fourth *karandura*, about a foot and a half high, was deposited in the great *karandura*. Here it may be remarked, that when the relic was taken, the effect of its capture was astonishing, and almost beyond the comprehension of the enlightened. Now, the people said, *the English are indeed masters of the country; for they who possess the relic, have the right to govern four kingdoms; this for 2000 years, is the first time the relic was ever taken from us*. And the first *adikar* (chief) of Kandy said, That, whatever the English might think of the consequence of having taken Kappitipola, Pilime Talawe, and Madugalle, (the principal rebel chiefs,) in his opinion, and in the opinion of the people in general, the taking of the relic was of infinitely more moment than the capture of these chiefs.”

The reverence paid by the natives to an image of Buddha may be judged of from a circumstance mentioned by Mr.

vard. A Kandian *adikar*, or noble, on discovering one on a side-board in the Governor's drawing-room in Colombo, arose from his chair with great discomposure, and refused to resume his seat until the idol had been removed to another apartment. This is not atheism, at least in any other sense than all polytheism virtually amounts to atheism, since every system which admits of a plurality of deities, dissociates the idea of God from that of the Creator. If the Budhuistical creed excludes a Creator, so does the religion of the Pantheon. Jupiter, the father of gods and men, had himself a parent and a beginning. We must, therefore, distinguish between the dogma, that the world never had a beginning, and consequently had not a Creator, and the denial of any Supreme Being. Under no form of polytheism is the Creator worshipped. Bramha, to whom that title is given in the Hindoo theology, was himself produced from a *lotus*; and it is remarkable, that he has no temples, nor is his image ever worshipped in India. The idea of creation is too sublime to be entertained by a mind that can take up with the notion of a multiplicity of deities; and thus, when the act of creation is attributed to any of those deities, it means nothing more than an operation of skill or ingenuity in constructing the present world out of pre-existing materials, such as any god out of the 30,000, might have exerted if he pleased. Creator is, therefore, with them an empty title. The God who made the heavens and all things visible and invisible, himself before all things, and from everlasting, is to them an unknown God. We are inclined to think that Budhuism is not more nearly allied to atheism, than any other species of idolatry.

Mr. Harvard has given in the Appendix a very interesting document: a sermon by Petrus Panditta Sekara, a converted priest, in which he gives an outline of the change which had taken place in his own sentiments. We must make room for an extract.

“ Beloved brethren, there are a great number of religions in the world, but of which one only can be the true religion, for all cannot be true. Therefore, that must be the true religion, which admits a Creator, and one only everlasting God. Now, if one, with a hope of saving his soul, turns his back upon the religion of this eternal God, and worships another, his labour may be compared to a famished foolish kid, that endeavours to suck the horns of its mother, instead of the teat. Some religions deny the everlasting God, who created the world. But how, it must be asked, can a rational person believe them to be right? No man can see the soul; yet, from the motions, feelings, and other actions of the man, there can be no doubt of his having a soul. Therefore, my friends, cannot

you be convinced, from this wonderful world, and the various parts of creation, namely, the heavens, earth, sea, sun, moon, stars, men, &c. and their regular organization, that there is a God, and all these are in his works; and likewise, can't we consider that these things cannot be made by themselves, and that it is impossible so to be?

‘ “ If the world was created by itself, and not created by God, how is it possible that the wonderful events thereof should remain invariably the same, without the interposition of God? Will ever a puddy field be ploughed properly, by the oxen alone, without a husbandman? If the creation is of itself, there must be much changeableness in the world, and a want of regular system and order. As, for instance, the members of a man, such as the nose, might come in the place of the ear, and the ear in place of the nose; the chin in the place of the mouth, and the mouth in the place of the chin.

‘ “ Friends, certainly God created the world, and the many things therein. He is an *eternal Being*; he knows the events of the *past*, *present*, and the *future* times: he knows the thoughts of all the inhabitants of the world. If any one doubt that, it is nothing but the mere obscurity which is the cause of his heathenish faith. The chicken in the egg could not see the sun, moon, and the world, being covered with a shell, and its eyes not been open; likewise, my brethren, you can't know and acknowledge the everlasting God, or believe in the Saviour, as you are covered with the shell of heathenish faith, and as you have not the light of understanding. Your eyes are not open: therefore we should rejoice and be thankful to God, and those preachers who lay before us such a just and cheerful religion of a Holy Trinity; consisting of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Who can be averse to embrace this religion, offered by those who have some efficient knowledge thereof? Surely none. The Apostle Paul says, in his Epistle to the Romans, chap. i. verse 16, “ I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.”

‘ “ Beloved brethren, I myself was one of the principal preachers of the Buddhist religion, in this island of Ceylon; and during my priesthood, I not only acquired some proficiency in the Pali, Sanscrit, and Singhalese science; I also spent good part of my time in preaching, and learning the religious books of Budhu, and of some other religions. It is well known to you, that I was much esteemed among the Buddhists for my preaching: and was respected and rewarded by royal favours, and by chief ministers of state; yet, I found in that religion, no REDEEMER to save our souls from death; no CREATOR of the world, or a beginning to it. Consequently, I had some doubt always in my mind, as to its reality; and had some suspicion that the world, with its thousands of wonderful parts, was the creation of an Almighty God. While I was reflecting on this, a conversation took place between me and the head priest of Saffragam district, called *Attelassa Teronansey*, of the temple of *Kottembulwalle*. He asked me, who could believe that a child

said in the Christian religion) could be conceived in the womb of a virgin? To which I answered, If the world, and all its things, which we see about us, were created of themselves, wonder that a child should have been conceived in the womb of a virgin. Upon which the priest was somewhat displeased with me while I was in this condition, I happened, through the blessing of the Almighty, to speak with the pious Rev. Mr. Clough, since I have maintained a friendship with him, and have continued to read and converse with him concerning the Christian religion. By his means, the obscurity and doubts which were over my mind, were perfectly cleared off, and the light of the Christian faith filled my mind in their stead, as easily as colours are received into fine linen when painted; so I consented to be baptized. While I was in doubt, a large *Mandowe* was erected, in the place called *godde*, at *Galle*, for the performance of a very great ceremony of Budhu's religion; there were assembled twenty-eight priests, (or priests,) including myself, and an immense crowd of common people of both sexes. During that ceremony, I read five chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew before the multitude, and spoke to them upon that subject in a friendly manner. Some time afterwards, the people of *Galle* district, hearing that I was at the point of leaving the priesthood, and of being baptized, gathered a large body, and spoke in such a manner against my intended baptism, that scarcely any man could have resisted them: in consequence of which, I was in a state of perplexity for some time, strongly inclined to be baptized, on the one hand, and to refuse with their request on the other. But after my arrival in Colombo, all the hesitations and agitations of my mind were com-
done away, by the sweet and admirable advice I received from the Rev. Mr. and Rev. Thomas James Twisleton, the chief chaplain of the island. Just as darkness vanishes by the appearance of the sun, my mind was enlightened, and was actually baptized, without regarding the persecution and abuse I was likely to undergo from the people of Budhu's religion; giving up my relations and friends, the teachers of my former religion, and the situation I was in, and the lands and property which I obtained from the Budhu priesthood. Thus I renounced Christianity, and became a member of Christ's church.

I was chief priest of a temple in the neighbourhood of Colombo. Such is the Budhuism of the Singhalese hierarchy; among the common people, very generally, the only object of religious fear is the devil, and the only object of religious worship, the priests.

Budhuism of itself is evidently tottering, and were it not in conjunction with devilism, I think that it would soon fall to the ground. It is now actually the case. The priest of Budhu, while he denies the existence of an all-creating power, acknowledges the existence of innumerable demigods and demons. Houses called *devils* are erected, in which the effigy or portrait of the devil,

to whom the place is dedicated, is generally called. A person generally known by the name of *Kapoorawla* (termination *ra* is one of respect) pretends to have power over, or interest with the supposed devil. The priests of Budhu support the fraud, and the Kapooas support Budhuism.'

Education is unquestionably the main engine which must, in the first instance, be brought to bear upon this mass of palpable darkness; and to the Christian schools, which are now in operation, we may confidently look, if they are carefully watched over, for the eventual extermination of both devil-worship and Budhuism in this long benighted island.

Art. VI. *Mental Discipline*; or Hints on the Cultivation of Intellectual and Moral Habits: addressed to Students in Theology and Young Ministers. By Henry Forster Burder, M. A. Part the Third. 8vo. pp. 108. Price 4s. London. 1823.

THE former volume of this work, containing the First and Second Parts, we most conscientiously recommended as a code of principles of the first importance to young persons desirous of doing that without which all technical education must be unavailing,—putting forth their own energies to confirm their mental improvement. More methodical and comprehensive than Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, more concise and pointed than Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*, that volume is adapted to answer the ends of both; and it is more suited than either to the present more advanced state of society, and the immense improvements in intellectual culture which have been effected within the last half century. The Second Part of the book was more directly calculated to aid Students for the Christian ministry, and those who have not yet grown old in its labours, and inveterate in their own habits; by urging a never ceasing diligence in pursuing paths of improvement, by detailing the most necessary objects in a course of ulterior study, and by directing to the best method of composing sermons. The Third Part, now in our hands, is entirely occupied in directions and cautions upon 'the cultivation of those *Moral Habits* which will facilitate the honourable and successful discharge of *Pastoral Duties*.' This is the kind of advice which is usually addressed to Dissenting Ministers in that part of their Ordination Service which is called the *Charge*; a part to which there is nothing comparable as to utility or solid dignity in the splendid forms of episcopal ordination. There are few Dissenting pastors who would not wish to have always present

in their minds the advices and injunctions addressed to them by a senior, and often an aged brother, on that occasion; and very frequently, the press is resorted to, in order to secure the possession of such a memorial of vows, and a stimulant to fidelity, for the retrospects of future life. This work of Mr. Burder's will be a desirable accompaniment to any printed Charge, and will supply, with great advantage, the absence of that monition where it has not been preserved. His plan consists of laying down Thirty Maxims, or Rules of prime importance, on each of which he dilates with a comprehensive and germinant brevity.

These disquisitions, or what more properly may be denominated addresses to the understanding and the best feelings, are enriched with many impressive citations from Baxter, Cecil, Booth, Chalmers, and others. If we insert a few of these Maxims, they may serve to convey an idea of the character and tendency of the whole.

' I. Reflect much on the indispensable and transcendent importance of Personal Religion. III. Repress to the utmost the feelings of Vanity and Pride, and the undue desire of Popular Applause. VIII. Let pointed Appeals to the heart, and direct Applications to the conscience, form a prominent feature of your discourses. IX. Do not aim at a degree of Originality to which you are not equal, or of which the subject under consideration does not admit. XVI. Endeavour to regulate, on principles which an enlightened conscience will approve, the time devoted to Pastoral Visits and Friendly Intercourse. XX. Guard against every approach to a Sectarian and Party Spirit; and cherish the feeling of Christian Love to all who embrace the faith and "adorn the doctrine" of the Gospel. XXIX. Observe Punctuality in all your engagements. XXX. Do not hastily abandon a Station of Usefulness, in which you have acquired a moral influence.'

As a specimen of the amplifications, we select some parts of the XVIIIth section.

' *Cultivate and display Christian Zeal for the general interests of true religion, both at home and abroad.* With all the feelings of PASTORAL solicitude, never let the Christian minister circumscribe his desires or his exertions, by the limits of his own peculiar sphere. —Let him sedulously endeavour to excite and to maintain, in full vigour, the same spirit of benevolent activity among the people of his charge. By stimulating them to unite in *doing* good, he will direct them to the most effectual means of *gaining* good. He will most assuredly promote their own prosperity, by animating their zeal and liberality in aid of the cause of bibles, and the cause of missions, and the cause of schools, and the cause of tracts, and all the methods of doing good, on a larger or a smaller scale, which fall within the

limits of their means and opportunities.— In the midst, however, of all his public engagements, let not the young minister venture to extend, without due consideration and needful restriction, his pledge of personal attendance on the meetings of benevolent and religious societies. A senior minister, whose mind is enriched with ample resources which habit has progressively facilitated, may, with impunity, make a sacrifice of hours and days, which a junior minister would make at the hazard of his peace, of his health, and of his usefulness. TIME, and time in large and unbroken portions, must be secured for the acquirement and communication of scriptural knowledge, unless he would abandon at once the hope and the effort of making progress in the lofty and difficult attainments of piety and excellence. “The habit I recommend,” said Dr. Paley, in his Charge to the younger Clergy, “as the foundation of, almost all the good ones, is retirement. Learn to *live alone*.” On the well-proportioned union of retired and diligent study with social intercourse and public engagements, depends, in no small degree, the efficiency as well as the happiness of the pastor’s life.’

Art. VII. *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie, depuis les Temps les plus anciens, jusqu'à nos Jours.* Par M. le Comte Grégoire Orloff, Sénateur de l'Empire de Russie. 2 Tomes Paris. 1824.

THE origin of the fine arts is a subject that will be always obscure. The chasm is supplied by fable,—a plain demonstration that the genuine tradition is lost. It is fortunate that a question as useless as it is dark. It might satisfy an unprofitable curiosity, to be enabled to trace them tottering as it were through their weak and imperfect infancy. The means, however, by which they may be carried to their highest perfection, the causes which assist or impede their progress, the principles of beauty upon which they are to be examined,—these are the chief, and perhaps the only objects, that ought to occupy the historian.

Count Orloff has thrown away, we think, much superfluous diligence upon this unimportant question, as it regards the art of Painting. It is impossible to ascertain how and when it was produced. There can be little doubt, however, that Poetry was the eldest born. It is the earliest language of the soul—its first endeavour to give utterance to its innate love and perception of beauty. Thus, the Jewish scriptures,—Homer,—in short, every record of the primeval world, attests her priority. It is not irrational to conceive that Painting, like the sister art, was, from her first beginning as she evidently is in her more advanced state, an expression of the same internal sense inherent in our nature. Hence it would be unphilosophical to infer, that its infancy was long

or that its first attempts were deformities. The admiration of the human form and of the enchanting scenes of external nature, which gave rise to the two corresponding kinds of imitation, would not have suffered even the first artist who held the pencil, to be content with a false and imperfect copy. In this respect, it may be said to have had no infancy. Nor is the miraculous bound made by that art in every country where it has been successfully cultivated, to be accounted for by any other reasoning. We speak only of those countries, for there are nations in which it will always remain in a weak, protracted, unprogressive infancy. An unlimited series of ages, perhaps, would not permit the proverbial diligence of the Chinese to acquire the slightest skill in painting—we mean not in the mechanical, but in the ideal branch of the art. On the other hand, it arose in Greece and in modern Italy almost spontaneously, and grew there with the quickest luxuriance.

What the art owes to the forcing process of patronage, is another question which has employed much useless discussion; and those who take directly opposite sides of the controversy, are nearer the truth than they mutually imagine of each other. Greece swarmed with artists long before the time of Pericles, and Florence had her school before the munificent period of the Medicis. It is a favourite hypothesis also of some writers, among whom is Winkelman, that there is an inseparable connexion between civil liberty and the cultivation of the arts. Others have contended, and with greater speciousness, that they advance more rapidly under the protecting beams of royal patronage. There is truth in both these systems, but in neither exclusively. To assert that the arts will thrive most under a despotism would be false: it is equally untrue, that they can flourish only under a free government. Truth seldom resides in extremes. If there were a necessary connexion between painting and political freedom, New York and Washington ought to produce her Michael Angelos and Raffaelles: if the perfection of art followed that of civil institution, Great Britain must have had long ago, that which she has never had hitherto, her school of artists. Nor was the great era of painting in either Greece or Italy, precisely that of political freedom. It was under the sway of Pericles, who for forty years was virtually at the head of Athens, and during fifteen its sole tyrant, that Phidias formed his great and sublime style, of which the few fragments that have survived the wreck of time, are the wonder, the delight, the despair of succeeding artists; and Parrhasius during the same period painted those great works which, though lost to modern times, still live in the eloquent praises of antiquity. In Italy, the most auspicious pe-

riod of the arts was under a similar government. The Medici did not restore the republic of Florence: their power was a dictatorship, which suspended the free forms of the constitution. Leonardo da Vinci, Fra. Bartolomeo, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele were reserved for that tranquil sovereignty. At the death of Lorenzo, the arts migrated to the quiet asylum of the Vatican. The brightest eras at Athens, ancient Rome, and Florence, were those of Pericles, Augustus, and Lorenzo. The truth is, they will flourish, wherever they are protected, wherever the love of luxury exists, and the means of acquiring it are abundant.

Are there not, however, other moral causes that influence their growth? Is there not a perceptible pathology in nations, according to which their genius or their aptitude towards particular arts, holds a manifest sympathy with the objects of external perception? Nature lavished with the fondest prodigality every charm of clime and scene upon Greece. Her delicious landscape respired with those enchanting beauties which Sophocles has so exquisitely painted in his *Œdipus*. Above all, the human person in that country was endued alike with the nobler attributes and more delicate symmetries of form. The Greeks could not, therefore, but catch from the loveliness and grandeur of the visible creation, that quick sensibility to the fair and the sublime, so characteristic of their nation, and people the world of imagination from the images of outward beauty which were extended before them. Perhaps, the same observations would apply in part to Italy, in whose soil the arts would probably have sprung up during the more ancient periods of her glory, but for the counteractions of the military pride and republican austerity of the Romans, who railed against them with Cato, and decried them as the badges of servitude.

It is to be lamented, that we have no satisfactory records of the state of Painting in early Greece. Count Orloff, treading the beaten track, is quite content with the authority of Pliny for his catalogue. In truth, it is the best that we have; but to repose with complete acquiescence in his dates and his chronological series, would lead us into innumerable errors, and instil into us the unfounded conception that we had a correcter list of Grecian painters and their works, than we are entitled to boast of. To be sure, Count Orloff's chapters go off glibly. He displays no solicitude concerning the epochs when the Grecian painters severally flourished, but implicitly adopts the nomenclature of Pliny, who tells us, that such and such artists *flourished* at such and such an Olympiad;—a method which has unfortunately left us in the greatest incertitude upon this

interesting point, since the life of each must have extended over several Olympiads. We are, therefore, in a state of entire ignorance as to the order and succession of the schools, as they arose in Greece. With these deductions, however, we have no doubt that Pliny, who drew his materials from Grecian chronicles* no longer in existence, was, generally speaking, accurate in his statements.

We are inclined to rank the vaunted excellence of Etruscan painting among the dreams of the learned. The Etrurians must have derived their conceptions of art from the Egyptians, whose forms were uncouth and rough, and executed in total defiance of rule and proportion, the study of anatomy being interdicted by their superstition. It is in Greece, then, that we must look for the earliest schools of painting. But before the time of Phidias, we must not expect to find the grand masterpieces of art. Those who preceded that era, seem to have resembled the Italian artists of the middle age, Guido of Sienna, Giotto, and Cimabue. Panaceus, the brother of Phidias, painted the battle of Marathon,—a subject calculated to flatter the pride and patriotism of the Athenians. The correctness of the drawing and the truth of the colouring were highly extolled. Polygnotus was the Corregio of antiquity: like Nicholas Poussin, he embellished his landscapes with the most beautiful architecture. Parrhasius, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, Androcydes, and Timanthes seem to follow; but in what order of succession, or with what intervals, it is impossible, for the reasons we have already hinted, to ascertain. The celebrated contest between Zeuxis and Parrhasius does not, perhaps, attest so high a state of the art, nor so great a conflict of genius as Count Orloff supposes. Zeuxis had painted a bunch of grapes with such exactness, that the birds pecked at them: Parrhasius, to deceive his friend by a similar illusion, painted merely a curtain, which appeared to conceal one of his recent productions, and told Zeuxis that he had just finished a piece, on which he wished to have his opinion. Zeuxis, anxious to see it, instantly attempted to undraw the curtain. But this was the triumph of skill, not of genius. How inferior to the sublime conception of Timanthes, who, in his picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, veils the countenance of Agamemnon, to delineate the more forcibly the sorrows of a parent, or rather, to intimate that they

* Heyne on the Epochs of Grecian Art, as pointed out by Pliny, Göttingen, 1785.

were beyond the powers of the pencil*! The great works of Parrhasius were, his satirical picture of the Athenian people, and his portrait of Theseus, which were placed in the Roman capitol after the conquest of Greece. The great ornament of the Athenian school, was Aristides. Pliny gives an elaborate description of his picture of a besieged town. The place is carried by assault; the soldiers spare neither sex, nor age, nor infancy; and amongst the melancholy subjects that fill the picture, is a young mother still in the bloom of beauty, who, to escape the brutality of the besiegers, has thrown herself from a battlement with an infant in her arms. On recovering in some measure from her fall, her first instinct is to administer the breast to the infant; but she has been mortally wounded in that part by the sword of the enemy before she escaped, and her blood mingles with the maternal aliment. The infant manifests the utmost desire for its food, and the anguish of the mother far exceeds that of Niobe herself. Aristides, says Pliny, in this painting, surpassed the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the pathos of Euripides.

The Greek painters generally chose simple subjects, and their groupes were few. In some of their historical subjects, however, their compositions were as complex as those styled in Italian painting *machinosi*. The painting of the battle of Salamis by Aristides, contained at least a hundred figures. The art is said by Strabo to have arrived at its last perfection under Apelles, who followed him. Italian art had a similar destiny. Corregio followed Raffaele, as Apelles followed Aristides. Apelles shone in the delineation of female beauty. His Venus rising from the ocean, (the prototype of the statue known by the name of Anaduomene,) his Alexander the Great as Jupiter Ammon, his Diana surrounded by the nymphs of Cynthus, a subject taken from Homer, are highly eulogized by the ancient writers for the exquisite grace, the soft, irresistible charms of the goddesses, and the stern grandeur and heroic port of the Macedonian. His celebrated picture of Calumny, for the description of which we are indebted to Lucian, was an allegorical painting as beautifully finished as it was happily imagined. This great artist paid equal attention to the mechanical and the imaginative parts of painting. He laboured with intense diligence, and finished with the utmost precision. Coeval with Apelles and Aristides was Protogenes, who is said

* Caput Agamemnonis involvendo, nonne summi mœroris acerbissimam arte exprimi non posse confessus est? Valer. Max. l. 3.

finished his pieces too highly. His master-piece was the founder of Rhodes, for which the public honours were decreed to him. He was so intensely occupied with this picture, that he took no other food than a few barley-boiled during its progress, that he might not be troubled by the interruptions of regular meals. It was in this way that trying to paint the foam of a dog panting with heat, not succeeding to his wish after several efforts, he threw stones at the picture in despair. Accident effected what he could not achieve, and the foam of the animal found an excellent delineation.

The Greeks had their Flemish painters. Pereicus sacrificed the beauty of the art to skilful and exact painting. His prices were low, but he acquired great reputation. Serapion was called the Claude of antiquity. Like that illustrious modern, he embellished his landscape with a beautiful sky, and with fragments of pieces of architecture; but, like Claude, he was compelled to call in the aid of another artist to execute his figures. A school which illustrated the age of Alexander, as well as Phidias at Athens, had, according to Count Orloff, adopted characteristics of the Roman, the Florentine, and the Bologna schools, and were worthy of the glory acquired by the Carracci, Guido, and Corregio; but these 'are whirling,' and, as applied to a subject upon which there are no comparisons, worse than indefinite. Pausias, (Phidias, painter,) Euphranor, Nicias, who excelled in chiaro-scuro, are followed by a long list, of whom nothing but the names survive. Among these was Polygnotus, of whose works we know nothing. He had, however, arrived at the summit of reputation. The Amphyctionic council, in gratitude for his historical pictures illustrative of the great deeds of Greece, decreed him public thanks, and came to a vote which required every town through which he passed, to lodge and entertain him at the public expense.

The state of the art among the ancient Romans, may be easily dismissed. They cannot be said to have had a school. After foreign conquests had introduced foreign luxuries, the *œuvre* of the Greek painters were among them. Their painters and sculptors were slaves, for these arts were esteemed beneath the dignity of free-citizens. Yet they loved what they thought it beneath them to execute. The surname of *Pictor*, or Painter, of Fabius, who embellished the temple of Salus on the Palatine hill, was one of derision. His works, which were numerous, were destroyed in the reign of Claudius, by a fire which broke out in that edifice. We are ignorant of the subjects of his pencil. Not another Roman artist is mentioned.

till forty years afterwards; viz. the artist, his name has not been preserved, who painted the taking of Carthage.

Pacuvius, the comic poet, was also a painter: he embellished the temple of Hercules in the Boarium. From his age, down to that of Pliny, not a single name occurs but Turpilius, a Roman knight, who painted with his left hand. Aurelius acquired some celebrity about the period of the triumvirate. The patronage of Augustus warmed a few indigenous artists into life, but they are of little note. From Augustus to Nero, a painter named Amulius is the only name that is mentioned. He was employed by Nero to embellish the Golden Palace, but his works perished when that edifice was burned. Two artists, Cornelius Pinus and Accius Priscus, flourished under the reigns of Vespasian and Titus: Pliny eulogizes the latter. Corinth, Athens, Sicily, filled the galleries of Rome with their treasures. By a sumptuary law of Augustus, private citizens were prohibited from collecting statues and pictures, which were declared public property, and dedicated to the decorations of temples, baths, and basilica. The discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the baths of Titus, where the celebrated Aldobrandini paintings were found, have fortunately enabled us to form a tolerably correct conception of Roman painting; a subject on which we must be permitted to make a remark or two, Count Orloff having, to our great surprise, passed it over in complete silence, and contented himself with a dry and barren nomenclature. It is an obscure topic, but not wholly incapable of elucidation.

The great works of Grecian art were, as we have remarked, exclusively appropriated to public edifices; but the houses, the villæ, and the thermæ of the Romans were profusely decorated with paintings. Whoever has visited the baths of Titus, the cielings and walls of which are still adorned with the most exquisite productions of the Roman pencil, will not hesitate to protest against the vulgar notion that they had not advanced beyond the infancy of the art. The paintings in arabesque, found among the ruins alluded to, even in the present faded state of their colours, and with a great part of their outlines almost obliterated, are executed with a grace, freedom, correctness of design, and command of pencil, worthy of the warmest admiration. In these paintings, all the varied forms of beauty, fauns, bacchantes, loves and graces, wreaths of flowers and groupes of the loveliest imagery, are assembled and arranged with the happiest combination. They served Raffaele as a school of art, and they were the constant study of N. Poussin, who transferred them into his own learned compositions. In those specimens, however, two grand defects are observable.

First, the violation of lineal perspective, all the figures being in relief on the same plane; secondly, the want of light and shadow, in which the Grecian artists excelled,—that magic of *chiaroscuro*, which produces so much of the effect of modern painting.

It is, perhaps, true, that, in appreciating the exquisite arabesques in the baths of Titus or the corridors of Hadrian's villa, and the paintings taken from the walls of Pompeii, we are unconsciously biassed by the charm of antiquity: while we gaze at the unimpaired outline and brilliancy of colour preserved through so long a succession of ages, we naturally lend them a beauty not their own, and contemplate them with feelings which no production of yesterday, how perfect soever, would awaken. This may be so. Yet, who can deny them the merits of truth, freedom, and correctness of design? From the specimens of Roman painting at present visible, it may, however, be inferred, that they were wholly ignorant of landscape-painting. The few designs of landscapes found at Pompeii, are scarcely one degree above the drawings on a china plate. But we ought, in estimating the merits of ancient painting, to remember that those specimens are not probably of the first order. Arabesques covering an immense extent of rooms and passages, were intended for general ornamental effect only, and ought not to be rigorously tried as productions of individual excellence. Arabesques were designed chiefly for architectural decoration. They belonged, therefore, to the humblest and most unambitious department of the art. And if we could for a single moment conceive the violent improbability, that the great masters of the day had condescended to embellish the humble dwellings of a distant sea-port like Pompeii, or to paint by the acre the long series of buildings that composed the *Thermæ* of Titus, how could their powers be exhibited on the small scale and restricted plan of this class of painting? What would have been the fame of Raffaele, if he had bequeathed to posterity nothing but his arabesques? What are they, when compared to the immortal frescoes of his Camere? But the supposition is absurd. The great extent of the baths of Titus, and the rapidity (as it appears from Suetonius) with which they were executed, are conclusive proofs that they were not produced by the labours of one, two, or more superior artists. They must have been the work of a multitude of painters. The general equality that reigns through the whole, is a decisive proof that the hand of no pre-eminent master was employed in the specimens of which any relics still remain to us. If, however, as there is such ample reason to infer, the painting

called the *Nozze Aldobrandini** (so called from the gallery to which it originally belonged) was adequate, from its clear beauty of design, composition, and expression, to the format of an artist like Poussin; if most of those which were found at Herculaneum and Pompeii were of not inferior excellence and if, as it is natural to infer, they were all the works of artists of mediocrity only;—it is an equally natural inference that a certain perfection, and a correct knowledge of the important principles of painting, were generally diffused among the Romans. The best works of the first masters must have been of the highest class of excellence. If these were painted by obscure and undistinguished artists, what must have been the perfection of those painters who, as Pliny tells us, rivalled the fame of Apelles and Zeuxis?

We have been induced to linger the longer on the subject of ancient art, and to follow Count Orloff with the minuteness through his nomenclature, as it is that part of a hackneyed tale which is the least familiar to general readers. We shall pursue him now with lighter steps, and we are more indisposed to an analytic examination of his volume inasmuch as the history of Painting in Italy came under our notice two years ago, when we reviewed the flippant and rambling work of the Count de Stendahl on the same subject. Nor was a new work of this kind at all a desideratum. Even as far as he goes, Lanzi's *Storia Pittorica*, and our own dictionaries of painters, would have supplied all the information that can be fairly required.

The frescoes found in the catacombs were executed for the most part in the early periods of the Christian Church. Many of them, like the *Lusiad* of Camoens, mingle heathen fables with Christian history. From the fifth century, the art underwent a rapid degeneracy. Nothing can equal the taste of the paintings found in the vast catacombs of Italy and Sicily. A hard redness like that of brick-dust, the dingy tints, a deadly cadaverous whiteness, were the colors expended by the artist on those sacred subjects which, in the hands of Raffaele, or of Guido, inspire with awe and delight.

* An opinion is still prevalent, and has long wandered, that Painting, as well as the other arts, had, soon after its first degradation under the later Roman emperors, ceased to exist altogether in Italy, the barbarians having given it the finishing stroke, by destroying the great master-pieces of antiquity. This opinion, like many others, taking its root in ignorance, was in a great measure corrected by the discovery of the Vatican Museums.

* It is to be still seen, as we are informed by a friend just arrived from Rome, at the house of Sr. Nelli, 152 Corso.

† E. R. Vol. XVI. N. S. p. 125.

to the carelessness with which scholars and antiquaries have examined the contemporary histories of the barbarian invasions, the chronicles and lives of kings and saints of those anarchical and disastrous ages. We know that the Goths had kings, who repressed the devastations of the countries they overran, and that Theodore, among others, paid a species of homage to the arts, not only by preserving the monuments of Greek genius then extant in Italy, but in causing new works to be executed in that country, particularly at Ravenna, where he resided. Among these are the paintings executed by order of Queen Theodolinda on her palace walls at Monza in the Milanese, historical representations of some of the exploits of her nation. Muratori and Tiraboschi have noticed these specimens of art in the middle ages; and engravings of them have been published by Ciampini.

‘ The iconoclasts did not work such complete mischief to the arts, as is commonly supposed. A great number of ecclesiastics, who combined the cultivation of the arts with the duties of their calling, fled to Rome about this period, from Constantinople, where a fierce and intolerant fanaticism, not content with destroying images, butchered those individuals in whose possession they were found. The popes received them. Monasteries were assigned to them, where they were equally assiduous in their religious duties and in the cultivation of painting. Modern Rome rose from the ruins of ancient Rome. Thanks to the signal concessions made by the temporal to the spiritual power, and which were so soon to be united, Rome was enriched with a number of new pictures, which adorned her palaces, her churches, and her catacombs: and if many of these subterraneous depositories had not fallen in, we should have had an immense series of frescoes, which, added to those still extant, would have enabled us to trace with more certainty, the history of the art during those ages.’ Vol. I. pp. 88, 89.

For ourselves, we resign those monuments of art, as Count Orloff too courteously terms them, without the slightest regret. Our Author's remarks, however, upon mosaic painting, are worthy of notice.

‘ It is well known, that the ancients, endued with a character at once persevering and vain, prone to great enterprises, and determined on finishing whatever they began,—eager in some sort to prolong their memory, by monuments more capable of being preserved than the marble or bronze of the sculptor, and seeing how perishable and fragile are the productions of painting, though the only art through the medium of which, tints and colours could be communicated to the eye,—resolved that it should emulate sculpture itself in durability, and for that end composed pictures with stones of different colours. Hence the art of mosaic, called by the Romans, *opus tessellatum*. With small pieces of stone cut into cubes, square, round, triangular, &c. they produced a great variety of forms and colours, as well as of groupes and figures;—in short, they represented various mythological subjects before the Christian religion dominated, and many religious ones, after its establishment. By means of this laborious and tardy process, they hoped to save the art

of painting from the shipwreck of time. Unfortunately, the art of mosaic was not employed on the great works of ancient art; but after the lapse of twenty centuries, it has been the medium by which the masterpieces of Raffaele, Dominichino, the Carracci, and Corregio have been handed down to us. The Christian artists who, in the fourth and fifth centuries, devoted themselves to mosaic, at first selected the subjects of the old paintings discovered in the catacombs and the churches; subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments. But they fell far short of their originals, and mosaic became as barbarous as painting itself. The best mosaics are of the fifth century; some of them are imitations of the bas-reliefs of the column of Trajan. Ravenna had, from the fourth century, mosaics, the designs of which are much inferior; they are chiefly sacred subjects, such as the Ascension and the Sacrifice of Abraham: at last, they descended to a representation of the palace built by Theodoric. In the seventh century, mosaic was as barbarous as the painting of that age. In the mean while, Charlemagne conceived a great predilection for the mosaics, which he had first seen at Rome. Besides those which he caused to be executed in the basilica of Aix-la-Chapelle, he was himself the subject of one of the best of that period, in which profane traditions and scripture truths were fancifully combined. In the ninth century, the departure from the pure principles of art was still more flagrant. Several mosaics were executed in still worse taste, for the decoration of the inelegant churches of that age. The ancient genius had fled. Some Greek painters were invited afterwards by the Venetians to decorate their churches, and particularly their celebrated cathedral of St. Mark. The greater part of these artists, called by the Italians *mosaicisti*, had practised their profession at Constantinople. In the twelfth century, an artist called Apollonio acquired great celebrity. In the thirteenth, the Tuscan painters distinguished themselves in sacred subjects. These artists displayed a visible improvement in correctness of design. At last, Gaddi, afterwards the pupil of Cimabue, the destined restorer of painting, revived at the same time the degenerated art of mosaic.' Vol. I. pp. 100—6.

The dark ages produced artizans, rather than artists. Count Orloff observes with great propriety, that the Greek statues which abounded in Italy, first imparted to the Italian school of painters, that truth of design which is so essential to the art, and have since preserved them from the aberrations in which other schools have lost themselves. The Count is indebted, however, to Lanzi's *History of Painting*, not only for his materials and his arrangement, but for the greater part of his criticisms. He could not have relied upon a safer authority, but the utility of his work is rendered still more questionable by the fact. With Lanzi, our Author cites Giunta of Pisa, as the first restorer, in the twelfth century. Forty years after, appeared Cimabue. Lanzi calls him the Michael Angelo, and Giotto, who followed him, the Raffaele of the time. Giotto at first imitated, but soon improved upon the manner of his

master. His Annunciation, however, retains the stiffness of design, the raw and glaring colour of the bad period of the art. But this was his first picture : he afterwards attained a more flowing outline, and introduced warmer carnations. It is said of Giotto, that Pope Benedict, being desirous of inviting good artists to Rome, sent to Giotto for a specimen of his painting. The only answer was, a simple circle traced on paper with a pencil. The Pope rightly interpreted it, and Giotto was invited to Rome. Masacio constitutes a distinct epoch : he was the forerunner of a still more brilliant school. Oil-painting was introduced about this period, and it is a memorable event in the progress of the art.

The Florentine school attained its highest glory in the fifteenth century—the age of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto. These great names have been brought under our notice in a former article, and we must therefore leap over to the Roman school, and to its greatest ornament, Raffaele, called by Lanzi, the Prince of Painters. His father was himself an artist of mediocrity ; but Raffaele inherited from him no portion of that greatness which was exclusively his own. He began to paint at seventeen years of age. His first picture was that in which he profanely ventured on the representation of the Supreme Being surrounded by angels. His first portrait of the Virgin was remarkable for the air of tenderness and sanctity he imparted to it. At Florence, he studied the works of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, &c., and learned perspective of Della Porta. What is called the second style of Raffaele, was not acquired till his second visit to Florence four years after his first. His grandest picture painted in this manner, is the Holy Family, now in the palace Rinuccini. Vasari, with an Italian's enthusiasm, extols his Dead Christ by the epithet of '*divinissimo*.' There are few figures ; but all seem to contribute to the majestic sorrow which pervades it. Raffaele arrived at Rome in the meridian splendour of his genius, enlightened by study and experience.

' In the saloon of the Vatican, called *Della Signatura*, Raffaele painted that beautiful allegory, the school of Athens. Plato, Alcibiades, Pythagoras, and Diogenes appear in this painting. Trebonius receives the civil code from Justinian ; Gregory IX. presents his decretals to an advocate of the consistory. On the other side, Apollo is wandering over Parnassus with the Muses, Homer, Virgil, and Dante, while on the sea-shore, St. Augustine is meditating on the Holy Trinity, and in another corner, Archimedes is killed by a soldier at Syracuse, at the very moment when he was engaged in one of the greatest problems of philosophy.

' The vision of Heliodorus in the temple, which was painted for the second chamber of the Vatican, is, of all his compositions, the most sublime. The warrior who appears in a dream to Heliodorus, looks like the Jupiter of Phidias. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of his attitude, the awful expression of his countenance, the terrible effect of his hostile port and movement. We are inclined to believe that the weapon which he grasps is thunder. His horse seems to neigh, and the figures in the temple, terrified at the affrighted looks of Heliodorus, without divining the cause of his terror, discover so much consternation and alarm, that we immediately perceive to what a high point the artist carried the expression of truth, and the ineffable graces and terrors of his genius. The figure of Onias was intended for Julius II. The first work painted by Raffaele for Leo X. was the Deliverance of St. Peter. It was a slight allusion to the imprisonment of that Pontiff at Ravenna. It was here, almost for the first time, that he displayed the fullest knowledge of the art, and particularly his profound skill in light and shadow. The sentinels of the prison are lighted at once by the moon and a torch. But these lights fade before the divine light of the angel who is descending from heaven to release the holy captive. This light has all the brilliancy and clearness of that of the sun, and this triple effect shews the admirable conception of the painter. The stairs on which the sentinels are sinking into sleep, shews also the felicity with which he could graduate, soften, and spread his shadows.

' The Victory of the Christians at the Port of Ostia, entitles its author, says Lanzi, to the epic laurel. Coursers, warriors, the fury and the bustle of battle, eagerness for victory, the shame and dread of defeat, are all expressed in this picture by the creative omnipotence of genius. But the picture representing a fire in one of the suburbs of Rome, is still more terrific. Night has covered the city with her shadows,—the inhabitants are buried in sleep—when all at once cries seem to be heard, and the whole mass of people arises in consternation. The conflagration spreads from house to house, and Rome is enveloped in flame. Pity and terror are powerfully excited: women half naked are seen with infants in their arms, some of whom are lifting up their eyes to heaven, imploring its compassion. The scene of Æneas and Anchises is introduced: a young man, inspired by filial affection, snatches his aged father from an edifice which is tottering to its fall, and bears him on his shoulders through the fire. Leo the Great appears in the distance on his palace, and from the top of the Vatican, full of Divine inspiration, pronounces his benediction, and the fire is extinguished.' Vol. I. pp. 193—199.

The history of Raffaele and his works comprehends two distinct eras of the Roman school. The third dates from 1527, when the troops of the Constable of Bourbon committed their barbarous ravages in the Vatican. In this disturbance, some of the finest works of this great master suffered considerable damage. F. Sebastiano, who attempted to restore them, deserves the reproach cast at him by Titian, of having destroyed

them. We agree with Count Orloff, that the decline of the school of Raffaello some years after his death, was chiefly owing to the public calamities of Italy, which fell so heavily upon Rome. The caprices of public taste, the inconstancy of fashion, but above all, we are inclined to add, the total want of genius in the professed mannerists who came after him, accelerated its decay still more, towards the end of the seventeenth century, after it had experienced a short revival under the Barocci, the Sacchi, and the Baglioni.

The Bolognese school, comprehending some interesting particulars of the three Caracci,—those of Ferrara, Genoa, and Venice, the several schools of Lombardy, and that of Naples, occupy the second volume of this amusing work. We can only extract a short part of the notice of Titian.

‘ It is to this artist,’ says our Author, ‘ that nature has accorded the rightful title of the Painter of Truth. Without meanness and without bombast, he was scrupulously addicted to truth, rather than to novelty,—to that which is real, above that which is specious. Almost a boy when he left Bellini, from whom he had learned, that, without study and rule, nothing was to be done in Painting, and that, without patience, no perfection could be reached,—we see him emulating Albert Durer, the most laborious and the most finished of painters. It was at an early age that he painted a Pharisee shewing money to Jesus,—a picture highly laboured: not only the hair, but even the pores of the skin, are given with a fidelity surprising in a work which, notwithstanding the precision of its details, overflows with beauty and elegance. But soon adopting a freer and more liberal style, Titian formed another manner, which delights us by efforts considered till then beyond the utmost reach of the art. His Leda extorted from Michael Angelo an expression of regret that he did not draw as he painted. Tintoretto did him more justice when he saw his St. Peter, the piece which Algarotti pronounced to be faultless.....’

‘ Reynolds observes, that Titian displays so much dignity in his works, that his researches after truth enabled him to reach sublimity. To a great knowledge in foreshortening, he adds a happy perfection in the extreme lines. The Venus which he painted for the Florence gallery, exhibits the pencil as a rival of the chisel, and shews to what a degree Titian was conversant with the antique. He made the happiest application of chiaroscuro, and reached in that department the height of ideal beauty; he graduated his middle tints with the greatest care; in a word, he surpassed every other painter in colouring. That the artist spread or contract his shadows with skill, is not sufficient in this difficult branch of the art; nor is it enough to employ simple or compounded tints, and to contrast them ably with each other;—nothing violent, nothing exaggerated. A white dress near dark chairs will give them the appearance of the strongest purple. White, red, black, these are the colours that make the pallet of Titian the laboratory of nature.

‘ In invention, as well as in composition, Titian is rather economical of figures, resembling in this respect the greatest painters ancient and modern. Nothing is forced, nothing stiff in either; you would think you were contemplating ancient bas-relievs, where all is elegance, grace, and perfection. If he is less ingenious than Paul Veronese, he charms by his simplicity: if he has less movement than Tintoretto, he has more judgement, and when he paints battles or bacchanals, he is as fertile and as bold as those two great masters of his school. As to expression, particularly in portraits, he is not surpassed by Raffaello.’ Vol. II. pp. 82—84.

To these criticisms, we must add a slight one of our own, respecting that important branch of the art, in which Titian is allowed to have excelled. Although colours, as an imitation of nature, may be said to have been brought by this artist to perfection, still, the harmony which results from a judicious choice of colours, was not well understood in the Venetian school. They seem, however, to have paid a due attention to reds, which are the most striking of colours, and which they generally distributed with great judgement, either near the middle, or in equal proportions through the whole extent of the canvas. Greens and blues were but little used, and only to relieve the others; yellows and browns seldom. Hence, the active colours preponderated, and gave a general warmth to the painting; but the eye is not relieved by the harmonious assemblage of all. The Venetian masters also employed with the most scrupulous care, unmixed colours in the draperies, in order to relieve more effectually the mixed tints of the skin; and Titian introduced the artifice of a white linen drapery between the skin and coloured drapery. But in the carnation tints, they were never equalled.

The last chapter of Count Orloff's book conducts us to the actual state of Painting in Italy. Cammucini, born in 1773, is confessedly at the head of the modern school. His most celebrated picture is the Presentation in the Temple, for a church in Placentia. The heroic subjects of Roman history, however, are those which he has most affected. He has been accused of not being a good colourist; but he has certainly surpassed all his contemporaries in design. Raffaello, Domichino, and Andrea del Sarto seem to be his great models. Connoisseurs have compared his cartoons to Raffaello's. He is still in the vigour of life, and in all probability, his career may be yet protracted for many years. Landi is classed among the first artists of Rome: his picture of Jesus meeting the women on Calvary, is admired for the variety and expression of the countenances. At first sight, his colouring is apt to strike, but, upon a more attentive examination, his drawing is found

incorrect, and his tint unnatural. His Venuses and his bannitti have the same rose tints. He is said to invent his compositions by means of models in clay, placed in the attitudes and groupes which he intends to paint. Count Orloff speaks in terms of high panegyric of young Agricola, a rising artist not yet twenty. He is devoted to the study of the antique, and to the manner of Raffaello. His drawing is correct; his colouring is in the style of Sanzio; his chiaroscuro is admirable, and his flesh equals that of the best masters. If this young artist perseveres with the same ardour in the career he has begun, and is not misled into false taste or want of exertion by extravagant praise, he will in all probability attain the highest rank in the art. A long list of names succeeds, which illustrates the assiduity and industry with which the art is still pursued at Rome; but we agree with Count Orloff, that the existing school languishes in a state of almost hopeless mediocrity. If, however, the regeneration of Art in Italy be a rational expectation, that happy result must be looked for almost exclusively in Florence, where, for the last twenty years, the art has been philosophically taught and laboriously studied. Her academy, instituted on the most liberal principles, has produced, and is still producing, students fitted to tread the higher walks of painting, and to emulate their predecessors in the best ages of the Art.

Art VIII. *Plurality of Offices in the Church of Scotland Examined*, with a particular Reference to the Case of the very reverend Dr. Mc Farlane, Principal of the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. Robert Burns, Minister of St. George's Church, Paisley. 12mo. pp. 298. Price 3s. 6d. Glasgow. 1824.

THE case of Principal Mc Farlane, to which we have more than once had occasion to advert, will come on before the General Assembly in the course of the ensuing month; and three things will be determined by the issue: first, whether patronage in the Church of Scotland is subject to any ecclesiastical control; next, whether Presbyteries are possessed substantially of any power or independence in matters nominally subject to their cognizance; and thirdly, what is the real strength of the evangelical party in the Church of Scotland. Neither the *jus divinum* nor the expediency of Presbyterianism has ever been made apparent to our dim perceptions; but even if we could bring ourselves to look upon the presbyterian discipline as scriptural, so far as regards the constitution of presbyteries, or could go a step further, and acquiesce in the expediency of synods,—this said General

Assembly, with its Lord High Commissioner, would be than we could possibly digest; we could soon swallow whole bench of bishops, or the Pope himself. If the or his Commissioner, is at last to be the head of the Church, whether that Church be episcopal or presbyterian in its form, becomes a matter of comparatively little moment to us "of this world,"—its spiritual character is nullified.

The present work appears to be the result of very extensive and acute research. It embodies a mass of information on the general subject of pluralities in the Church of Scotland, which lay scattered over voluminous and antiquated volumes of ecclesiastical history and statute law. As an historical and legal argument, it does the Author great credit, and will not cease to be a valuable document when the question is disposed of. The part of the work which alone concerns Christian ministers at large, is that which treats of the nature and extent of pastoral obligation on general grounds, and of the compatibility of academical charges with the pastoral office. This is a subject of wide extent and considerable delicacy. We cannot say that we are altogether satisfied with the manner in which Mr. Burns has treated it, but we are not sorry to have it brought into discussion. According to the view here taken of pastoral obligation, all secular employments are a sort of pluralities,—a union of offices or of offices being not less at variance than a plurality of benefices with the principle contended for. Our readers will perceive that Dissenting practices are here as much implicated as the practice of the Established Church. Both are identified in the following passage.

‘ The circumstance of St. Paul having occasionally employed himself, for particular reasons, in a mechanical occupation, has been commonly adduced, by certain classes of religious professors, as an argument to prove, that there ought to be no *distinct order* of ministers; that any member, whom the rest may think competent, might be set apart to the duties of *preaching elder*; and that as the business of life is supposed to be carried on at the same time, no maintenance is allowed, except in cases where that business does not yield a competency. It was not till of late, that the advocates of pluralities in the church made common cause with these sectaries. In reply we have given will suit the reasoning of both; and if the advocates of pluralities are not satisfied with our reply, but still cling to the example of the great Apostle as favourable to their view, we make them welcome to the benefit of that example, with this standing, that they shall imitate it also in its *spirit and leading principles*, as well as in its outward actings. Paul wrought as a mechanic because “necessity” sometimes required it. Are the advocates of pluralities prepared to assign the same reasons? Paul did so that he might preach the Gospel freely and without charge to the Gentiles. An

prepared to say that this is their motive? Paul was either offered no stipend from the people, or, for proper reasons, he declined accepting any. Can they plead the same thing, or are they prepared to copy his example? In fine, Paul was a *Missionary*, perpetually travelling from place to place; and it was not to be expected that he could obtain a competent maintenance from any particular class among whom he might *occasionally* minister. But are they prepared to sanction the "*Ministerium Vagum*," and to devolve every minister of the church on "his own resources," or on the voluntary donations of the people?" pp. 23, 24.

Mr. Burns has here, inadvertently, we doubt not, confounded things that essentially differ. Between the anti-Scriptural enactment, that 'there ought to be no distinct order of pastors,' and the general practice of Congregational Dissenters which 'devolves every minister on the voluntary donations of the people,' he would find it difficult to establish the slightest connexion. We cannot suppose our Author so ill informed as not to know, that, with the former sentiment, Protestant Dissenters in this country are not chargeable; and though in Scotland, such a notion may have been broached, he must be aware that his neighbours, Dr. Wardlaw and Mr. Ewing, who may be considered as tolerably representing the sentiments of Scotch Congregationalists, maintain a very opposite opinion. Our colleges and academies are designed for the education of a distinct order of pastors, and it is seldom by choice that any other calling is united with the pastoral charge by Dissenting ministers. It is undeniable, however, that a numerous class of those who "preach the Gospel" are unable to "live of the Gospel;" and it seems hard to brand with the name of pluralists, all those who find themselves compelled to open a school—the usual resource—or even, like St. Paul, to labour with their own hands, in order to provide all things honest in the sight of men, and to minister to the necessities of a growing family. Mr. Burns, however, might disclaim any imputation of blame in such cases of unhappy necessity; but he would perhaps say, see the effect of devolving the minister on the voluntary donations of the people! He might say this, but with what grace & reason would best appear from comparing the condition of ministers dependent on the voluntary support of their people, with that of a large proportion of the ministers of endowed establishments. Are there no pastors in the Established Church of Scotland, who are obliged to labour with their own hands to make up for the narrowness of their stipends, and to whom the voluntary contributions of many a Dissenting congregation would be rich promotion in comparison? If not, we can tell him that, in the South, we can match against every poor Dissenting pastor,

a half-starved curate, and that not even Lord Harrowby's bill, which the Episcopal Bench were ill pleased with, can protect the poor ecclesiastical labourer from injustice in the bargain with his beneficed employer. The fact seems to be, that no mode of providing for the support of the Christian ministry, can altogether preclude there being a class of labourers whose stipend shall be inadequate to their maintenance. For even were the salary rigidly proportioned to the duty, in small parishes or small congregations, it would inevitably fall below what is required for the support of a minister with a large family. It does not always follow, that the poorest minister is the most inadequately paid by his people, the number of the congregation, and the extent of the demands made upon his time, being taken into the account. It is obvious too, that, as to the compatibility of other engagements with the pastoral office, much must depend upon the specific nature of the particular charge. A congregation of 300 hearers cannot demand the same exclusive and unremitting attention that will be requisite in the case of a charge embracing 1500 or 2000 souls. A school, a small farm, or a professorship might possibly leave the pastor, in the former case, at leisure to devote as much attention to the oversight of his little flock, as they could expect to receive from the pastor of a large parish or a crowded congregation.

But let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates for mixing up such avocations with the pastoral function. The Apostolic rule is in all respects the most equitable, and the best for both minister and people, that 'they who preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel;'—that is, to adopt our Author's gloss, that 'the churches should provide a competent maintenance for their pastors,' and that they should be 'understood to dedicate their talents and their time *exclusively* to the work for which they thus receive a remuneration.' It is, we admit, an unhappy necessity, that renders it impossible to adhere invariably to this wise rule; and pluralities, properly so called, which involve a compromise of pastoral duty, if not of the pastoral character, whether consisting in a union of distinct charges, or of distinct professions, are condemned alike by every Scriptural principle, and by the melancholy records of experience. In many of Mr. Burns's remarks we fully concur; his reasoning in the case of Principal M'Farlane, appears to us conclusive: we only regret that he has mixed up with the main argument, what appears to us irrelevant and questionable matter, and that he has not paid sufficient attention to the obvious exceptions which must be made to the general principle.

Art. IX. *Letters from an absent Brother*, containing some Account of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Switzerland, Northern Italy, and France, in the Summer of 1823. In 2 vols. 12mo. Second Edition. Price 12s. London, 1824.

THE first edition of these Letters was restricted to a private circulation, but we should much have regretted their being withheld from the public. Though evidently written with no view to their undergoing the ordeal of the press, being the unstudied and familiar effusions of the moment, they cannot fail to be acceptable to a large class of readers, on account of the specific information which they convey, on points seldom touched on by our Continental tourists. This 'diary of an invalid' is not that of the virtuoso or the antiquary, the geologist or the mere man of taste: it has for its author an English clergyman, who, when he crossed the water, left no part of his character behind him. His apology for the publication, though it may be deemed superfluous, will explain the views and motives which have actuated the Writer.

• The Author confesses that it does not appear to him to be inconsistent with the character of a minister of Christ, to publish a familiar and even imperfect account of a tour rendered indispensable by indisposition, if the tendency of it is to assist the English Protestant to associate religious and moral ends with the pursuit of health or improvement in foreign travels.

• The reader must not expect in these Letters any thing of the studied and minute details of a regular tourist. The Author makes no such pretensions. He travelled as an invalid and a clergyman, after a life spent in theological pursuits, and his attention was most strongly directed to the beauties of nature, and to inquiries into subjects connected with morals and religion. The facts which he records, illustrative of the superstitions of Popery, or the indifference of Protestantism, of the moral and social condition of the inhabitants of different countries, and of the estimate formed of spiritual and vital Christianity, he simply describes as they fell under his own observation.

Since Mr. Sheppard's *Recollections of a Tour on the Continent*, no work has come before us, containing any competent account of the religious aspect of the neighbouring countries. The brief notices contained in the publications of the Bible Society and its secretaries, are nearly the only documents that we possess, bearing on this subject. Our tourists describe Paris, and Waterloo, and the Simplon, and give us anecdotes of Bonaparte and the Bourbons; but the question of paramount interest, which they afford us extremely little aid in determining, is this: What have the last five and twenty years

effected for the moral condition of the people? What is Popery, and what is Protestantism, in 1824?

Mr. Wilson—for it is no longer any secret that we are indebted for these volumes to the much respected minister of St. John's, Bedford Row—has supplied us with abundant evidence, evidence forcing itself on our observation every where in foreign countries, though here there are Protestants who affect to doubt it,—that Popery is, what Popery ever has been. On arriving at Courtray, he was struck with the cheerfulness and neatness of the town, and its general beautiful appearance.

‘But alas! the whole place is given to superstition. At every lamp through the streets an image of the Virgin is suspended; not a Protestant in the town. In England, we have little idea of the state of things in Catholic Europe; there is a darkness *that may be felt.*’

At Brussels, the priest who shewed the church of St. Gudule, told the Travellers with perfect sang-froid, that ‘some Jew ‘having, four centuries ago, stolen the host from the church, ‘and stabbed it, blood miraculously issued from it, and destroyed them!’ At Aix,

‘a priest gravely shewed us a nail and several pieces of the wood of the cross; the sponge in which the vinegar was offered to our Saviour; a part of the girdle of our Lord; a link of the chain with which St. Peter was martyred; an arm and some of the hair of John the Baptist; a tooth of St. Thomas; some bones of Simeon, &c. I asked the priest if all these were matters of faith. He replied, “No, but they rested on the most undoubted historical evidence.” Oh, the gross impositions of this corrupt church!’

At Bergheim, they found the church filled with superstitions. A procession of two hundred persons is stated to have come eighteen miles, only the day before, to sing hymns in honour of the Virgin.

‘Under an image of our Lord, we found these words: “Thou who passest by, honour always the image of Christ; but adore not the image, but him whom it represents.” It is thus precisely that a heathen priest would have excused his idolatry.’

In the cathedral of Cologne, the principal raree-show consists of the heads of the three wise men who visited our Lord, with their names inscribed over each, Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar; not in pickle, like the heads of the New Zealanders at Surgeons’ Hall, but—‘enshrined in massy silver gilt, adorned with ‘precious stones.’ Another church in this city boasts of the relics of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand British Virgins!

These are but specimens of German Popery. ‘We amazingly ‘ly over-state,’ remarks Mr. Wilson, ‘the ex urative amount

‘ of good effected by our Societies ;—the world is still “ dead “ in trespasses and sins :” vast tracts of barren Protestantism, or untilled and fruitless Popery, stretch all around us.’ The importance of the Holy Scriptures and of the Bible Society, forced itself upon his mind at every step. He adds, however, that

‘ the state of true religion is, on the whole, improving in Switzerland and some parts of Germany. Truth, holiness, and unity increase; hundreds of Catholics receive Bibles, and attend Protestant churches. The Lutherans and Reformed have begun to unite in the common term Evangelical. The Antistes and most of the clergy preach and live according to the Gospel. On the other hand, the Court of Rome threatens; the Pope is aroused: he thinks the Protestants have begun to propagate their views by Bible and Missionary Institutions, and he is determined to oppose them. The Jesuits are the Pope’s household troops; they are spreading every where, and resisting, in the most open manner, every attempt at Scriptural education. *The Holy Alliance is thought to favour the Pope and the Jesuits, by acting on the idea that all societies are dangerous.*’

Vol. I. p. 111.

So; the Holy Alliance, now that Lord Castlereagh is gone, is found out to be but a political juggle, even by the warmest admirers of that most Irish statesman. How long ago is it since to have breathed a suspicion as to the purity of the motives by which that august triumvirate of despots were actuated, would have subjected us to the imputation of radicalism? Let us have patience, and in a few years, even the Alien Act will be reprobated by the most loyal, and Bonaparte himself will be extolled in the Quarterly Review, as next to Cromwell among the illegitimates. We could scarcely believe our eyes, when we read the following daring panegyric upon the usurper, from the pen of Mr. Wilson.

‘ History will soon sit in judgment on this extraordinary man. His scepticism as to all religious truth, his unbounded ambition, his waste of human life and happiness in the prosecution of his projects, the injustice and treachery of his invasions, the iron yoke which he imposed on the subject nations, his unmitigated hatred of England, his individual acts of cruelty and blood, are points now generally admitted. But it is impossible to travel on the Continent, without being compelled to witness the proofs of his admirably policy, and of his zeal to promote, in many respects, the welfare and moral advancement of the people over whom he reigned. Not to dwell on the liberty of public worship which he nobly granted the Protestants of every confession; there is something so splendid in his national works, there are so many monuments of his legislative wisdom, so many traits of grandeur in his projects, that you do not wonder that his name is still every where revered. He, in fact, brought royalty

and talent into such close contact, that there was some danger of men beginning to estimate the value of a sceptre by the mere ability of the hand that wielded it. The unfavourable tendency of this unnatural union of splendid vice and glorious ambition, on the public morals and the religious habits of Europe, is obvious—it debases the best principles of the heart. Of Bonaparte, as an unconscious instrument of Divine Providence for scourging guilty nations, for shaking the papacy to its base, and arousing those dormant energies in the mass of the population of Europe, which may probably issue in the general diffusion of a reasonable liberty, and of all the blessings of the glorious Gospel of Christ, I will not trust myself to speak. This view, though the most correct perhaps, has been far too exclusively taken already by religious persons.'

Vol. II. p. 233.

If this view be the most correct, it ought at least never to be lost sight of; but we do not think that it has by any means been too exclusively taken by religious persons,—or even sufficiently attended to, till now, of late, that the tide of opinion is beginning to turn in favour of a more English and Christian policy. The following remarks are highly deserving of attention.

' It is very observable, that where Popery is now reviving in its influence, after the French revolutionary struggles, or the iron laws of Bonaparte, it returns with all its folly about it. It is not learning a lesson of wisdom, and silently following its Pascals and Fenelons, and dropping some of its grosser corruptions; but re-assumes all its arts, its impositions, its ceremonies, its incense, its processions, its pilgrimages, its image-worship, its exclusive claims, its domination over the conscience, its opposition to the Scriptures, its hatred of education; and this in the full face of day, and in the nineteenth century, and with infidelity watching for objections to our common Christianity. And what is the general moral effect of this system? It neither sanctifies nor saves. A depth of vice, glossed over with outward forms of decency, eats as doth a canker. Voluptuousness, impurity, dishonesty, cunning, hypocrisy, every vice prevails just as Popery has the more complete sway. The dreadful profanation of the Sabbath has by prescription become fixed. All the holy ends of it are now forgotten, unknown, obliterated. It is the habitual season of unrestrained pleasure. I speak generally; for there are doubtless multitudes of individual Catholics who serve God in sincerity and truth; and who, disregarding the accumulations heaped on the foundation of the faith, build on Jesus Christ and him crucified. There is one class of persons in Catholic countries, which I compassionate from my heart. They are not sunk in superstition, nor have they imbibed the piety of true disciples of Christ; but, having been educated during the Revolution, they have acquired a general boldness and liberality of sentiment; see through much of the mummery of Popery; detect the spirit and aims of a worldly minded

priesthood ; are disgusted at the revival of the Jesuits, the opposition to the Bible Society, the resistance to education, the disturbance and removal of the most pious and worthy masters and professors, the persecution of the Protestants, &c. And yet, they are not in earnest enough about religion to take a decided part : the objections of infidels dwell upon their minds ; the fear of reproach prevents their quitting the Roman communion ; there is nothing in the Protestantism they are acquainted with, to shew them a more excellent way. Thus they glide down the fatal stream with others, dissatisfied and yet unconverted.' Vol. II. pp. 252—254.

Some noble exceptions, however, stand out in bold relief amid this gloomy picture. Our readers are familiar with the name of Leander Von Ess. He was unfortunately from home, when Mr. Wilson arrived at Darmstadt ; a severe disappointment. This admirable man, now in his fifty-second year, has had a spitting of blood for above four years, which prevents his preaching, but he gives himself up to the propagation of the Gospel. He has left the university of Marburg, where he was professor, and now lives under the Protestant Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. He remains, however, a Catholic priest, but with the spirit of a Reformer. He has printed fourteen large editions of his New Testament, and circulated altogether 494,860 copies. The desire for the Scriptures among the Catholics, priests as well as laity, continues to increase ; and sometimes, he circulates as many as 7000 in a single month. Lately, a priest in one parish sent for 2000 New Testaments : the parish is in the Black Forest.

A very interesting account is given of the conversion of a Catholic priest, named Henhöfer, who became a true Christian by reading the Scriptures, and with his whole congregation, consisting of forty families, with the lord of the village at their head, ' turned from the Catholic to the Evangelical ' Lutheran Church.'

' M. Aloyx Henhöfer was Catholic curé of the communes of Mulhausen and Steineyg (between Carlsruh and Stutgard). In proportion as he studied the sacred Scriptures, with a conscientious desire to fulfil his pastoral duties, his preaching began to savour of the doctrine of Christ ; and he gradually proclaimed the Gospel with so much unction and force, that multitudes came from the most distant villages to hear him. He was soon cited to appear before the Ecclesiastical authorities at Bruchsal, to give an account of his doctrines. It was on this occasion he published his " Christian Confession of Faith," in which he declares, that, all the time he was curé of Mulhausen, he never said a word contrary to the principles of the Catholic Church ; and when he preached against the abuse of ceremonies, it was only to combat the error of some of his parishioners, who thought to satisfy their consciences by merely observing the ex-

terior forms of religion. The authorities of Bruchsal deprived him of his living, declaring that, by his "Confession," he had pronounced his own separation. The Baron de Gemmingen, lord of the parish, with all his household, and the curé Henhöfer at the head of forty families, comprising about 220 persons, soon after publicly separated themselves from the Church of Rome. They made a profession of their faith in the evangelical doctrines in the Baronial chapel of Steineyg; and then, as many of them as were adults, received the Holy Communion according to the rites adopted since the re-union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches. This affecting ceremony was celebrated in a Catholic country, in the midst of a crowd assembled from all the neighbouring places, with doors and windows open, without the slightest interruption or disturbance—a proof of the excellent temper which prevails between the two communions in the Grand Dutchy of Baden. As about half the parish of Mulhausen remained Catholics, and the new converts had of course no claim to the revenues of the livings, nor to the use of the parish church, they have for the present joined themselves to the parish of Urbain de Pforzheim; and Divine service is celebrated in the chapel of the castle of Steineyg. M. Henhöfer has not at present thought it right to remain as their pastor, on account of the umbrage it would give the Catholics. Nevertheless, he was examined as a Protestant candidate, April 11, 1820, and was ordained the following day. He is a pious, calm, amiable man, who has acquired surprising influence by his personal character. His publication has created a lively sensation in Alsace, and the Catholics read it with even more eagerness than the Protestants.'

From this most interesting statement, it would seem that, in the case of conversions from the Church of Rome, if the convert be a priest, re-ordination is practised by the Continental Protestant churches. Romish ordination is held valid by the English Episcopal church, though Presbyterian ordination is not. After reading such a narrative as this, one is ready to ask, Why do we hear of no such conversions from Popery in England? Is there any thing which renders the mind of an English papist less accessible than that of a foreigner of the same persuasion, to the influence of Scriptural truth? In the case of the pastor Henhöfer, the Scriptures studied with humble prayer, seem, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to have been the only guide. In a land of Bibles like our own, one might hope to hear of many such instances. Has the spirit of the Reformation quite spent itself in England? Or do we know of no other means of combating popery, but legislative enactments? If popery is on the increase among us, if it is not losing ground, and losing hold of the minds of its votaries, what are Protestants about? What would be thought, if Mahomedism was spreading in this country? We know

not why that should be deemed a more portentous evil, or why it should be considered as more disgraceful for Christianity and the Bible to lose ground before the Prophet and the Koran, than before the Man of Sin and his priests. We are disposed to regard the non-occurrence of secessions from the Church of Rome in this country, as one of the most alarming features of the times. In Ireland, converts are made by education and the Bible, but not among the priests. We may petition the Legislature against Popery, but it will not yield to such weapons. "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer" and "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

But what is Continental Protestantism?

'Alas!' says Mr. Wilson, 'I see deism, infidelity, indifference, a secret contempt of religion, too widely prevailing even here. I observe a cold celebration of a few great festivals; but the Sabbath desecrated—holiness of life too little exemplified—the principles of grace, from which only it can spring, forgotten—the Reformation, with its glorious truths, corrupted and obscured. I see persecution itself, the most odious part of Popery, transplanted to Protestant bodies, and an open defection from the Gospel avowed in the city which was once the praise of the churches. Thank God, things are in many places greatly improving both among Catholics and Protestants; and the opened Bible, the spirit of free inquiry after truth, the power of conscience, the intercourse of different Protestant States, the operations of various religious societies, the judgements of God which have been abroad in the earth, and above all, the Divine mercy visiting and subduing the heart, have produced a wonderful change. And in some quarters, the purity of the Gospel has flourished without interruption or decay. But taking a view of the present state of the Continent generally, in its two great families of Catholics and Protestants, the Christian Traveller cannot but be affected even to depression with the prevailing degeneracy.'

At Lausanne, the spirit of intolerance has lately assumed the shape of the most determined persecution. As soon as any person gives offence to the clergy, the magistrates make no scruple of banishing him at once. 'They allow no dissidents from the Establishment, not a soul: a minister who is suspended cannot preach at all.' Mr. Wilson has given a copy of an *Arrêté* which has recently been published at Lausanne, drawn up in the precise language which persecutors have uniformly adopted since Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes. It is directed against the new sect called the *Mouiers*; that is, in fact, pious, evangelical nonconformists, who are acknowledged, says Mr. Wilson, on all hands, to be peaceable members of the Republic, unexceptionable in their moral conduct, and pious, devoted Christians. This edict forbids all private

religious meetings, and directs magistrates to dissolve such meetings by force. Every person found guilty of being present at these meetings, is to be punished with fines, imprisonment, &c. 'Thus is the Inquisition of Spain transferred to Protestant Switzerland, and the noblest gift of the Reformation, liberty of public worship, openly violated.'

'And is it in Switzerland,' exclaims Mr. Wilson, 'Switzerland, the nurse of the Reformation, the country of Zuingli, and Oecolampadius, and Beza; Switzerland, the last refuge of religious liberty in Europe, that this has taken place? O, who can too strongly express his detestation of such intolerant and unchristian measures... But so it is. The clergy, when they refuse to accept of Divine grace, have always been the worst of enemies to real spiritual religion. All experience declares this, and especially the history of the sufferings of Christ our Lord.'

The open persecution at Lausanne is not, however, so afflictive a circumstance as the open denial of the Reformed Faith by the Church of Geneva. Mr. Wilson has devoted a note in reply to the laboured apology for the Pastors, contained in M. Simoud's work on Switzerland, who, while he regrets the issuing of the '*reglement*' of May, 1817, is disposed to regard it as necessary to preserve the peace of the church. 'But the real question is,' remarks Mr. W., 'whether any body of ministers have a right to alter, conceal, or check the full and fair development of the great truths of Revelation, on the plea of preserving peace.' We shall probably have occasion to advert again to this subject in our next Number, and must, therefore, only add, that Mr. Wilson bears his testimony to the existence of much sincere and simple devotion among many individuals at Geneva, notwithstanding the general state of the fallen Church.

Mr. Wilson was much charmed with Lyon, which has been regularly increasing in population and commerce since the peace of 1815. Out of a population of 175,000 souls, five or six thousand are Protestants: yet, they have only one church, and but one service in that church. There is a Bible Society here but it is not flourishing. 'The Government now is not favourable to the Protestants.' But this is not so bad a state of things as at Paris, where Mr. Wilson found only one public service on the Sunday, for a population of nearly 30,000 Protestants. In fact, speaking generally, he says, the Sabbath is utterly lost on the Continent: 'it is no longer the Lord's day, but the day of the god of this world.' When it is observed, it is called a *fête* or holiday, indiscriminately with the birthday or Assumption of the Virgin Mary. May, the

newspapers, the theatres, &c. are actually suspended on St. Francis's day, or the Feast of the Virgin, but, on the Sunday, are regularly carried on, and more eagerly followed than ever. The Sunday is, in short, the day for shows, amusements, dissipation, and vicious pleasures of every kind. And what is worse than all, these things are countenanced by Englishmen.

Upon the whole, there is much that is lamentable and affecting, but not a little that is animating, in Mr. Wilson's account of the present state of the Continent. His work has deeply interested us, and we strongly recommend the perusal of it to our readers. We have unavoidably passed over much that is attractive and entertaining in the Author's descriptions of the exquisite scenery through which he travelled, on the banks of the Rhine, and in the recesses of the Alps; the volumes abound too with much valuable information of a general nature. Our object has led us to fix on the graver features of the work, from which we might otherwise have made more amusing selections. It is such travellers as Mr. Wilson, that we would have go forth as the representatives of English Christians: it is with such sentiments and feelings as breathe through these volumes, that we could wish,—were it not a vain hope,—that Englishmen might return. The prejudices against the Protestant doctrine and evangelical truth, which the ill conduct of Englishmen abroad have implanted or confirmed, are, Mr. Wilson says, deplorable. On the other hand, what incalculable good might English travellers diffuse, who should learn from these volumes to connect with their own health and gratification, the promotion of higher objects, and the recommendation of the religion they profess!

Art. X. *Warreniana*; with Notes, critical and explanatory, by the Editor of a Quarterly Review. f. cap 8vo. London, 1824.

WE enjoy humour, but we detest vulgarity and profaneness; and if we cannot have one without the other, must forego the human prerogative of laughter altogether. If our readers are of the same opinion, they will not waste their money on this book, which is only the old joke of travestie over again. In the "Rejected Addresses," it was amusing enough; but it is now stale and quite unprofitable. The subject of the poems is Warren's Blacking, and of course the wit is only a thin vein, running through a thick stratum of absurdity. The mine does not pay for the working.

- Art. XI. 1. *The Tract Magazine, or Christian Miscellany.* Nos. 1 to 4. 12mo Price 1d. London. 1824.
2. *The Gospel Tract Society* Nos. 1 to 10. 12mo. Price 1d. each, or 4s. per hundred. London, 1823, 4.
3. *The Teacher's Offering, or Sunday School Monthly Visitor* Edited by the Rev. John Campbell. No. XVI. April, 1824. Price 1d.
4. *The Children's Friend.* Edited by the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, A.M. Vicar of Tunstall. No. IV. April, 1824. Price 1d.
5. *The Child's Companion, or Sunday Scholar's Reward.* No. II. 32mo. Price 1d. (Printed for the Religious Tract Society.)
6. *The Child's Magazine.* Edited by Mrs. Sherwood. No. IV. 32mo. Price 1d.

THE present generation certainly bids fair to be 'penny wise;' we hope there is no danger of its turning out 'pound foolish.' The prodigious improvements made in the moral machinery of society, the diffusion of education among all classes by means of Sunday Schools, and the consequent over-stimulated activity of the press,—cannot be more strikingly shewn than by the multiplication of publications like these. We might have added to the list, three-penny and four-penny periodicals almost without end. We cannot but rejoice in the immense increase of that class of readers among whom such works find purchasers and readers. Knowledge cannot be made too cheap: we entertain no jealousies respecting its widest and most unrestricted diffusion. Whatever evils can arise from knowledge, find in knowledge their only antidote. If the element becomes vitiated, it is only through being compressed and confined: give it vent, and it will become pure. Religion, objectively considered, (to use a favourite phrase with our old divines,) is itself only knowledge of the highest kind, and knowledge homogeneous with every other kind. But though we are not jealous of the diffusion of knowledge, we may have reason to watch with some solicitude, the channels by which it finds its way to the mind,—the tunnels and pipes by which it is distributed. Are not we Reviewers constituted by public consent, commissioners for watching, paving, and lighting as it were the high road to knowledge? Here is, however, a new case for which the Act does not provide,—a modern improvement, sprung up like the Gas lights, which are to bid defiance to our vigilance, and to evade our eyes altogether. This Penny and Two-penny literature, a retail of knowledge to the rich and the poor, does

not bring the dealer under the denomination of regular traders and shop-keepers; and we know not how to proceed against them in case of misbehaviour, unless we can swear to them as a nuisance, or indite them under the Vagrant act. Some of these parties write great names over their stalls, as if in defiance of the beadle or magistrate. Thus, one penny magazine puts up the popular name of Mrs. Sherwood; another, that of a much esteemed clergyman; a third, that of John Campbell, whose book about Africa every one has read; and a fourth, that of the Religious Tract Society. Why, who would enter the lists with the whole Tract Society? And then, just in front of their stall, here is Dr. Hawker opening an opposition 'Gospel Tract Society,'—a sly intimation that *the* Tract Society do not deserve that appellation, do not favour, by their publications, the gospel according to Dr. Hawker. It begins, surely, to be time that these matters were looked into, and that neither hawkers, nor pedlars, nor tract companies, should be suffered to trade without a licence.

One word with regard to the Tract Society, whose apparent invasion of the province of the Trade has subjected them, it seems, to some severe animadversions. It may be thought high presumption in us, to offer any objection to plans 'repeatedly discussed and fully considered; but, without casting the slightest imputation on the motives of the Committee, we must express our regret that a measure, not unanimously approved by their own body, and involving the Society in all the responsibilities of authorship,—a measure, too, which has so invidious and trading a character,—should have been engaged in. The very tone of apology which the Committee have found it needful to adopt, proves that the step was an unwise one. The apology for the Tract Magazine, is, that nearly all the religious societies of any magnitude publish some periodical account of their proceedings. But out of twelve pages in each of the last three numbers, three only relate to the proceedings of the Tract Society, and many of the extracts are not of very high importance. We should have imagined that if quarterly extracts were thought necessary, it would have been better to lay the charge of a penny upon them. Other religious societies publish reports of their proceedings and extracts from correspondence; but, with the exception of the Home Missionary Society, we recollect no other that has had the indiscretion to commit itself by a miscellaneous magazine. The Missionary Register, connected with the Church Missionary Society, is strictly confined to articles of intelligence. The London Missionary Society is by no means responsible for the Evangelical Magazine. But, in the present instance, we have

the Tract Society—one of the most useful and efficient of our popular religious institutions—identifying itself with “Christian Miscellany,” conducted by an anonymous Editor, unanctioned by the names of its proper Officers, who ought to be responsible for its contents, and, in the style and character of its composition, far below some of the rival penny worths. In the last Number, we open upon the following remarks ‘on the heart.’

..... ‘The difficulty’ (of reconciling the phrase pure in heart with the doctrine of human depravity) ‘perhaps consists in our apprehension of the word *heart*: it is not unusual to confound it with the affections or feelings, desires or wishes, which indeed exercise less influence, but are distinct from, the heart itself. The heart’s man is his *will* or *purpose*.’

Is this a style of writing adapted to the readers of tracts? Is an Institution like the Tract Society to lend its sanction to the publication of crudities like this? The statement is incorrect as it is muddy: the heart *does* mean the affection, both in Scripture and out of it, and to affirm the contrary can serve only to perplex a simple reader. Then for poetry, in the same Number, we have ‘the dying Christian,’ to the tune—we hope not the tune—of “Poor Mary Anne.”

‘When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me,’ &c.

The “Child’s Companion” appears to be conducted in much better taste. With less of an official air about it, it is more worthy of the Society. But still we doubt the expediency of a general society like the one in question, entering the list of authorship, and deviating so widely from its original plan in order to cater to the passion for novelty. The character of the Society must greatly depend on the respectability of its publications. We have long regretted that these are not uniformly the best of their kind, either in style or matter. It is not a tract’s being issued from No. 55, Paternoster Row, that will give it currency, if proper measures are not taken to secure the Institution against being outvied by private speculators in the quality of their articles.

We find that we have not room to notice Dr. Hawker—he deserves an article for himself.

XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

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is expected in the course of

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econd Voyage of Discovery,
the natural history, &c. 4to.
vate Journal of Captain G. F.
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pe of Discovery under Captain
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frica, in 1821 and 1822. By
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eechey, Esq. 4to.

ve of Four Voyages of Sur-
e Inter-Tropical and Western
Australia, between the years
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mmander of the Expedition.

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terior of Africa, from the Wes-
t to the River Niger, in 1818,
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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1824.

Art. I. *An Inquiry into the present State of the Statute and Criminal Law of England.* By John Miller, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 332. London. 1822.

THIS work is the substance of two articles on the respective subjects of the Statute and Criminal Law, which appeared a few years ago in the Quarterly Review. Either the Author's parental affection for his productions, or an earnest desire of disseminating his opinions, has led to the republication now before us. They evince, we admit, considerable professional reading and much labour; but, as disquisitions, they are manifestly wanting in the liberal spirit of a sound philosophy. Upon the important subject of Criminal Law, we have many serious objections to urge against his argument and his inference; but we cordially agree with Mr. Miller on one point. The boundless accumulation of statutes and law reports, of which he complains, constitutes an evil of appalling magnitude, and renders law, which ought to be a clear and intelligible rule of action, a deceitful snare and a most impenetrable mystery. Too little notice has hitherto been taken of this alarming subject. Session after session, year after year, the Statute Book is swelled by new acts of parliament, 'made on the spur of an occasion,' to use Lord Bacon's* words, 'not framed with a provident circumspection for the future.' Every young senator tries his inexperienced hand on an act of parliament. Every grievance that happens in the circle of social life, is brought within the jurisdiction of parliament. Every body goes to parliament as to a parish pump, said the late Mr. Windham, when he was noticing this mania of legislation prevalent in the House of Commons. Hence, the discordant lumping together in one enactment, as in the Black Act, of different provisions, each having a different object. Hence,

* Hist. Hen. VIIth.

the countless brood of statutes on the Game laws, and the innumerable penalties attached to acts which, at common law, were not punishable, and which had always been considered in the eye of law as indifferent. The preparation of these statutes is performed in the most slovenly and perfunctory manner. When the Government requires a smuggling law or an excise law, instructions are sent to the solicitor of the particular department of the executive, or to the person usually employed to draw acts of parliament, by whom they are hastily thrown into a sort of technical form, without the slightest consideration of the subject-matter of the enactment, and with little or no attention to the operation or connexion of their clauses.

‘ The edition of the Statutes at Large by Tomlins and Raithby, which is the most condensed of any hitherto given to the public, forms sixteen volumes in quarto and two parts, from Magna Charta to the end of 1818: five volumes and a half of which comprise the acts from King John to the end of the reign of George II., and the remaining ten and a half are filled with those of the present reign. Since the Union with Ireland, a thick closely-printed volume has been published every two or three years, and the average number of public acts passed in each of the last eighteen years amounts to 140. At this rate of accumulation, their size at the end of the present century will have swelled to fifty of such ponderous quartos, and the number of public acts to 14,000—no inappropriate companion to the 800 or 1000 volumes of Reports which at that period are likely to compose a portion of the treasures of a lawyer’s library. If any person should take the trouble to verify this statement, it will be found rather to fall below than exceed the truth, and when the surprize has ceased which it is calculated to awaken, the first question we are irresistibly impelled to ask, is, whether all this mass of legislation be indispensably necessary? If it is, it becomes our duty to submit to it with the resignation with which an inhabitant of the Alps eyes the progress of a superincumbent glacier, which he perceives year after year increasing and descending, and which he foresees must at no distant period overwhelm him. That such must be the effect of the present multiplication of laws, if suffered to continue, no reasonable man can doubt. ‘ We,’ says Lord Stair, in the Dedication to his Institutions of the Law of Scotland, as it stood in his time, ‘ are not involved in the labyrinth of many and large statutes, whereof the posterior do ordinarily abrogate or derogate from the prior, that it requires a great part of a life to be prompt in all these windings, without which no man can with sincerity and confidence consult or plead, much less can the subjects, by their own industry, know where to rest, but must give more implicit faith to their judges and lawyers, than they need or ought to do to their divines.’ But the necessity of such a multitude of public laws ought not to be hastily admitted. If there is any one subject on which experience, and the concurring streams of knowledge of every kind, have given us an

incontrovertible superiority over our ancestors, it is in that of legislation; and by the use of proper means, there is the strongest reason to indulge a belief that the evil complained of, if not entirely removed, might at least be greatly alleviated. Among the causes of the present size of the Statute Law; the number of those relating to the revenue; those prohibiting or encouraging importation and exportation; those which are local and temporary; those which proceed from a love of legislation; and the inaccurate and slovenly manner in which the whole body of Acts of Parliament are drawn up, may be named as the most prominent.'

We agree also with Mr. Miller, that both the size and the number of acts of Parliament owe much of their increase to the negligence and unskilfulness with which they are prepared. Take up what volume of the statutes we please, at whatever page it opens, we are overwhelmed by a heavy verbosity and tautology, by words which neither have a meaning, nor even 'blunder about a meaning,' but which seem to have been adopted for no other purpose than that of involving the subject of the enactment in the greatest possible confusion and perplexity. What can be more unnecessary than the everlasting iteration of 'he, she, and they,' 'person or persons,' and other absurd pleonasms, which answer no real end, and contribute neither to certainty nor clearness? In all moral reasoning upon man, the generic word man includes woman also; and why should not the language of legislation be equally comprehensive?

'As an example,' says Mr. Miller, 'of prolix phraseology carried to the utmost extent of which it seems susceptible, the 54 Geo. III. c. 56. for the encouragement of Statuaries and Bust-masters, may be referred to, which is the more liable to censure, as, both on account of the persons for whose benefit it was made, and because it is an amendment of a former act which it declares to have been insufficient, it might have been expected to be more than usually perspicuous. It runs in the following terms:—'Be it enacted, &c. that from and after the passing of this act, every person or persons who shall make, or cause to be made, any new and original sculpture, or model, or copy, or cast of the human figure, or human figures, or of any bust or busts, or of any part or parts of the human figure clothed in drapery or otherwise, or of any animal or animals, or of any part or parts of any animal combined with the human figure, or otherwise, or of any subject being matter of invention in sculpture, as of any alto or basso relievo, representing any of the matters or things hereinbefore mentioned, or any cast from nature of the human figure, or of any part or parts of the human figure, or of any cast from nature of any animal, or of any part or parts of any animal, or of any such subject containing or representing any of the matters and things hereinbefore mentioned, whether separate or combined, shall have the sole, right,

and property of all and in every such new original sculpture, model, copy and cast of the human figure, or human figures, and of all and in every such bust or busts, and of all and in every such part or parts of the human figure, clothed in drapery or otherwise, and of all and in every such new and original sculpture, model, copy, and cast representing any animal or animals, and of all and in every such work representing any part or parts of any animal combined with the human figure or otherwise, and of all, and in every such new and original sculpture, model, copy, and cast of any subject being matter of invention in sculpture, and of all and in every such new and original sculpture, model, copy, and cast in alto or basso relievo, representing any of the matters or things hereinbefore mentioned, and of every such cast from nature, for the term of fourteen years, from first putting forth or publishing the same,' &c. Had this act simply declared, 'That after the passing of this act, every person who shall make or cause to be made any piece of sculpture or model being matter of invention, or any original mould or cast of any objects animate, or inanimate, or of any part or combination thereof, or who shall make any original copy of any such sculpture, model, mould, or cast, shall have the sole right and property to and in the same for the term of fourteen years from first putting forth or publishing the same,' &c. it would have been a great deal shorter, and have expressed what appears to be its meaning more distinctly. On this point, however, it is necessary to speak with caution, for in spite of the multitude of words with which it is loaded, one can hardly be certain, however often it may have been read, whether its meaning has been fully comprehended. There are no fewer than three questions which it leaves in considerable ambiguity: 1stly, whether a sculptor who invents a statue, and makes casts from it of the same size, has such casts protected against imitation for fourteen years. 2dly, whether if a sculptor or moulder makes an exact resemblance of an ancient theatre or temple, which has never been copied before, reduced to a tenth of the real size, such copy or work of invention is within the statute. And 3dly, whether it is unlawful again to reduce the copy, or only unlawful to make and vend a fraudulent fac-simile of it?' pp. 50—53.

These are great and hourly increasing evils, and unless seasonably attended to, they will force themselves upon public attention, with an importunity which cannot be any longer evaded. But the state of our Criminal Law is a subject still more important. It has been elaborately discussed by Mr. Miller, but, we must venture to say, not in the candid and philosophical spirit of a reasoner intent upon the truth, but with the subtlety of a minute sophist, who is anxious, by unfairly wrestling with the arguments of an antagonist, to gain a paltry credit for his own.

The frequency of capital punishments in England, their indiscriminate application by the Statute Book, whether absolutely inflicted or not, and at the same time, an undiminished frequency of crimes, are facts which no man can affect to deny. To

infer, then, that there must be something wrong in our sanguinary code,—something inoperative, at least, in laws the severities of which have no visible effect upon the offences against which they are denounced, is not a very extravagant inference. ‘*Non minus principi turpia sunt multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera,*’ is the language of Seneca: it is the suggestion also of common sense.

We reason upon this assumption,—that penal laws ought to be remedial. The existence of the evil must impeach the efficaciousness of the remedy, for it is only by the result, that a question of this nature can be determined. What Bacon applies to physical science, applies also to codes of penal jurisprudence. ‘As religion enjoins that faith is to be tried by works, so shall systems be tried by their results, and that which is unprofitable, shall be rejected as vain and unsound; and indeed, the more so, if it produces thorns and thistles, instead of grapes and olives.’ To say, therefore, of penal law, that it is remedial of certain evils, while those evils remain in undiminished force, and social life continues, in spite of enactments of the most undistinguishing severity, to be disfigured by crime, and violence, and fraud, is to pronounce its condemnation. But our penal laws are not merely inefficient as counteractive of crime: they are attended with a positive mischief. The frequent denunciation of capital punishments not necessarily followed by their infliction, hardens, instead of subduing the minds of those who are inclined to the commission of crime; while their actual infliction excites a species of public sympathy, by which hatred of the crime becomes softened into commiseration for the criminal. Thus, the laws lose their terror in the minds of the wicked, and forfeit the reverence of the good.

Let us not be misunderstood. Were the execution even of sanguinary laws followed by that diminution of crime which is the end of all punishment, we should, perhaps, have little right to complain of their severity. Society, suffering under evils that threaten its dissolution, may be authorized to sacrifice even life itself in pursuit of objects essential to its very existence. To adjust, as by a rule and compasses, a specific penalty to a specific offence, and to exact a perfect conformity of each to each in kind and degree, is wholly impossible. Our question is, Has the mischief been stopped? If the mischief continues, or augments, we gain nothing by penal severity, but an aggravation of the mischief required to be put down. The crime is still walking abroad in its adult and matured vigour: the punishment is still applied, but with no other effect than that of shocking our moral sensibilities by its severity, or hardening,

and, by hardening, deteriorating those whom it is our object to deter from crime. There is still another and a great evil, which inheres in a system of indiscriminate severity. The crime which is the subject of a punishment wholly out of proportion to its degree of turpitude, or rather, out of all fair proportion to what society suffers from its perpetration, goes unpunished; for both prosecutors and juries shrink from their duties, and the judge refuses to carry it in execution. If not, (the other form of the dilemma.) the execution of the sentence takes place and the hatred of the crime is then transferred to the severity of the law. The criminal is no longer considered as the party who has done the injustice; it is the law-giver, and the minister by whose hands the law is enforced.

The late excellent and lamented Sir Samuel Romilly made an effort, worthy of the benevolence of his heart and the soundness of his judgment, to remove some of the penal anomalies which deform our statute-book. He began in 1808, by bringing in a bill for abolishing capital punishment in the case of stealing privily from the person, which passed into law. He followed this, in 1812 with three other bills, intended to abolish the punishment of death for stealing from a shop or warehouse to the amount of five shillings, from a dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings, and from on board vessels in navigable rivers to the same amount. All these bills were rejected. He persisted, however, in his exertions down to 1817, but did not live to see the provisions of them adopted. In March 1819, a select committee was appointed to inquire into all offences rendered capital by our criminal laws. Their report, including the evidence taken before them, and the documents laid on their table was printed in November following. The recommendation of the Committee was, that certain classes of statutes which had created numerous felonies should be repealed altogether, and, in regard to others, that transportation or imprisonment should be substituted instead of death. Mr. Miller concedes the expediency of repealing many of the acts enumerated in the report. To such a degree does this enlightened candour extend, that he is disposed to give up the venerable statute of Philip and Mary making it capital for Egyptians to remain within the kingdom one month! He has subdued his nerves so far as to see no absolute danger in repealing the humane statutes which makes the being disguised within the Mint, or any injury done to Westminster bridge, capital; But the Black act, that lumber-room of capital felonies, into which all sorts of offences, however dissimilar to each other in moral qualities or in mischievous tendency, are huddled together,—the Black Act he will not part

with. Some of its provisions he extols as the brightest emanations of legislative wisdom, and among these, the clause rendering capital *the cutting down and destroying of growing trees*, mischievous and frequently malicious acts, we allow, but not on any sound principle of policy or justice, deserving an ignominious death. We cordially coincide with the reasonings of the Commitree.

‘ ‘ Were capital punishments reduced to the comparatively small number of cases in which they are often inflicted, it would become a much simpler operation to form a right judgment of their propriety or necessity. Another consideration of still greater moment presents itself on this point of the subject: Penal laws are sometimes called into activity after long disuse, and in cases where their very existence may be unknown to the best informed part of the community; *malicious prosecutors* set them in motion; a mistaken administration of the law may apply them to purposes for which they were not intended, and which they are calculated more to defeat than to promote: such seems to have been the case of the person who, in 1814, at the assizes for Essex, was capitally convicted of the offence of cutting down trees, and who, in spite of *earnest* application for mercy from the prosecutor, the committing magistrate, and *the whole neighbourhood*, was executed apparently because he was believed to be habitually engaged in other offences, for none of which, however he had been convicted or tried. This case is not quoted as furnishing any charge against the humanity of the judge or of the advisers of the crown: they certainly acted according to the dictates of their judgment; but it is a case where the effect of punishment is sufficiently shown by the evidence to be the reverse of exemplary, and it is hard to say, whether the general disuse of the capital punishment in this offence, or the single instance in which it has been carried into effect, suggests the strongest reasons for its abolition.’

pp. 108, 9.

The argument is evaded by Mr. Miller, who refers to the patience and attention exercised by judges on the circuit in capital cases, before they allow the sentence of the law to be carried into effect, and the minute examination of those cases before the king in council. He says nothing of the virtual repeal of the law by a long desuetude, and the consequent cruelty—we had almost said injustice—of calling a forgotten and obsolete penalty into action. A man so convicted might justly complain of the judge, who, in the language of Shakespeare,

‘ Awakes against me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour’d armour, hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacks have gone round
And none of them been worn, and for a name
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me.’

But, in our judgement, it is no trivial objection to the retention of these laws on our Statute Book, that they invest the judge with a power which the law did not, strictly speaking, intend to confer upon him. It is this. In ordinary cases, the judge would not carry, for instance, the penal severity of the Black Act into execution, if the question were merely that of hanging a person convicted of cutting down young trees. He would be influenced by a sentiment which must operate with equal force in every bosom and on every intellect—the monstrous disproportion betwixt a crime of this nature and the last and most dreadful penalty which human authority can award. In Potter's case, as it appears in the Report, the man was convicted of cutting down young trees, but he was executed for the badness of his character and the general suspicion, never legally substantiated, that were entertained of his having been concerned in several robberies. The question put to Mr. Torin, (the committing magistrate,) and his answer, will wholly refute the sophistical remarks of Mr. Miller. ‘ Did the execution of this man excite a considerable feeling in the country?—‘ A great many people were surprised at it ; it was considered a case of extreme hardship, but which was palliated by the badness of his character.’ If any thing is calculated to bring the law into disrespect,—if any thing is directly in contravention of the most radical and holding principle of penal jurisprudence,—namely, the strict association between the crime and its punishment,—it is the trying a man for one offence, and executing him for another without trying him at all.

Several important concessions have escaped our Author to the indiscriminate severity of the penal code ; but the chief value of those concessions is,—that they render his defence of that severity unaccountably contradictory and inconclusive. For instance, he says :

‘ The acts which Sir Samuel Romilly wished to repeal, are the 10 and 11 of William III. c. 23, which make it a capital felony to steal to the amount of five shillings from a shop, warehouse, stable, or coach-house ; the 12 Ann. c. 7. which makes it capital to steal privately from a dwelling house to the value of forty shillings ; and 3 Geo. II. c. 45. which makes it capital to steal from on board a vessel in a navigable river to the same amount. Of the extent to which the different species of larceny are carried, and the degree to which they disturb and deprave society, few persons, except those whose attention has been particularly directed to the subject, have formed any adequate conception. It appears from page 131 of the Appendix to the Committee's Report, that from the years 1810 to 1816 inclusive, the total number of persons committed for trial for criminal

Offences throughout England and Wales, amounted to 75,021, of which no fewer than 50,595, being nearly two thirds of the whole number, were for different sorts of larceny alone. Nothing can show more forcibly than this statement of the fact, how great a desideratum in penal jurisprudence an effectual punishment for the different varieties of this kind of delinquency is, though no case can probably be mentioned in which it seems so difficult to be devised. The acts of William, Ann, and George II. which have been quoted, never could have been regarded as a rational method of suppressing any species of this offence. I thought unfavourably of them at the time this paper was originally laid before the public, and subsequent inquiry and reflection has strengthened that dislike to them I then felt myself under the necessity of expressing. That the commission of a theft to the amount of five shillings from a shop or warehouse, or to that of forty from a dwelling house or on board a vessel in a navigable river, should subject every individual who may be guilty of a felonious act to the punishment of death—even where it is a first offence—without any circumstances of aggravation—and though lighter penalties are annexed to crimes of so much deeper enormity, cannot be denied to be enactments conceived in a spirit of indefensible severity. Perhaps no laws could be pointed out from the beginning to the end of the Statute Book, which have so much promoted perjury in jurymen, or afford so much countenance to the charge of unnecessary severity which has so often been preferred against the criminal code of England. It is difficult to conjecture why all modification of them should have been so long and strenuously resisted, for though convictions under them have been of extraordinary frequency, the penalty annexed to them can hardly ever be said to have been inflicted. Sir S. Romilly has said, in the fourth page of his observations, ‘that if we confine our observations to these larcenies, unaccompanied with any circumstance of aggravation, for which a capital punishment is appointed by law, such as stealing in shops, and stealing in dwelling houses, and on board ships, property of the value mentioned in the statutes, we shall find the proportion of those executed to those convicted, reduced very far indeed below that even of one to twenty.’ His calculation was far below the truth. It appears from the Appendix to the Committee’s Report, p. 141 and 139, that for the 7 years from 1812 to 1818 inclusive, the convictions in London and Middlesex, for larcenies from shops, dwelling houses and vessels, amounted to 434; the number of executions only to 10, or 1 in every 43. It appears also from pages 132 and 128 of the Appendix, that the whole number of persons capitally convicted for larceny throughout England and Wales, from 1810 to 1818 inclusive, amounted to 1196, and the number executed to 18, or something less than 1 in 66, showing a disproportion still more striking than the one first mentioned. It is manifest therefore that the words of these statutes could have conveyed no notion whatever to any person either at home or abroad, of the punishment which convicted thieves in this country actually suffer; and the acts of parliament in question, instead of being a terror to the 65 criminals over

whose heads its threatenings were for a time suspended, must with greater justice have been regarded as a surprise upon the 66th thief who became obnoxious to their vengeance. At last the 10 and 11 of William III. was modified by 1 Geo. IV. c. 117, and larceny from shops, warehouses, coachhouses or stables, does not now become a capital offence until the value stolen amounts to fifteen pounds. Perhaps it would have been an improvement of this statute, if capital punishment had been attached to larceny of a somewhat lower amount in cases where peculiar trust or confidence had been reposed in the prisoner, or where he had previously been convicted of a capital felony of any description. Even as it now stands, however, there can be no question that it is an important amendment introduced into our criminal law.' pp. 120—124.

The Report expresses the sentiments of the Committee upon the capital punishment of forgery in these words.

“ Much of the above evidence sufficiently establishes the general disinclination of traders to prosecute for forgeries on themselves, or to furnish the Bank of England with the means of conviction in cases where forged notes are uttered. There is no offence in which the infliction of death seems more repugnant to the strong and general and declared sense of the public than forgery; there is no other in which there appears to prevail a greater compassion for the offender, and more horror at capital executions.” pp. 127, S.

On this point Mr. Miller thus animadvert.

“ This language is so decided that it leads one to expect nothing less than a recommendation from the Committee of an immediate and total repeal of capital punishment in a case where they had denounced it as so peculiarly odious. In the very next page, however, the qualified conclusion to which the Committee have come on this part of the criminal law runs thus:

“ Private forgeries will, in the opinion of the Committee, be sufficiently and most effectually repressed by the punishment of transportation and imprisonment. As long as the smaller notes of the Bank of England shall continue to constitute the principal part of the circulating medium of the kingdom, it may be reasonable to place them on the same footing with the metallic currency; your Committee, therefore, propose that the forgery of these notes may, for the present, remain a capital offence—that the uttering of forged bank notes shall, for the first offence, be transportation or imprisonment; but that the second offence the offender shall be deemed to be a utterer of forged notes, and shall, if the prosecutor shall so be induced as such, which will render him liable to capital punishment.” p. 128

and that the law should remain as it is for forgery of Bank notes, which is by Mr. Miller as a palpable incon-

lency, we perceive no inconsistency at all. Having already stated their decided opinion as to the inexpediency of annexing capital punishment to forgery in general, an opinion corroborated by the evidence of several respectable bankers and merchants, a class of men who have the most direct interest in the repression of that offence,—they propose, inasmuch as the money of the realm was capital, and as the smaller Bank notes at that time constituted the chief part of the circulating medium, that the forgery of those notes should *for the present*, remain a capital offence;—a reservation which expressly denotes their conviction of the general inexpediency of that penalty for such offences, but shewing at the same time, that, contemplating the almost immediate return of the Bank to cash payments, they did not feel themselves bound to urge the immediate adoption of any legislative measure.

Mr. Miller passes over, with unbecoming levity, the moral effect of frequent capital punishments. Yet, he admits to the utmost extent, this important proposition—that public executions never produce the good effects upon those who assemble to witness them, which might be expected from them. He might have gone further. The tendency of the frequent exhibition of death in its most odious form, to harden and brutalize the spectators, is too obvious to require to be minutely argued; but when to that effect is added, a sense of injustice on the greater part of the multitude, arising from the indiscriminate operation of capital inflictions on so wide a category of offences, equally including the highest crimes as well as others of comparatively trivial import,—it is plain, that the law which thus operates, does not diffuse the salutary impression, but the penalty which it has awarded, is justly and rightfully inflicted. In such a case, by a rapid but unavoidable process of reasoning, it is the law which is arraigned as the real criminal.

The general reasonings upon this important question are plain, few, and simple. As the criminal law stands at present, there is a strong reluctance in juries to convict, as well as in prosecutors to prosecute. Whence does this reluctance arise? A most essential subject of inquiry, for the law falls into inefficiency and contempt, if the most efficient organ of our criminal jurisprudence shrinks from its duty. It proceeds (we are confining our observations to juries) from their unwillingness to send an offender to a severer punishment, than they think or feel due for his offence. They contemplate the full punishment which the law denounces for that particular species of crime, when unaccompanied with any palliating circumstance; and they cannot calculate with any certainty upon the remis-

sion or even the mitigation of that undue severity which frightens them from the strict fulfilment of their office. They are willing, therefore, to save him from all punishment by a verdict of acquittal, rather than subject him to an excessive & disproportionate punishment. The same pain and embarrassment must be also felt by the judge. Blackstone observes that 'it would be a most unhappy case for the judge himself, if the prisoner's fate depended upon his directions.' But the evil hypothetically stated by the learned Commentator, actually exists; for, after conviction, the fate of the culprit at present depends upon him, inasmuch as he exercises a large discretion in the selection of cases for punishment, or in mitigating the punishment, according to the extenuating circumstances: and this duty throws a load of moral responsibility upon him, from which there is no other mode of releasing him, than by modifying the indiscriminate severities of the criminal code. Add to these reasonings, the reluctance of prosecutors, to perform a duty which is binding upon every member of civil society. At present, a person who has sustained an injury, is unwilling to prosecute, not only because he is indisposed to subject a fellow-creature to a punishment which is too severe for the offence, but he not unfrequently acts from motives directly opposite. Seeing how many offenders escape conviction, merely from the reluctance of juries to convict, and how many, after conviction, escape all punishment whatever, he feels but little inclination to incur the expense and trouble of a prosecution.*

These are a few out of the many reasonings which have influenced our understanding upon this weighty question, and have led us to mingle our wishes with the general vow breathed by every humane and feeling heart throughout the kingdom, for a

* Mr. Miller, like a true lawyer, able to plead as well on either side, contends that a mitigation of our criminal laws would be an evil, first, because it would *indispose* many to prosecute; those persons, he must mean, who would not think it worth the trouble and expense, unless they could have some chance of hanging a man. For fear this argument should not have much weight, he then turns round, and says, that the mitigation of criminal laws, which must at all events be a bad thing, is to be deprecated, because it might induce 'careless and indiscriminate prosecution.' This is, if not an affected, an unfounded apprehension. Where expense on the part of the prosecutor is no object, and considerations of humanity are precluded by a high-minded regard for the general good, as in the all-important subject of hares and partridges, prosecutions cannot be more unrelenting and indiscriminate than they are.

mitigation of the undue severities which disfigure our laws, not only in the eye of humanity and virtue, but of sound policy and reason.

Art. II. *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.* By William J. Burchell, Esq. Vol. II. 4to. pp. 648. London. 1824.

WE reviewed the first volume of this expensive publication in our number for June 1822. We are sorry to find the present volume disfigured by the same hostility against the doctrines and the persons of the worthy and self-denying individuals who are engaged in the arduous task of instructing and converting the barbarous aborigines of Southern Africa. The spirit of antipathy manifested by Mr. Burchell, is too violent to be without some cause, too malignant to have originated in any just and rational ground of offence. We must be permitted to ascribe it, at least in part, to the waywardness of his own temper, and the overweening notion he has evidently cherished of his own claims to admiration. Independently, however, of the annoyance occasioned by these and similar proofs of bad taste and feeling, we have derived far more gratification and instruction from this section of the work, than we were able to extract from its predecessor. The tract along which Mr. Burchell travelled, was new ground; and, though he is neither a lively narrator nor an elegant writer, yet, he had a tale of interest to communicate, and he has not spoiled it in the telling.

The volume commences with the details of the journey from **Klaarwater** to **Graaffreynét**. Mr. Burchell started, Feb. 24, 1812, in bad temper with the inhabitants of the former place, and in high spirits at his emancipation from what he terms 'an oppressive and teasing load of daily vexations.' The early part of the expedition was cheered by 'an auspicious omen,' in the shape of a large supply of palatable food.

'In our way over the plain, we fell in with an ostrich's nest; if so one may call a bare concavity scratched in the sand, six feet in diameter, surrounded by a trench equally shallow, and without the smallest trace of any materials, such as grass, leaves, or sticks, to give it a resemblance to the nest of other birds. The ostriches to which it belonged, must have been at that time feeding at a great distance, or we should have seen them on so open a plain. The poor birds at their return would find that robbers had visited their home in their absence; for we carried off all their eggs. Within this hollow, and quite exposed, lay twenty-five of these gigantic eggs, and in the trench nine more, intended, as the Hottentots observe, as the first food of the twenty-five young ones. Those in the hollow, being

designed for incubation, may often prove useless to the traveller, but the others on the outside will always be found fit for eating. In the present instance the whole number were equally good.

'The expedient resorted to by Speelman on a former occasion, was now adopted to a certain extent: after filling all our bags, the sleeves of their watch-coats, and their second pair of trowsers were crammed full of eggs. It was considered as an auspicious omen, that at the commencement of our journey, so valuable a prize had been placed in our way. Our faithful dogs were not forgotten in the division of the spoil; and their share, which we immediately broke into a bowl, was eaten up on the spot.'

* * * * *

'We made our dinner from the ostrich-eggs; each of the Hottentots eating a whole one, although containing, as already mentioned, as much food as twenty-four eggs of the domestic hen. It is therefore not surprizing that I found myself unable to accomplish my share of the meal; even with the aid of all the hunger which a long morning's ride had given me. The mode in which they were cooked, was one of great antiquity; for all the Hottentot race, their fathers, and their grandfathers' fathers, as they expressed themselves, have practised it before them. A small hole the size of a finger was very dextrously made at one end, and having cut a forked stick from the bushes, they introduced it into the egg by pressing the two prongs close together; then by twirling the end of the stick between the palms of their hands for a short time, they completely mixed the white and the yolk together. Setting it upon the fire, they continued frequently to turn the stick, until the inside had acquired the proper consistence of a boiled egg. This method recommends itself to a traveller, by its expedition, cleanliness, and simplicity; and by requiring neither pot, nor water; the shell answering perfectly the purpose of the first, and the liquid nature of its contents, that of the other.' pp. 20—22

On the following day an opportunity occurred of ascertaining that the stomach of a Hottentot is not altogether indiscriminate in its choice of food. One of Mr. Burchell's attendants, belonging to that race, happening to witness the voracity of a Bushman who, after roasting a lizard, made a voluptuous feast upon its eggs, exhibited, when relating the circumstance, symptoms of the most intense disgust. An affecting description is given of the rencounter with a horde of Bushmen, to whose half dozen miserable huts, Mr. B. gave the appropriate name of 'Poverty Kraal.' His behaviour to these wretched beings does him honour. He relieved their hunger, to his own probable inconvenience, made them supremely happy by a distribution of tobacco, and rebuked the dishonesty of his own followers who were taking advantage of circumstances to procure the valuable skins worn by these poor creatures, for a worthless remuneration. The gratitude of the wanderers was unbounded, and he left them happy for once,

a full present supply, and without anticipations of future exigencies. On the 5th, the party reached the kraal of a chief named Kaabi, and the relations of amity and alliance were speedily established by the distribution of a few ounces of tobacco. Here our scientific Traveller congratulates himself on his good fortune in having an opportunity of contemplating man, and especially the African bush-ranger, in an uncivilized state. His remarks on the subject do not, however, appear to be particularly novel or profound. We learn that these nomades are not ambitious, nor, as Mr. B. believes, are they avaricious; that they are hospitable and generous towards each other, and that, by way of set-off against these rather common virtues of savage life, they are to be credited with certain vices, also sufficiently rife among barbarians, such as lying, ignorance, and a propensity to make rather too free with other peoples' property. By his frank and cordial behaviour, Mr. Burchell soon secured the confidence of these good-natured people; and he has preserved a number of little traits of character which make out an interesting chapter.

‘ One of the mothers told me, with evident distress, that she was soon to be parted from her only daughter, of whom she was affectionately fond, and who was now considered old enough to live in her husband's hut. The girl herself was sitting by, and, on hearing this mentioned, she turned her face downwards, with an unaffected bashfulness, and with a natural and interesting expression of genuine innocence, which would well have become the most civilized of her sex.

‘ With regard to polygamy, I was told that a second wife is never taken, until the first, as before stated, has become old, not in years, but in constitution: and sometimes, though rarely, a third supplies, in like manner, the place of the second. This was generally the greatest extent of their polygamy; nor were the old wives, on that account, neglected or left unprovided for by their husbands; but constantly remained with him on the same terms as before. I could not learn that any nice feelings of jealousy between these wives, ever disturbed the harmony of the family.

‘ Some men passing by, seemed much amused at my questions, and joined us: on which, I inquired of the women if their husbands ever beat them; well knowing that this subject was one of great importance in their domestic arrangements. The men laughed, and quickly replied, “No No.” The women as loudly cried, “Yes, Yes, they beat us on the head—so.” And sufficiently proved the truth of their assertion, by the ready and natural manner in which they imitated this act of conjugal discipline.

‘ I then quitted this party, who appeared happy and pleased at my stopping with them so long, and continued my visit to the different houses. In one, a little family groupe were drinking their goat-milk from a leathern bowl, and in a manner perfectly novel.

Of all the instruments for conveying liquid to the mouth, a *brush* must appear the least adapted to such a purpose: with no other means than this, they emptied their bowl; and perhaps have discovered that the greater length of time which this mode requires, prolongs also the pleasure of their meal. The brush was made of strong hair, and of a thickness sufficient to fill the mouth. The manner of using it, was by dipping it into the bowl, and sucking the milk out of it.'

One of the men, having been requested to give proof of his dexterity in the use of the bow, missed a mark, 'measuring' in surface about seven square feet, at the short distance of twenty yards. In the evening, Mr. B. was present at a ball in one of the largest 'houses' of the kraal, and witnessed an exhibition which may go in aid of the hypothesis, that all our various modes of amusement are conventional and prescriptive, instead of containing within themselves any essential principle of gratification. As the hovel was too low to permit any one to stand upright, the dancer was compelled to make use of two long sticks, touching the ground at a considerable distance from each other, on which he rested himself in a stooping and inconvenient attitude. One foot remained motionless, while the other was kept in incessant but irregular motion, with little change of place; the knee and leg having as much movement from side to side as the restricted position of the foot would allow. The figurant accompanied himself with the voice, and in this part of the entertainment the spectators joined. After some time, he fell on the ground, as if exhausted, though still continuing his contortions and his singing; but speedily started up, and resumed his proper posture, 'changing legs from time to time.' Round his ankles he wore a sort of rattle.

During the Author's short residence at this kraal, his party shot two rhinoceroses, most highly to the gratification of the Bushmen and their families, to whom such abundance had been till then unknown: they were left in high festival when the travellers set forward on their road. On the 18th of March, they reached the borders of the colony, and encountered a most inhospitable reception from the boer at whose farm they first halted; for which they were indemnified, on the following day, by the kind treatment they met with at another station, from the wife of Piet Vermeulen.

They reached Graaffreynét on the 25th, after suffering severely during the passage of the Snow Mountains, just in time for Mr. Burchell to profit by the kind attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Kicherer during an attack of fever. On his recovery, he exerted himself in procuring the necessary supplies.

and used every effort to secure the assistance of such of the Hottentots as were likely to prove effective in the arduous task which lay before them. For some reason unexplained, there seems to have been a disinclination on the part of the local magistracy to assist him in these important measures; and when at length the Landdrost tendered to him the service of the natives, he received private information, that they were a very refuse of the *Tronk*, or gaol, *Hottentots*. At last, however, all arrangements were completed; and, after Mr. Burchell had been detained 'a quarter of an hour' by the ceremony of solemn prayer for his safety, offered up by Mr. Kicherer, he set off on his venturous expedition. This was on the 28th of April, 1812: on the 10th of the succeeding month occurred the following adventure.

The day was exceedingly pleasant, and not a cloud was to be seen. For a mile or two, we travelled along the banks of the river, which in this part abounded in tall mat-rushes. The dogs seemed much to enjoy prowling about and examining every bushy place, and at last met with some object among the rushes, which caused them to set up a most vehement and determined barking. We explored the spot with caution, as we suspected from the peculiar tone of their bark, that it was, what it proved to be, lions. Having encouraged the dogs to drive them out, a task which they performed with great willingness, we had a full view of an enormous black-maned lion, and a lioness. The latter was seen only for a minute, as she made her escape up the river, under concealment of the rushes; but the lion came steadily forward, and stood still to look at us. At this moment we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on the bank at the distance of only a few yards from him, most of us being on foot and unarmed, without any visible possibility of escaping. I had given up my horse to the hunters, and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear, and it was useless to attempt avoiding him. My wife was in great alarm; she clasped her infant to her bosom, and screamed out, as if she thought her destruction inevitable, exhorting anxiously to those who were nearest the animal, *Take care! Take care!* In great fear for my safety, she half insisted upon my moving further off: I, however, stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger; and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner. But at this instant, the dogs boldly flew in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of these faithful animals, was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and continued making the greatest clamor in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved at their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs perceiving his eye thus engaged, had

advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him; but they paid dearly for their prudence, for, without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant, I beheld two lying dead. In doing this, he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed. Of the time which we had gained by the interference of the dogs, not a moment was lost; we fired upon him; one of the balls went through his side just between the short ribs, and the blood immediately began to flow; but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us; every gun was instantly reloaded; but happily we were mistaken, and were not sorry to see him move quietly away; though I had hoped in a few minutes to have been enabled to take hold of his paw without danger.'

On the 14th, the caravan paid its second visit to Kaabi's kraal. As Mr. Burchell had previously promised to make another general distribution of tobacco when he should pass in that direction on his return to Klaarwater, the inhabitants, like 'a crowd of happy children' in joyous expectation of 'toys and sugar-plums,' now flocked eagerly and exultingly about him; and he could only escape from their 'noise and confusion,' by transferring the business of arrangement and division to their chieftain. Friendly, however, as was the reception which the bountiful dispenser of shag and pipe met with from these people, he had a very sufficient proof that their appropriative habits had sustained no diminution of activity. They had evidently been making a successful speculation at the expense of their neighbours, for they had become suddenly possessed of large herds of cattle, to say nothing of a respectable flock of two hundred sheep. When questioned on these very suspicious accessions to their riches, they could frame no better excuse, than that they had obtained them from another kraal. Soon after their departure from this spot, the party were roused by the roaring of a lion prowling by night within fifty yards of their station; from which circumstance Mr. B. takes occasion to introduce a notable piece of verbiage about man's supremacy over the rest of the animal creation, and his privilege to 'rule alone by the divine spirit of reason and superior intellect;' in the exercise of which he is, 'at his own option and freewill,' either to 'elevate himself above the rest of the animal creation, or, by the neglect of them, sink himself below the beasts.' We really wish that Mr. B. could have satisfied himself with telling us what he saw in Africa: we could well have dispensed with his attempts every now and-then to edify us with the profound result of his cogitation.

s. . Independently of the crudeness of his notions, and the taste betrayed by the *mal à propos* introduction of these shreds and scraps of mawkish sentiment, they are rendered offensive by a suspicion that they are, partly at least, effects of irritation,—that they are designed as a sort of firing fire aimed at the different views of those evangelical people who have been so unfortunate as to provoke his ire. He reaches Klaarwater in no better temper. He seems sadly of humour at the incivility of the inhabitants, who neglected the 'colonial custom' of wasting gunpowder by answering in the same way the 'twenty discharges' by which he announced his return; and he absolutely writhes under the concern with which Mr. Anderson treated that memorable it.

None of the missionaries making themselves visible all this time, knocked at Mr. Anderson's door: he at last came forward, and in admirably calm manner, and without the least expression of any emotions, such as worldly men might naturally indulge in, on witnessing the return of a person whom he might consider as having risen from the dead, received me with: *So, you're come back again.* It must certainly have been vexatious to him, to find all his predictions respecting the dangers and difficulties of the journey, and my presence in the object of it, falsified in the eyes of those people by whom he wished to be thought an unerring example for their imitation; and I readily admit this excuse for his feelings. Therefore neither he nor his brother missionaries, had any reason for rejoicing at my success and safe return; a sentiment which, if they felt it, never escaped their lips during the whole time I remained at Klaarwater; nor did they ever allow their consistency to be compromised by vain curiosity respecting the occurrences of my journey; for in his head they preserved a silence well becoming men whose minds were occupied with better things. Nor was any reason ever given for making no notice of my salute. However; I met with a civil reception from all. I know that it is the doctrine of this sect, to suppress, even destroy, every lively emotion, and to strive to become *serious* and *solemn*. But for my part, I never could bring my mind to so serious a state as to avoid being extremely glad at finding myself, with all my family, safely arrived at Klaarwater, or to avoid being equally rejoiced at getting away from it.' p. 223.

Now, to say nothing of the little fib about 'the doctrine of this sect,' and making every allowance for the mortification in a man of Mr. Burchell's overweening cast must have been at finding that the Missionaries were not disposed to emulate the Bushmen of Kaabi's kraal in their demonstrations of joy at his arrival,—we cannot help expressing our wonder that he should have permitted this weak and petulant paragraph to find its appearance in his work. The 'predictions' of Mr.

Anderson had in no respect been 'falsified:' he had represented the 'dangers and difficulties,' of the journey, and Mr. Burchell will not, we presume, deny that the representation was correct. It is very clear, that the missionaries had other business—whether more important or not, we shall not take upon us to decide—than that of paying court to Mr. Burchell; and, while he admits that they gave him a 'civil reception,' it is sufficiently obvious from other incidental notices, that they were not deficient in any necessary attentions. We can easily conceive that they might have very substantial reasons for declining any closer intimacy.

In another passage, written under the influence of the same irritable feelings, we have an almost ludicrous complaint respecting a view of the settlement of Klaarwater, which Mr. B. executed for Mr. Anderson, under an express engagement that it should not be forwarded to Europe, nor 'engraved from.' In despite of these pitiful restrictions, this marvellous production found its way to England, and, on Mr. B.'s return to Cape Town, 'was recognised in the form of a print, engraved 'to be the principal ornament of a book of missionary travel 'by a person who visited' the station sometime after, and who, says our Traveller, 'so much admired this drawing, that he has 'thought it worthy of being published as his own.' Whoever this 'person' may be, he agrees with Mr. Burchell on one point on which we differ, if he really 'admired' Mr. Burchell's talents as an artist. There is a palpable discrepancy between the execution of some of the wood-cuts of this volume, and the coloured prints, which leads to one of two conclusions; either that the drawing of the subject was made on the wood-block by Mr. Branston himself, (which, from our knowledge of his style, we imagine to have been the case,) and consequently, that the loose, unartist-like manner of the larger plates is chargeable on Mr. Burchell's pencil; or else, that, if the latter be mechanically competent to the firm and decided handling of some of the vignettes, he has been strangely negligent in suffering his aquatinter to turn out a series of very unscientific plates. Let any one inspect the well chosen and well executed subjects of Mr. Daniell, in the same quarter of the globe, and he will at once comprehend our meaning. Neither in his selection, management of effect, nor touch, does the present Traveller exhibit any of the characters of an artist. On the propriety of the conduct which has led to this digression, we give no opinion, since we are not in possession of all the circumstances. It is very possible that Mr. Anderson knew nothing of the publication; and we would hope, for the credit of Mr. B.'s liberality, that he is himself mistaken in his rec-

lections of the transaction. But we must have done with all this; and in our sketch of the Author's further progress, we must resolutely pass by the comments of various kinds, which he is too fond of mixing up with his matters of fact.

'It was about four in the afternoon' of June 6th, that the caravan started on its route to the Interior; and, after some of the usual incidents of African travel, it reached, on the 18th, 'one of the most celebrated places' of the regions beyond the Gariep. This spot is distinguished by several masses of rock, one of which is much larger than the rest, and has been excavated for the purpose of obtaining a mineral much in request among the natives, as highly ornamental to the person. This substance is called *Sibilo*, and consists of a 'shining, powdery iron-ore of a steel-grey or bluish lustre, and soft and greasy to the touch.' It is prepared for use by grinding and mixture with grease. Though sometimes rubbed into the body, it is chiefly applied to the head, the hair being 'often so much loaded and clotted with an accumulation of it, that the clots exhibit the appearance of lumps of mineral.' To this fashionable mine, supplying the powder and pomatum of Southern Africa, all the neighbouring nations resort; and its produce is distributed, by barter, over an extent of at least five degrees of latitude. On the 28th, the party traversed the defile of the Kamhanni Mountains, which form the great natural line of separation between the Hottentot and Kaffer races. The pass was not difficult, since it 'had no perceptible ascent or descent,' and it was completely cleared in about three hours and a half. On the following day, the Travellers reached the Kruman, which presented the sight, rare in these regions, of a clear and plentiful current fifteen feet wide. This 'beautiful little river' is, at its source, a 'full and broad stream;' but, by the united effects of evaporation and absorption, it diminishes as it flows onward, until it is lost in the sands. In the rainy season, it is joined, according to local report, by the Moshowa, and in years when their rise is considerable, they reach the Gariep. The 13th of July was the memorable day on which Mr. Burchell entered Litakun, (the Lattakoo of Campbell,) an event of which he shall give his own description.

'The good humour which beamed in the countenances of the crowd, reflected a sunshine upon every object, and from the first instant, banished every uneasy sensation which the uncertainty of our reception might have created. With the recollection of the vexations and disappointments which had so long attended my progress into the Interior, I felt as though I had, by advancing thus far, gained a triumph over the numerous difficulties which must always beset and oppose every traveller who shall attempt to explore these regions,

alone and unsupported, cheered by no friend, upheld by no aid. While surveying with rapidity the new character of this busy crowd of Africans, and admiring the social appearance and magnitude of a town, so different in every respect from those of Europe, caught a spirit of enthusiasm which seemed like some fascinating power emanating from the strange objects which every where surrounded me, and excited feelings which rendered my first view of the town of Litakun, a moment, which, in its peculiar gratification of delight, was never surpassed by any other event of the journey. Accustomed, as I had been, for so many months, to the sight of odd and frail moveable huts of Hottentots and Bushmen, I rejoiced at once myself at length arrived among a nation whose dwellings claimed the name of buildings. Although the weather was cold, yet the sun shone bright, and shed animation upon the scene, and enhanced the appearance of these dwellings, as much as the arrival of the stranger seemed to lend a pleasing active curiosity to their gazing inhabitants.' pp. 358, 9.

The Travellers halted before the house of the chief, *Mattivi* (Campbell's *Mateebe*), where the principal men of the city surrounded Mr. Burchell; but the leader was not ascertained by him to be present, until, after several minutes, an individual standing by his side was pointed out to him as the chief of the *Bachapins*. This personage did not differ in any respect from those who stood near him, excepting in the maintenance of a silent and reserved deportment. His figure was good, and his stature of 'an intermediate proportion.'

'He stood perfectly still, with his hands before him folded one to each other, and with his eyes directed rather downwards, but now and then looking up and showing that he was attending to all that was said. He spoke very little or almost nothing; and left the conversation to *Serrakutu* and his brothers. These were pointed out to me for to say, introduced, would create an idea of some form of ceremony, and give a very erroneous impression of the whole affair. The brothers who were present on this occasion, were *Mollemmi*, *Moini*, and *Mahura*. *Mollemmi*, whose name has already been mentioned, was a tall thin man, of a countenance most remarkable for its long and disproportioned features. The mother of him and of his elder brother *Mattivi*, was a *Kora*; but the others were the sons of a *Bichuana* woman. *Molali* or (*Molali*) was a fine well-proportioned young man of a genuine *Bichuana* countenance and complexion approaching somewhat to the negro. The younger brother, *Molali*, was remarkably handsome as a black, and seemed to be about twenty years of age. He was of fine proportions, and in limbs and figure not unlike the well-known statue of *Antinous*, though somewhat fatter. On his feet he wore sandals, and his head was bound round not inelegantly, with a leathern handkerchief, nearly in the manner which has been shown in a former plate.' pp. 362, 2.

After some preliminary and imperfect essays at conversation through the medium of an interpreter, Mattivi requested Mr. Burchell to sit down, and placed himself opposite to his visiter, the men of superior rank seating themselves in a surrounding circle, while the rest of the people remained standing. As this meeting was little more than a mutual *reconnoissance*, but little that was important passed. A hint from Serrakutu, that some tobacco would be acceptable, was evaded by Mr. B.; but the scarcely less acceptable snuff-box was tendered to Mattivi, who, emptying it into his hand, distributed its contents with the point of a knife, and with strict impartiality, among the occupants of the inner circle. At this assembly, neither women nor children had been permitted to appear; but when it broke up, and the white man had taken his seat in his waggon, he was beset by a considerable number of the interdicted classes. After their departure, Mattivi, Serrakutu, and Mollemmi made their appearance, and seated themselves in the vehicle. The chief, having pointed out a large enclosed space, (the *mootsi* or place for the transaction of public business,) Mr. B. ordered his men to draw the waggons into the enclosure, and the visitors, who had retained their seats, were as pleased with the ride, as a child when drawn about by its nurse.' Coffee proved a very acceptable beverage to these African noblemen; but every thing of this kind was subordinate to one great object of desire, on the acquisition of which they were so anxiously intent as to make it the earliest subject of negotiation. Mattivi and his coadjutors in the business, had set their hearts upon a gun, and they appear to have fully understood the right method of procuring it; they teased and rajoled, and at last fairly outwitted the European, who tried all methods of evasion, but none successfully. It must be confessed, that Mr. Burchell had a difficult part to sustain. Surrounded by a multitude whom it would have been perfect madness to change from selfish friends to decided enemies, and seconded only by a set of Hottentots who had proved themselves, with the exception of three, thorough poltroons, he had no resource but that of a firm, yet temporizing policy; and this it was by no means easy to adapt to the peculiar circumstances of his situation. He had, however, leisure and opportunity to try his hand at preaching; and he takes care to apprise his readers of the extraordinary interest with which his audience listened to him; intimating, moreover, with characteristic modesty, that missionaries may borrow a useful lesson from his mode of instruction. The only part of the statement to which we can yield implicit belief, is the observation, that the Author's 'mode of argument and explanation was *entirely new*' to

Imagined, without having been witnessed. They fixed their eyes on it with a degree of attention which seemed to give to their countenances an expression not very unlike that of fear. It was evident that so strange and unexpected a sight absorbed all their thoughts; till, on taking their eyes off the drawing and turning to their companions, they burst into laughter, and expressed their surprise and delight in a variety of modes all equally comic. Their quickness in comprehending a hasty uncoloured drawing, for I was obliged to complete it in a quarter of an hour, and in discovering at the first glance the meaning of every line, gave me a favourable opinion of their discernment.' p. 463.

During the latter part of Mr. Burchell's stay, alarms of invasion by a powerful enemy, kept the inhabitants in a state of much agitation; and the scarcity of provisions, with other circumstances, determined him to leave the town for a time, that he might, by hunting, procure a supply of dried meat. On the 3rd of August, he carried his design into execution; and at this point, the present section of his journal closes.

The seventeenth and eighteenth chapters comprise much interesting and important matter in illustration of the character and habits of the Bachapin tribe; but, from its miscellaneous nature, it will not admit of analysis, and we must therefore confine ourselves to a few gleanings. The town of Litakun is large and irregular, the dwellings being arranged more for individual comfort, than for general convenience. The number of these abodes is estimated at about eight hundred, and the inhabitants altogether are supposed to amount to not fewer than five thousand. The architecture of the houses is singular, but commodious. Within a circular enclosure of interwoven twigs, averaging six feet in height, stands the family dwelling, containing beneath one conical roof, first, an open space of about three feet and a half, covered by the eaves, which rest upon a series of upright posts; then, the wall of the house, enclosing the regular apartments: beside these, there are, in the more capacious residences, huts for the servants and the stores. Of that extensive class of native tribes to which the name of Bichuanas is assigned, Mr. Burchell gives the following general description.

'These nations or tribes, as far as we are yet acquainted with them, pursue generally the same mode of life; that is, their riches consist chiefly in cattle; they have each but one town, properly so called; their architecture is circular; their arms are hassagays; their clothing is made of the skins of animals; they wear the kobo, and their dress is fashioned in the manner already described, but the greater part of their body is uncovered; the land which they inhabit is the common property of the whole tribe, as a pasture for their

herds; they have no fixed dwellings, excepting in their towns, all others being merely temporary grazing-stations; they are often in a state of warfare with each other, for the sake of plunder, on pretence of mutual retaliation for past robberies, their real object being always the acquisition of cattle; the corn which they cultivate is a species of 'Indian millet;' their tradings are conducted commonly on the principle of barter; beads are the principal medium through which they effect exchanges of goods; and they are governed by hereditary chiefs, whose authority is absolute, although more frequently tempered by general opinion, and still possessing much of a patriarchal nature.'

pp. 531, 52

The religion of the Bachapins, if, indeed, they can be said to have any thing that deserves the name, is of the very lowest kind; but, as is usually the case, their credulity respecting the effects of sorcery is unbounded. We trust, however, that the time is rapidly approaching, when a purer light will pervade these benighted nations. Missionaries are on the alert, and commerce is preparing the way for a more frequent and active intercourse between the natives of Southern Africa and the civilized settlers of the Cape Colony. The following singular custom approaches to the habits of more enlightened nations.

'They have among them a custom, which at first sight has somewhat of a hospitable appearance; but which on nearer examination is discovered to be merely an affair of convenience, and much resembling in principle that of mercantile friendships, which end in an even balance of accounts. It obtains only, I believe, between them and the Klaarwater Hottentots, and consists in the selection of a particular person as the friend from whom they are to procure whatever they require. These favours are either returned in kind, when the other party makes a journey into the country of him whom he has thus befriended, or they are repaid at the time with a present of equal value, if the Hottentot be the party who has received them. Thus, a Hottentot from that village, when he visits Litakun, which he never does but for the purpose of barter, goes directly to the house of his correspondent, whom he calls his *maat* (a Dutch word identical with 'mate'), who supplies him with milk, and assists him in making his purchases of oxen or ivory, and even engages to secure, or collect for him, a quantity of these articles ready at the time of his next visit. From what has been stated of the selfish character of the Bachapins, it will readily be supposed that this generosity is not intended as gratuitous, and he does, in fact, receive in tobacco or other things, what in his estimation is quadruple the value of his trouble, for on their time, these people set no value. On the other hand, if the Bachapin visits the Hottentot village, he lives with his 'maat' at free quarters; besides the advantage of accompanying the latter from Litakun, on which occasions he himself takes no provisions for their journey. I am unable to say whether this be a general custom between all the Bichuana tribes; but even so far as it has already been

traced, it is sufficiently interesting, as it exhibits the first dawn of one of the essential principles of international traffic, and shows us what mercantile agency is in its infancy, or at its birth.' p. 555.

We infer from the close of the sixteenth chapter, that Mr. Burchell intends to close the narrative of his travels with this volume: the addition of a general index seems to confirm this intimation. We regret this. The work rises in interest as it proceeds, and we should hope that Mr. B. will, in some way or other, put the public in possession of the remainder of his journal, or at least of a selection from its more important details.

Art. III. *The Evidence of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception.* By J. B. Sumner. M.A. Prebendary of Durham, &c. 8vo. pp. 430. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1824.

IN Mr. Sumner's Treatise on the Divine Attributes, to which was awarded Mr. Burnett's premium of £400, the evidence of the existence and perfections of the Creator is built chiefly on the credibility of the Mosaic records of the Creation. The Christian Revelation is there excluded from being the groundwork of the argument, 'because, that being granted, any treatise on the Divine attributes would be superfluous.' In the present work, though not professedly a sequel to the former,* the higher degree of evidence is illustrated, which is deducible from the Christian records. The design of the volume is to shew, 'that a religion like the Christian, could never have existed, unless it had been introduced by Divine authority. It could not have been invented: it would not have been received.'

'The line of argument has at least one advantage: at the same time that it proves, if well founded, that the religion is true, it shews also what the religion is.'

This advantage gives a great superiority, in our judgement, to the argument from internal evidence. For, after all, the real controversy with the infidel turns on the Divine character of

* Mr. Sumner does not refer, either in the title-page or the preface, to his former work. Possibly, he is not quite satisfied with it as a performance. It certainly displays extensive and multifarious reading, and may be read with advantage; but, in originality, in closeness of reasoning, and in strictly theological knowledge, it is somewhat deficient, and is superseded by better works.

that which professes to be a Revelation from Heaven; and we should be found to have gained little, when we had brought him to acknowledge, that the external evidence is complete,—that both the Mosaic records and the Christian Scriptures are credible,—that they are both authentic and genuine,—if, when we proceeded to speak of their sacred contents, he should, with the Papist, refer us to an authorized interpreter for their meaning, or, with the Socinian, contend that St Paul was a bad reasoner. A man may be firmly convinced of the historical truth of Christianity, and yet remain under a mistake, or in almost utter and wilful ignorance as to what Christianity is. He may believe that the religion is true, and yet, not have taken a step towards becoming a religious man. The exhibition of the evidence of Christianity, apart from its nature and doctrines, has no direct tendency to make him such. It is adapted to yield the highest satisfaction to a believer, and to confirm his faith in the Gospel which he has received; and this is perhaps the chief use of all works which treat of the evidences of Revelation. But no fact is more clearly established by experience, than that the highest degree of evidence is insufficient to overcome a repugnance to the truth. The sceptic *will not* believe. Why? Because he sees no beauty in religion, that he should desire it. And so long as this is the case, neither would he believe although one should rise from the dead. What then is to be done? Shall we argue over again with him the external proofs, or shall we revile him for his perverse incredulity, and forget the spirit of Christ in zeal for his cause? It seems to us, that the only method likely to succeed with a man not committed to obstinate infidelity by his vices, is to hold up, not the evidences of religion, which can at most convince him only that he ought to believe, but the portrait of religion, which may peradventure disarm opposition, if not subdue his heart. The affections are moved by those qualities only which render the object venerable, or lovely, or desirable. Pascal has finely said: ‘A man who discovers evidences of the Christian religion, is like an heir who finds the title-deeds of his family. Will he say that they are forged, and will he neglect to examine them?’ No man ever examined the Scriptures, with a wish to find them true, and remained a sceptic.

Mr. Sumner will be thought to have stated the sceptical question with exemplary candour and fairness in the opening paragraph of his volume.

‘A book is put into my hands, professing to give an account of a revelation from God. I find this revelation established as the religion of my country, under the name of Christianity. I find the

laws acknowledging it, and taking cognizance of any very gross insults against its divine authority. I find a maintenance for ministers who teach, explain, and enforce it, making part of the constitution of the State. I see a great variety of persons, who do not receive or claim any participation in that public maintenance, also endeavouring to extend a belief in its truth, and an observance of its precepts.

‘ A slight acquaintance with the nature of Christianity, assures me also, that such a religion is expedient for the public good. It teaches men to consider themselves as placed under the eye of their Creator. It declares the importance of human conduct and character to be such, as to have occasioned the interference of a Divine Person, called the Son of God. It demands a very pure morality. It regulates the lives and habits of men by sanctions so awful, as must affect and influence all that are capable of extending their view to things future and invisible.

‘ These circumstances, however, though they may justly be considered as presumptions in favour of the truth of Christianity, are not decisive. It is a presumption in its favour, that our ancestors should have made Christianity a part of the law of the land; because we are entitled to suppose that they had reason for what they did. It is in its favour, that they should have provided for its support and extension; and that so many persons should take an evident interest in its success. It is still more in its favour, that its doctrines should be beneficial to the morality and happiness of men. But then, I find some of these circumstances on the side of other religions also. The ancient inhabitants of Europe had a religion prior to Christianity, which they maintained at a considerable expence of statues, sacrifices, temples, and ministers. They defended this religion carefully. Their wisest men, though they perceived its absurdity, still supported it, on the express ground of its utility to the state. Again, the religion of Mohammed is established over an immense and populous region; and has its priests and temples, publicly acknowledged and maintained. The Hindoos and the Chinese have a religion and a priesthood, whose power over their people is not inferior to that of the ministers of Christ. In fact, no civilized country exists without some form of religion; the members of which, whatever it be, are no less vehement in its support, and often no less confirmed in its belief, than the professors of Christianity. The morality, indeed, of these religions, is very different from that of the Gospel, and their effect upon the mind and upon the happiness of their votaries, very different. But as the moral state of different nations, independent of religion, is also unequal, the purer morality and general superiority of the Gospel may, it is possible, have arisen from the exercise of a nobler intellect and a happier combination of circumstances, and are not alone a sufficient reason for my embracing it as divine. England has a better religion than Turkey or Hindostan. But then England has made a far greater advance in arts and sciences; has a wider field of literature; is in every respect a more enlightened country; and its superior religion may be no more a result of divine

interference, than its better constitution : or its laws. Besides which, the Gospel, in proportion as it is superior to the religions of Brahma or Mahommed, demands greater sacrifices; and requires, therefore, to be confirmed by a proportionate force of evidence. And I cannot but be aware, that although this religion is countenanced by the state, and defended by the laws, and cordially believed by many; yet, it is also disbelieved by many, neglected by more, and openly assaulted by some. So that it appears, on a cursory view, to be placed in much the same circumstances, as most other religions which have prevailed in different countries and different ages of the world.

‘ For these reasons, I must have a stronger ground for believing Christianity, than that it is the established religion of my own age and country. This fact, together with its obvious utility to the public morals, may secure my respect to its institutions, and my compliance with its forms. Socrates and Cicero offered sacrifice to the deities of their ancestors. But if I am required to go further, I must inquire deeper, and have a surer foundation of my faith. And the slightest consideration shews me that I am bound to make this inquiry, and that if I neglect Christianity unexamined, I neglect it at my peril.’

The first question, then, which arises, respects the origin of this Revelation. Are the historic records of the New Testament authentic? Did such a person as Jesus Christ exist, and was he the author of this religion? Mr. Sumner, passing over the imbecilities of Volney and Paine, assumes the affirmative as amply substantiated by unquestionable historical evidence.

‘ The only ground, then, which a sceptic can take, who means his statements or opinions to be examined, is, that Jesus did exist, and that the main circumstances of his history are true; but that, with respect to his divinity or his divine mission, he probably deceived himself, but certainly deceived others, when he persuaded them to worship him, and to teach a religion under his authority and name. I will consider the question on this ground. I will take the life, ministry, and public execution of Jesus as an historical fact. It may be denied; as men may deny any thing which they do not actually see, or hear, or feel. But it has this advantage over every other historical fact; that it has been regularly attested by persons believing it, and staking all that was most valuable to them upon its truth, from the date assigned to its occurrence, to the present hour.’

The twofold argument on which Mr. Sumner rests the proof that the Christian Religion is not of man, but of God, is derived from its nature and its reception; but these are necessarily blended in the Author’s reasonings, since it is its reception, notwithstanding its nature, that gives force to the argument. The subjects of the ensuing chapters may be reduced

to these several propositions. I. That inasmuch as Christianity was directly opposed to the prevailing opinions, expectations, and national prejudices of the Jews, its leading doctrines are such as could not be expected to originate from Jews. II. That the Christian doctrines are in the strictest sense original, being underived from any known or accessible source in the belief of those times and countries. III. That, nevertheless, they receive a confirmation and collateral support from the Jewish Scriptures and institutions, which it is impossible to refer to simple coincidence or accommodation. IV. That the original phraseology of the Christian Scriptures is a further proof of the originality and Divine origin of the doctrines. V. That there are indications of more than human fore-knowledge in the Authors of the Christian Scriptures, taken in connexion with subsequent experience. VI. That the wisdom manifested in the New Testament writings, is a proof of their supernatural origin. VII. That the Christian character is strictly original; 'original even among the Jews, and altogether foreign from the habits and feelings of other nations.' VIII. That original and unexpected as are the doctrines of Christianity, they are perfectly reasonable. IX. That the account of the first promulgation of Christianity contained in the New Testament records, affords the only explanation of its establishment and progress. X. That the change of character produced by its reception in the first Christians, is an evidence of its truth. XI. That the effects of Christianity on human happiness are such as agree with its Divine origin. XII. That the evidence by which Christianity is attended, is the only conceivable evidence by which it could be confirmed to us, and such as agrees with the general character of the Divine government.

From this analysis, our readers will perceive that the evidence here appealed to, is partly external, partly internal: to a certain extent, the Gospel is shewn to be its own witness, while the history of Christianity is made to furnish an attestation of its credentials. The pre-eminent recommendation of the work is, that Mr. Sumner has succeeded in putting his argument into such a shape as gives, to use his own expression, 'a substantive form both to belief and unbelief.' After reading some apologies for Christianity, one is almost led to suppose, that the point at issue is only a literary question, and that what Watson believed more than Gibbon did, amounted to nothing more than a difference of opinion as to an historical fact.

In shewing the originality of the Christian doctrines, Mr. Sumner remarks, that the success of Mahommed's imposture may be ascribed, in a great degree, to the simplicity of what he taught, and its agreement with human reason, as well as with

the previous belief of many of his disciples. ‘The truth to which he owed his success, and to which the long duration of his religion must chiefly be attributed,—the unity of the God-head, he found in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures: he had only to pronounce it anew, and to clear away the intrusive worship of images and martyrs, saints and angels, which had corrupted the church in that dark age and country.’ We are inclined to think, that sufficient stress has not been laid on this circumstance, in accounting for the success of the Arabian Reformer—for such, to a certain extent, he was. Islamism has not triumphed over Christianity properly so called: it had scarcely, till of late, come into contact with it. The pretensions of Mahommed are not more anti-Christian than those of the Pope, nor was his, of the two, the viler imposture. The ascendancy of the Mahomedan religion is to be accounted for, therefore, not merely by the fact, that it was propagated by the sword, but by its being truth which was thus propagated,—truth as opposed to the hagiolatry of Popery; for all that he required his followers to believe, in addition to truths admitted on all hands, was the divinity of his own mission. This was the only original position, and there was nothing incredible in it, taken by itself; nothing opposed to the prejudices of his followers. But the case is quite otherwise with Christianity. We cannot in any such way account either for its success or for its fundamental doctrines.

‘They are agreeable, indeed,’ remarks Mr. Sumner, ‘to experience and observation: they explain appearances which are and always have been universal throughout the world: they suit the character, and meet the necessities of mankind; but they are so far from being on that account “as old as the creation,” that a moment’s reflection on what the tenets of the Gospel really are, will shew them to be in the strictest sense original. Like the theory of attraction, they explain phenomena long observed and every where observable; but, like that theory, the explanation was perfectly novel. It is difficult to suppose that unauthorized men, of any rank, education, or country, could ever have undertaken to promulgate such doctrines. “The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”—“So God loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that all that believe in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.” It is implied in these passages, and others which confirm them, that mankind are under the wrath and condemnation of God; who had sent his Son, in the form and nature of man, to undergo in his own person the penalty incurred by sin, and to proclaim the offer of eternal happiness to as many as became his faithful and obedient disciples.

Now, when we reflect on these propositions, and divest our minds of the familiarity derived from long acquaintance with them, do they appear such as would be likely to occur to any man or party of men.

as the foundation of a religious system which they were intending to promulgate to the world? Can we believe that imposture, having an unlimited field open before it, would choose this ground to expatiate upon? There is no reason to think that, as Jews, the authors would entertain this view of the state of mankind; still less that, supposing such to be their opinions, they would make this the groundwork of a religion which was to be proposed for their acceptance to their countrymen and to all nations.

‘ These, however, are the doctrines on which the religion of Jesus is built. The basis of the whole is, the alienation of mankind from God, and their consequent state of darkness, error, and condemnation. This is no after-thought, or comment of a later age: it is declared by Jesus himself, in express terms, and in various ways. It is declared by him, when he explains the object of his coming into the world, and applies to himself the prophetic passage of Isaiah, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to *heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*” He affirms it expressly, when he says, “*I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by me.*” He implies it, when he affectionately complains of those who rejected his message, “*Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.*” He implies it, when he says, “*He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.*” He implies it, in ascribing his incarnation to the merciful design of God, “*who had not sent his Son into the world, to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.*” ’

The opposition of modern Unitarians to these very doctrines, is made use of by our Author as a striking confirmation of the argument drawn from their opposition to men’s previous opinions.

‘ The little probability which existed, of such a revelation being believed, or invented in order to its being believed, is sufficiently plain from what we ourselves know and feel, and have constant opportunity of observing. The doctrines in question, that Jesus came to make atonement for the sins of men; for that “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;” and that “eternal life is the gift of God through him,” or for his sake: how are these statements usually received? Are they the first, or the last doctrines which mankind are willing to acquiesce in? Are there not multitudes who do not dispute or doubt the evidence which confirms the authority of the Scriptures, and yet refuse their assent to this leading tenet? Is it not generally understood to be so contrary to the pre-

possessions of mankind, that it is often kept. of right, and to been seldom insisted on as the main object of the ~~work~~. is treated which were intended to give a popular view of the evidence of Christianity. Notwithstanding the clearness with which it is laid down, and the various proofs which can be alleged to show, the Divine Revelation, from the beginning, has hinged upon this as a principal point: we know that a considerable body, even among those who do not neglect religion, labour to exclude this article from the Gospel, on the express plea, that it is contrary to the suggestions of our reason, and, therefore, cannot be admitted by those who prize themselves "rational Christians."

The proposition which they maintain is, that "God freely forgives the sins of men, upon repentance; and that there can be no occasion, properly speaking, for any thing further being done to avert the punishment with which they had been threatened." On this ground, the sacrifice which Jesus declared that he came to make, and which his apostles affirmed that he had made upon the cross, is explained away. His death is sometimes said to have confirmed the truth of his mission. Others treat it as an "illustrious example, shewing us the most perfect obedience to God and the most generous goodness and love to man, recommended to our imitation by all possible endearments and engaging considerations." And they object against the doctrine of atonement, "as having greatly debased the truths of the natural placability of the Divine Being, and our ideas of the equity of his government." So they consider him as a man commissioned by God to make a fuller communication of his will, and teach a purer morality than the world had known before; by his life, to set an example of perfect obedience; by his death, to manifest his sincerity; and by his resurrection, to convince us of the great truth which he had been commissioned to teach, of rising again to future life.

If those who do not discard the authority of Scripture, say, who profess to revere it, can be thus induced to bend and distort its plain declarations, in order to bring them to the level of their previous opinions; we have a striking argument to prove what I began the chapter by alleging; namely, that the purpose which Jesus assigns for his appearance in the world was very little likely to have been fabricated in order to deceive; and if invented, either by fraud or enthusiasm, very little likely to have obtained attention and credit, without overpowering evidence.'

The Socinian, indeed, maintains that the doctrines and phraseology of the New Testament are so far from being original, that all that is seemingly peculiar in the doctrine is figurative, the language being accommodated to the notions and prejudices of the Jews. In this manner he attempts to explain away altogether the doctrine of a propitiation. But Mr. Sumner proceeds to show, that the very phraseology of the New Testament is so original as to afford a strong presumption that the ideas meant to be conveyed, required such innovation in language. There is the

clearest proof, that the doctrines and phraseology of the Apostles, though in accordance with the Jewish Scriptures, were not in conformity to Jewish opinions; that the ideas were so new as to be accounted for only on the supposition of an original revelation. A revelation from Heaven containing nothing original in its communications, a revelation such as it required no supernatural wisdom or knowledge to dictate, and accommodated to the previous opinions of mankind, is the figment of the *soi-disant* rational Christians. The manner in which Mr. Sumner has made Socinianism bear involuntary witness to the truth of Revelation, in its very attempt to strip Christianity of all that is characteristic in its doctrines and most convincing in its internal evidence, is—we will not say ingenious; it is just and triumphantly satisfactory. It is an admirable feature of the work, that there is, at the same time, nothing in his tone or style of expression, that can justly offend an opponent. The fair, and temperate, and candid manner in which he states the points at issue, will, we are persuaded, enhance in no small degree the efficiency of the work.

But 'it is the object of the Christian Scriptures, not merely to declare certain truths, but to recommend and form a particular character.' 'Does this character,' inquires Mr. Sumner, 'agree with the natural bias of the human mind? If so, we need seek no further for its origin.'

'If, on the other hand, it is such a character as had no existing original, when it was first proposed in the Gospel; such a character as men are naturally inclined to hold in low esteem, yet, admirably suited to the end for which it was designed; then, fresh probability will be added to the arguments in favour of the religion.'

This chapter is more especially worthy of a "master in Israel." We have read it with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction, but could not do justice to it by any partial extracts. The general spirit of it may be gathered from the Author's citation of the following noble passage from Bishop Reynolds.

' "The sublimest philosophy that ever was, did never drive man out of himself for a remedy; did never teach man to deny himself, but to build up his house with the old ruins, to fetch stones and materials out of the wonted quarry. Humiliation, confusion, shame, to be vile in our own eyes, to be nothing within ourselves, to be willing to own the vengeance of God, to judge ourselves, to justify him that may condemn us, and be witnesses against ourselves, are virtues known only in the book of God." '

'Take away,' remarks Mr. Sumner, 'the judicial purpose of the cross, take away its expiatory effect, and there remains no

‘basis for humility like the Christian.’ It is, therefore, a natural consequence, that those who do not receive the doctrine of Atonement, do not pretend to such humility as the Gospel prescribes and the Apostles profess. But the sceptic doubts whether this character can have a favourable aspect on virtue and happiness. This is the moral paradox: ‘reliance upon Christ, the main-spring of the whole character, instead of producing carelessness, has quickened the apprehension of offending.’ The appeal lies to experience, and experience universally sides in favour of Christianity. But Mr. Sumner anticipates an objection drawn from the very originality of these doctrines, as if, in the same proportion, they must be both improbable and unreasonable.

‘I conceive,’ he adds, ‘that this objection is the root of all unbelief. The direct proofs of the truth of Christianity are so full, so various, and so irrefragable, that men cannot remain unbelievers through defect of evidence. They doubt or deny in spite of evidence, because of the unexpected and unpalatable nature of what that evidence attests. The Scriptures themselves lead us to anticipate this. They tell us, that the doctrines are such as the heart naturally revolts from; receives slowly and unwillingly: such as are contrary to the suggestions of human philosophy, and will not be cordially embraced until the heart is brought into a docile and submissive posture, and is disposed to bow humbly before the oracles of God.

‘The two points, I imagine, at which reason is disposed to cavil, are, first, the punishment to which the Scriptures declare that men are liable from the judgements of God; and next, the means offered them to escape from that punishment, through the vicarious sufferings of Jesus as the Redeemer.’

With respect to both of these points, therefore, Mr. Sumner proceeds to shew, that the Gospel is in accordance both with reason and with experience; that the former doctrine coincides with other undeniable facts or appearances which confront us in the world, and agrees with the apprehensions which mankind are disposed to entertain; and that the latter is alone and perfectly suitable to the condition in which the Gospel finds the human race. The Author just glances at the argument so profoundly handled in Bishop Butler’s “*Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion*,” as an answer to the objections against the declarations of Scripture on the subject of God’s moral government. The world itself is not such as, according to the reasoning of human philosophy, would have been thought probable: it is by no means consistent with the views of philosophical perfection which the sceptic desires to entertain. There are difficulties which meet us at every view of the creation, which Revelation does not enable us entirely to understand.

which it does not profess to remove. But it is a sufficient reason for not rejecting on that ground what Christianity does reveal, that these difficulties are infinitely aggravated, that the book of nature becomes still more inexplicable, if we set aside Revelation.

The credibility of the doctrine of Redemption depends, Mr. Sumner remarks, on the reception given to the former point,—the essential demerit of sin. Every offence which is committed against the light of reason, or of conscience, or of the Divine law, is a practical effect of the prevailing error, that the conduct of men is a matter of indifference to their Creator.

‘ Multitudes imagine that, though what they consider very heinous sins may be avenged, yet, a neglect of their Maker, and a systematic indulgence of their natural passions, and in particular the transgression, whatever it be, to which they are individually most addicted, will be passed over. The deceitfulness of the heart, the prevalence of vice, the moral disorders of the world, encourage all these delusions. Men contemplate the habits of their fellow-creatures, instead of the Divine holiness; and comfort themselves with the poor satisfaction, that the majority are in the same condition with themselves.

‘ Now, of these vague or false imaginations, every one is swept away, when the mysterious truth,—God appearing in the form and suffering the punishment of man,—is received into the heart. So stupendous a sacrifice discovers the misery of those in whose favour it was prepared. It speaks a language which cannot be refuted: a language addressed to the heart, no less than the reason. It puts an end to the delusive hope, that men may pass through the world regardless of God as their Creator, and disobedient to Him as their Moral Governor, and yet fear no evil: that if any eternity lies before them, it must be an eternity of happiness. Let them be once persuaded, that one who “was with God in the beginning, and was God,” became man, that he might redeem men from the penalty incurred by their sins; that he might satisfy the offended justice of God in behalf of all who should commit themselves to him as a deliverer and a ruler;—then there is an end of all vague conjectures and groundless expectations. We know that sin is noticed, nay, is condemned by God, because he required a propitiation for it: we are sure that its recompense is dreadful, since a dreadful recompense has already been exacted. If Jesus underwent the death which is reserved for the worst of human crimes, we have convincing evidence of the doom which impends over all for whom he is not a substitute. His cross exhibits an inscription which testifies at once “the goodness and severity of God: on them that continue rebellious, severity: but goodness towards all that receive his goodness.” For if God spared not his own Son, if the bitter cup might not pass from him except he drank it, how vain must be the prevalent expectation, that, if there is another world, those who fear him, and those who fear him not, will fare in it equally well!

‘ The force of this palpable argument, this sensible proof of the evil of sin, is sufficiently exemplified by its effects. It daily produces a transformation of moral character which nothing else can achieve. Its power is attested by the fact, which some deny, and others treat as a paradox, but which really admits of easy explanation, and is confirmed by every page in the annals of Christianity: that those persons are uniformly the most fearful of sin, and the most singular in their walk of holiness, who have the fullest reliance upon redemption through Jesus. There is nothing wonderful or unaccountable in this: it is the natural effect of their belief. For they, of all men, have the liveliest conviction of the responsibility, danger, and lamentable consequences of sin. Others may hesitate, and do hesitate to admit the certainty of its condemnation. But they who believe in the sacrifice of Christ have the clearest apprehension and assurance of this truth. Nothing can make so certain the punishment which, if indulged, it will hereafter incur, as the punishment which it has actually incurred. In proportion, therefore, as a man’s views of the atonement are clear, his abhorrence and dread of opposing the Divine will are sincere and operative. The cross of Christ is at once a refuge in which his conscience may find shelter, and a beacon holding forth to him a constant warning against the carelessness, the errors, and the corruptions of the world.

‘ If this is the natural result and the practical effect of the death of Jesus, we seem to approach towards a clearer understanding of the wisdom of that mysterious dispensation.’ pp. 281—285.

We must make room for the following admirable passage, which occurs in this same chapter: the Author is shewing how wonderfully suited are even the indirect effects of the Christian doctrine to the nature and situation of mankind.

‘ Again, the humble condition in which Jesus appeared, might at first sight be deemed inconsistent with the high character which he assumed. And certainly it is improbable, that men who contrived a fiction, should represent the Son of God to be so born and so descended: or, if they invented the history of his life, should make it so little dignified, so little attractive to the imagination. But when we consider the whole purpose ascribed to him; not only to offer an atonement for sin, but to shew a pattern of virtue; not only to reconcile men to God, but to “leave them an example” of a life led according to his will: then, what might at first be thought an inconsistency in his history, becomes an additional testimony to its truth. Had he assumed a situation of worldly splendour, had he been invested with the dignity of royal honours, he might have furnished an example of moderation in affluence, and of humility in power, to that very small proportion of mankind to whom riches or honours can ever belong. But to the vast majority of what mankind are and always must be at all ages, he could have left no lesson. They could not have imitated in his steps, for he would have walked in paths very different from theirs.

‘ Philosophical teachers, indeed, have commonly bestowed little thought upon the poor and uninstructed classes, who were neither able to appreciate nor repay their labours. But, in the sight of God, we cannot possibly imagine that one of his creatures is more valued than another, however different their earthly conditions. The probability is, therefore, that the interests of the majority would be consulted. And to how great a degree they are consulted by the poverty and humility of Jesus, is seen by daily experience. No consolation is more frequently resorted to, or more gratefully received, than the reflection that “ he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,” and often “ had not where to lay his head.” The evils of life lose much of their bitterness, when we believe that similar evils were actually experienced by him “ who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven ;” and who having himself suffered human trials, and known human infirmities, is able to succour them that are tempted. For it was no temporary character that he assumed. His office was not finished nor his mercy exhausted, when he left this world. The Christian enjoys an additional encouragement in the difficult warfare which he must needs maintain in his progress towards eternity, from the assurance, that he whose compassion was first attracted by the state of man, still extends his care over all who apply to him ; still watches their spiritual interests, and intercedes for their many failings ; so that enlivened by his presence, and strengthened by his support, they may go on their way rejoicing, and fulfil the course of probation allotted to them.

‘ It appears, therefore, that the Christian doctrine of redemption through a Mediator, is intelligible, as well as original ; and is recommended to our reason no less than to our faith. Considered as it ought in all fairness to be considered, according to things as they exist, and in connexion with the actual state of the world and of mankind, it derives additional probability from its adaptation to the purpose for which it was professedly devised. It finds mankind in a condition of moral ruin and spiritual ignorance ; whatever be the cause, this fact is indisputable ; and it brings to their restoration a deliverer, who is God, with power to save,—who is man, with tenderness to pity,—who has assured mankind of his love, by a proof the most incontrovertible and endearing,—who is with us to animate our exertions in his service, and is with God to make intercession for our infirmities. Can we suppose a reasonable man to be asked, what would best enable him to pursue a religious course in his passage through this world, he could hardly have required less, and certainly he could not have expected more.’ pp. 289—293.

Here we must close our extracts, and it cannot be necessary for us to add one word in recommendation of the work. We deem it, indeed, a very valuable addition to the class of works with which it will range. Such a work can never be deemed superfluous, to whatever extent the field may seem to have been pre-occupied. On some points, Bishop Butler, on others, Mr. Erskine and Mr. Fuller, have employed a similar line of

argument; but we recollect no work that takes at once so comprehensive a view of the subject, and treats the various branches of the argument in their mutual connexion with so much perspicuity and force. Mr. Sumner's style is luminous, chaste, and unaffected, and we cannot too highly commend the Christian spirit of the work. At page 206, we meet with some remarks on the supposed incompatibility of the Divine prescience with human liberty, which would lead us to suspect that he is not perfectly well acquainted with the best writers on that subject. He refers to Edwards, but to which theologian of that name, he does not specify; we presume Dr. Edwards, not the President. We never met with any writer, however, who held 'that unbelief is morally necessary to any man;' and it hardly seems worth while to say, that 'few persons deliberately maintain' a sentiment which no one has been found wild enough to advance. 'That election is absolute and grace irresistible,' are positions neither to be admitted nor hastily to be denied without an explanation of the terms. Possibly, Mr. Sumner might find, that, when explained, agreeably to the sense attached to them by Calvinistic writers, they are not so objectionable as he imagines. Mr. Sumner speaks of many who 'call themselves predestinarians:' it is somewhat remarkable, that, though our acquaintance with the religious world is tolerably extensive, we never met with any persons of this description. We presume that he himself believes in the Scripture doctrine of Predestination and Election, in the meaning attached to those terms in the Thirty-nine Articles; and if so, he is as much a 'predestinarian' as the greater part of those who profess Calvinism. If we might presume to suppose that these pages will meet Mr. Sumner's eye, we would refer him, in explanation at least of our own sentiments as Calvinists, if not for information on the general subjects, to two articles on Dr. Copleston's Inquiry, which appeared some time since in this Journal*. We have no doubt that, if he will ascertain for himself what Calvinism is, as substantially held by those who profess it, and not take the word of their adversaries for their sentiments, he will be led to the conclusion, that at least some part—if not a very large part—of the opposition made to Calvinistic doctrines, is to be accounted for in precisely the same manner as the opposition of the sceptic to the Christian doctrine at large, or the objections of the Socinian against the doctrine of Atonement.

* Eclectic R. May 1822, and Jan. 1823.

Art. IV. *Clavis Apostolica* : or a Key to the Apostolic Writings ; being an Attempt to explain the Scheme of the Gospel, and the principal Words and Phrases used by the Apostles in describing it. By the Rev. Joseph Mendham, A.M. 12mo. pp. 120. Price 3s. 6d. London.

THIS small volume is a republication of a series of papers, which originally appeared in the *Christian Observer*, in opposition to the principles of Dr. Taylor's '*Key to the Apostolic Writings*.' The prevalence of those principles, and the sanction which they have received from some recent Authors, (among whom Bishop Watson, Paley, and Dr. Adam Clarke are distinctly noticed in the introduction to the present work,) and the tendency of the theology thus patronized to enervate the evangelical scheme in such a degree as to threaten its destruction, are the reasons which Mr. Mendham assigns for the publication of his remarks in this separate form. That the tendency of the principles on which he animadverts, is unfavourable to Christian truth, and subversive of its internal and spiritual influence, is, we think, but too apparent. If the object to which the doctrines and promises of the Gospel relate, be an inward change, the renovation of the heart, it is not to be denied, that a scheme of Theology founded on the assumption of their reference to a state of privilege which does not essentially comprise such a change, must be delusive. The system of Dr. Taylor is precisely of this character. To be members of the Christian Church, and to bear those titles by which they are designated in the New Testament, do not, he maintains, express moral character, or imply internal change, but denote an external state of privilege, corresponding to the relation in which the Israelites stood towards God. It is to this scheme that Dr. Paley gave his sanction, when he contended, that the scriptural expressions, *being born again, alive from the dead, created anew, &c.* mean nothing to us, are not significant of any thing to be found or sought for in the present circumstances of Christianity, and that it is an error, to apply to the personal condition of Christians at this day, those titles, phrases, propositions, and arguments, which belong to the situation of Christianity at its first institution. No such change as that which the New Testament writers uniformly predicate of Christians in their time, he asserts, can be experienced by any one educated in a Christian country.

Now to us it appears quite evident, that the writers of the New Testament give no intimation that the change on which they insist as most essential, and the state in which they represent Christians as being, in contrast with their former

condition, were designed to be temporary ; they have no ~~when~~ intimated their purpose to restrict either the use of those terms, or the difference in respect to which they are used, to ~~the~~ own times. They clearly proceed on the assumption, which to them we must believe to be a correct one, that the economy of which they were the ministers, had the same reference to all mankind, of all places, and of all ages—*of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile*. Suppose among the numerous persons whose inquiries were, in the days of the Apostles, directed to the Gospel, there had been some who had withheld themselves, not only from the gross practices associated with heathen worship, but from idolatry itself, would the requirements and the instructions of the Apostles in respect to such persons, have been different from the usual tenor of their addresses? Would they who declared covetousness to be idolatry, and who included the covetous man among the transgressors of the law, have employed language in describing the state of such persons, which would not have conveyed in the same strong and positive manner the necessity of a change? And may there not be even in Christian countries, persons who are as remote from the state which is implied in the terms *born again, alive from the dead, created anew, &c.*, as were the persons to whom those terms were primarily applied, and to whom, therefore, the influence that produces the change is as needful? If the abandonment of idolatry was the circumstance to which all those terms were exclusively applied in the New Testament, then it might be reasonable to allege, that ‘no such change can be experienced in a Christian country.’ But the terms are not exclusively applied to idolaters, nor are they so used as to shew that the renouncing of idolatry is sufficient to satisfy their meaning. In the case of believing Jews, there was no abandonment of idolatry, and to them the expressions are applied equally with others.

It is well remarked by the Author of the “*Clavis Apostolica*,” that of all fallacies, none are more plausible and seductive, or more extensively injurious in their consequences, than those which present a part, and an inferior part of the truth, for the whole ; and he illustrates this position by reference to the errors and defects of Dr. Taylor’s work.

‘In a professed explanation of the Gospel scheme, at the title of his work purports, he has omitted at the beginning, its proper place, and of course throughout the remainder of the performance, all mention of the fall of man, and of the recovery immediately promised to him, and by most Christians supposed to constitute the very substance of the Gospel and the peculiar work of the Redeemer. Abraham, the original of the Jewish nation, is the first prominent

subject. It should, however, have been proved by the writer, in order to subserve the main purpose of his system, that the *faith* which was counted to this patriarch for righteousness, *might*, for any injury that would have resulted to the privileges attached to the covenant betwixt God and him, have been nothing more than a formal and insincere profession. The second chapter, which enumerates the honour and privileges of the Jewish nation, may, with a reserve respecting a few doubtful particulars, stand, and has accordingly been adopted in the present strictures. But the third, which assigns these *spiritual** privileges "to ALL the children of Israel without exception," requires the qualification which has already been given. In truth the circumstances of the author led him to hazard a delicate hypothesis upon this subject. He supposes the national privileges or blessings which are enumerated to be of a *double* character; to be conferred in the first instance unconditionally, as motives to obedience, and then they are called *antecedent*. If they produce that obedience, they are confirmed, and in that case they are termed *consequent*. If they do not, they are forfeited. Could it be precisely determined what idea Dr. Taylor meant to convey by the term obedience, it might perhaps be found, if individuals are at all considered, that the same person, by disobeying the will of God, and yet holding that place in the Jewish Church, which his non-renunciation of a part in the covenant would secure to him, might be deprived of these privileges, and be in possession of them, at the same time. But it is unnecessary to contend upon this point, as the Jewish dispensation was evidently, and is allowed on all hands to be, of a collective and external character.' pp. 19—21.

The agreements and the differences of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, in respect to each other, form a subject of no common importance; and perhaps we may be excused if we venture to say, that it is a subject which has by no means been exhausted by the several discussions which it has received. A dispensation to which belonged "a worldly sanctuary," and "divers washings, and carnal ordinances," must necessarily have been different from an economy which has neither altar nor priesthood, neither temple nor sacrifice; which interposes nothing of ritual observance between the conscience of the worshipper and the invisible Object of his reverence.

* It is important to observe, that Christianity was, in a certain

* It was Dr. Taylor's object here, to exalt these privileges, and therefore they are called *spiritual*. See likewise § 78. It happens, however, to be his object sometimes, to depreciate them; and then they are nothing more than "original favours, or *external* advantages." § 73. So, again, he rebukes the Jews for valuing themselves "purely on account of their external privileges." § 902. This may furnish a Key to a part of Dr. Taylor's *mode of reasoning*.

sense, founded upon Judaism. It assumed the truth and divinity of the prior dispensation; it derived a great part of the proof of its own truth, divinity, superior importance, and complete or full character, from the same source. Yet, in a just and important sense, Christianity might be said rather to be founded upon the dispensation previous to the Mosaic, particularly the Abrahamic; for, as the Apostle argues, *that* stood in force notwithstanding the covenant at Sinai. Christianity, however, was far from being a mere continuation of Judaism. Dr. Taylor has justly observed, as far as the observation goes, that Christ “confirmed the former covenant with the Jews, as to the favour and blessing of God, and *enlarged*, or *more clearly explained* it, as to the blessings therein bestowed; instead of an earthly Canaan, revealing the resurrection from the dead, and everlasting happiness and glory in the world to come.” There were indeed, between the two dispensations, the differences or oppositions of partial and universal; veiled and revealed; condemning and justifying; evanescent and permanent; umbratile and substantial; and more especially, in their predominant characters, external and spiritual, or national and individual. Since the genius and qualities of these two dispensations, as *different or opposite*, is a point of great moment in the present discussion, it will be expedient to establish it by scriptural authority.’ pp. 24, 5.

These remarks are followed by an enumeration of passages to shew that the Jewish dispensation includes the declaration of its own supersedure by a future dispensation of far superior character, and which are cited as proofs of the difference and opposition existing, in some of the most essential respects, between the latter and the former: from which the Author concludes, that it is very reasonable to expect the same improvement and difference, or opposition, in the privileges and blessings which the Christian dispensation confers upon those who reap the benefit of it, and, in fact, in every circumstance belonging to it.

‘The Jews were assumed into covenant with God, in a body, in a national capacity. The Christian Church was formed by the voluntary entrance of *individuals*. The Jews, as being, before Christianity, the only Church of God, existed up to the first establishment of the Christian Church, and evolved, if we may so speak, into it. They were both the true visible, and, in some degree, invisible Church of God, forming an uninterrupted succession the one to the other, in that capacity. But there were so many essential points of difference between the two, that it was as incumbent upon the Jews to enter into the Christian Church by a certain moral change, as upon the Heathens themselves who had never constituted any Church.—In short, whether to the Jews or to the Gentiles, the same conditions of entrance into the Church were prescribed; and doubtless all the Apostles as well as St. Paul, testified “both to the Jews and also

to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.' pp. 30—32.

The denominations peculiar to Christians, *disciples, faithful, spiritual*, are subsequently examined, with the view of illustrating the application of those borrowed terms which, being originally employed as designations of the Jewish people, are used, in the New Testament, in reference to Christians, and which, the Author endeavours to show, imply the right to blessings which are spiritual and individual, not external and corporate.

The terms used as expressive of what was done by God in execution of his purpose of election with regard to the *whole world*, such as, *delivered, saved, purchased, redeemed*, shall now be examined. Of all these acts, Christ is represented in the New Testament as the immediate author; and when the *full object* of his incarnation and mission are considered, it can hardly be doubted in what sense they are to be understood. Deliverance is the general idea which runs through them all; and it hardly requires to be observed, that the great deliverance wrought by the Messiah was, deliverance from sin and the punishment of sin. This blessing was procured for, and offered to, both the Jews and the Heathens. The Heathens being by far the greater part of the world, and having been hitherto unconcerned in any revealed covenant, they bear the most conspicuous part in the evangelical scheme. If the Heathens were delivered from sin, they must be delivered from heathenism, as the greater implies, or includes, the less deliverance; and to say, that, because these were the persons chiefly addressed, deliverance was necessary and offered to them, *merely as Heathens*, would be no less absurd, than to say, that it was necessary and offered to them, as Corinthians, Romans, Ephesians, or citizens of any other denomination, who might happen in the first ages to have the Gospel particularly directed to them. The deliverance was from sin, its attendants, and consequences, whatever might be their form, and in whatever persons they might reside.' pp. 56—58.

We shall conclude our extracts with the following passages, conveying strong, but not unmerited censure on the inconsistencies and tendency of the principles opposed by the Author.

'It is difficult to understand seriously the puerile lamentation, or outcry, which Dr. Taylor makes at the end of his Key; namely, that "mistaken notions about nature and grace, election and reprobation, justification, regeneration, redemption, calling, adoption, &c. have quite taken away the ground of the Christian life, the grace of God, and have left no object for the faith of a sinner to work upon. For such doctrines have represented the things which are freely given to us of God, as uncertain; as the result of our obedience; or the effect of some arbitrary, fortuitous operations, and the subject of doubtful inquiry, trial, and examination of ourselves." "All which things

are not the subject of self-examination, but *are and therefore* giving." Did not Dr. Taylor know, *its, in their* of the blessings in question, consider the *offer* of them as *dis* enough for the faith of the sinner to work upon, and *matter* of praise and thanksgiving? And after all, does Dr. Taylor *an* any thing more, for substance, by his antecedent external privileges, than his opponents do by the *offer* of *their* internal and spiritual *an*? Again, does not Dr. Taylor plainly enough *avow*, in many parts of his work, that, unless his antecedent blessings are confirmed, or *not* good, they will be of no avail as to rendering a person more accepted in the sight of God; and is it not an uncertain affair, even in his own view, and a subject of inquiry, whether this be done or not? And is not the circumstance of these privileges being confirmed or *not* good, or their being substantial personal blessings, the *same thing*, as his opponents generally understand by the blessings *themselves*? And indeed Dr. Taylor, bewildered by his own system, *asserts* the very thing, which he so wildly stigmatizes in others. For he *adds* immediately after the passage last quoted, "The proper subject of the Christian's self-examination is; whether he lives agreeably to those great favours" (his opponents would say *offers, invitations, opportunities, meaning, for substance, the same thing*) "conferred upon him by the divine grace." The unfortunate logician, however, returns to his old charge, and continues, "But those favours have been represented as uncertain; as the result of our obedience or holiness; and as the subject of self-examination." Observe particularly *what* follows; "This is to make our justification, as it invests us in those blessings, to be of works and not by faith alone." This charge is pleasant indeed, when the author distinguishes his *second, final, and only* effectual justification, by this very circumstance, that it is by works.' pp. 94—96.

Dr. Taylor has left the outward form, and all the titles of Christianity, but he has at least so lowered it by his regimen, as to deprive it of its true vigour, and almost of life. His privileges, which are sometimes depressed to accord with the character of the irreligious, sometimes exalted not to contradict the high terms in which they are expressed, are, in reality, and in conformity with his own system, little more than sounding names—*vox et præterea nihil*; and the censure applied to Epicurus might, without any considerable *violation*, bear a further application to Dr. Taylor, *re tollit, orationes reliquit, deos*. The whole scheme of this writer is calculated to divert us from the personal application of scriptural truth. In the descriptions of sin and the denunciations against it, they are tempted to see nothing but Heathens, and, in general, only their outward iniquities: in the descriptions of holiness, and evangelical privileges, their thoughts are first and principally turned to the primitive converts. *Nemo in sese tentat descendere*. They are not invited to look into their own hearts, to examine them by the holy and inflexible law of God, to see and acknowledge their guilt with humility and contrition, to see and acknowledge the necessity of that great expedient wrought by God for their restoration, in the gift, both of his Son, and of his

Spirit. Their Christian privileges they are not instructed to look upon as personal : spiritual personal holiness is not necessary to their being accounted holy : they may be sanctified without sanctification, regenerate without regeneration. In fact, the scheme of Dr. Taylor has so curtailed the number of terms expressive of character, that the reader, with his interpretation, may travel a great way in the Scriptures of the New Covenant, without meeting with any thing which belongs more to a sincere than a hypocritical Christian professor.' pp. 115—117.

Mr. Mendham's work is well entitled to our approbation, not less for the judicious and temperate manner in which it is written, than for the importance of the subject to which its discussions relate.

Art. V. *Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, ascertaining the Site of the great Battle fought betwixt Agricola and Galgacus ; with the Discovery of the Position of five Roman Towns, and of the Site and Names of upwards of seventy Roman Forts : also, Observations regarding the ancient Palaces of the Pictish Kings in the Town of Abernethy, and other Local Antiquities.* By the Rev. Andrew Small, Edenshead. 8vo. pp. 324, Price 10s. 6d. 1823.

COPIOUS as is the title-page of this volume, it does by no means convey to the reader a complete description of its contents. In addition to the sites of ancient battles, and the position of Roman towns and forts, and other local antiquities, the Author has furnished details of witchcraft, anecdotes of King James V., the "Gudeman of Ballengeigh," with some other entertaining particulars, which entitle his book to the benefit of an exemption from the character generally given of antiquarian publications as being dry and dull. Mr. Small's distribution of his subjects is, indeed, not a very happy exemplification of the *lucidus ordo* ; but this, perhaps, the reader will excuse in consideration of the Author's infirmities, which rendered the task of writing these pages, 'even once over,' one of great difficulty, though plainness and perspicuity have been, he assures us, aimed at through the whole. We cannot praise his book for correctness of diction.

Objects are great and interesting by relation. Some persons would hear of the discovery of *Cicero de Republica* with perfect indifference, who would be quite enraptured to witness the digging out of some long-buried bones from the earth ; and the sight of the Roman wall would delight others, more than a walk in the galleries of the Vatican. The Antiquities which Mr. Small describes, were, it seems, discovered 'about the begin-

'ning of Autumn, 1820;' and the gratification which he received on that occasion, as well as the importance which he connects with the discovery, may well be understood from his remarking that—'It would appear as if the Great Ruler and Superintendent of all events in providence were now willing that the veil of ambiguity, by which this interesting battle (between the Romans and the Caledonians), and the events connected with it, which have been so long concealed in obscurity, should now be drawn aside; and that such substantial documents should be produced as to establish the truth of it for ever after, upon the most solid and permanent basis.'

Of the battle which Agricola at the head of the Roman forces, fought with the Caledonians commanded by Galgacus, and which proved so disastrous to the latter, the site has long been a subject of controversy among antiquaries. Gordon, whose opinion has been generally received, decides that the scene of action was in Strathearn, half a mile south of the Kirk of Comerie. Tacitus, who, in his description of Agricola's seventh and last campaign, has given us one of the finest productions of his pen, affords but little aid in this inquiry. The only direct note of place which he has recorded, is in the sentence which informs us, that the Roman general advanced with his army till he arrived at the Grampian mountains, where the Caledonians had posted themselves to dispute his progress—*ad montem Grampium pervenit quem jam hostes insederant*. Agric. Vit. 29. Mr. Small remarks, that, as the Grampian hills are well known to be a ridge of high mountains running through nigh the whole breadth of Scotland, Tacitus, if the battle had taken place there, would have written '*Mons Grampii*' in the plural number;' forgetting, it would seem, that a ridge of high mountains is frequently described by an appellation in the singular, of which *Mons Taurus*, *Mons Libani*, and similar denominations occurring in classic authors may be cited as examples. Mr. S. will not believe that the Caledonians would ever allow the Romans to march through the most populous of their territories, and even to cross two of the largest rivers of their kingdom, before they attempted to measure their strength again with them, after their attack on the ninth legion; and he insists, that the antiquities which have been discovered in Fifeshire, and of which his book contains a description,—urns, implements of war, coins, the foundations of a town, all Roman,—and the evidence of the burning of the dead which the inspection of several places in the vicinity affords, determine the place of Agricola's victory over the Caledonians to a situation nigh the north base of the west Lemond Hill, in the district between Kinross and Cupar. The

conflict, which he designates the battle of Meralsford, the Author has described with a particularity as signal as if he had been a personal observer of the contest, following the armies step by step, marking their advances and their retreats, distinguishing their positions, and the precise spot where they fought, and triumphed, or were defeated. He is not at all pleased with Tacitus, whom he charges with intentional misrepresentations in his account of the battle, and as having forfeited all claim to the character of a candid and impartial historian. Nor is he in better humour with Agricola and the Romans, whose successes he ascribes, not to their superior valour and discipline, but to their cunning. In tracing the marches of the Romans, and describing the operations of the hostile armies, the Author has been less watchful over his imagination than was required by the kind of service in which he was engaged. He has too, we suspect, exercised somewhat less of both skill and patience in the examination of the relics of which he makes a report, than were necessary. Urns full of ashes and fragments of burnt bones, with their bottoms uppermost, are not decisive proofs of Roman cremation. Some of the Antiquities described are probably Caledonian. Mr. Small's notices and remarks are scattered in such disorder through his book as to render it not very easy to obtain an extract for the information of our readers. We must content ourselves with the following.

‘ In Agricola’s seventh campaign, which answers to the year 84, the Romans seem evidently to have marched from their camp at East Blair, where they had been in winter quarters, as early in the spring as the weather and the rivers would permit them to pass; and appear to have crossed the Leven, a little below where the Gullet Bridge now stands; to have advanced forward by Scotland Well, Kinnes Wood, and where the two Balgedies now stand; then, at the village of Pittendriech, to have turned more towards the north-east, through the farms of Wester and Easter Gospetrie, towards a gap or opening in the higher grounds on the other side of the vale of Eden, which would appear then in view as the most probable and easy passage towards Strathcarn: and, in the west side of this opening, the foresaid precious morsels to the antiquary were found.

‘ By the time the Romans reached the farm of Easter Gospetrie, they would have a full view of the brave Caledonians drawn up on the other side of the Eden in order to give them a warm reception; and a warm reception it seems indeed to have been. They seem to have crossed the Eden a little below where the small village of Burnside or Burngrange now stands, where, by the junction of three streams, the Eden assumes the appearance of a small river, still keeping the line of the new proposed road between Burnt-island and Perth, all along from where they crossed the Leven, towards the new road lately made from Glenfang Inn to Gateside, passing the old castle of

Balvaird. At Burnside, they were within less than a quarter of a mile of the Caledonians, having only to cross, in a north-east direction, the south-east angle of the farm of Bonnety, when they entered upon the lands of Edenshead; and there they came first in contact with the Caledonians, where a large Cairn, erected upon the march betwixt these two lands, straight east from the farm-steading of Bonnety, which stood till about these twenty years back, evidently points out the extremity to where the left wing of the Roman army had extended. The ground seems to have been well chosen by the Caledonians for making a stand against the Romans, being firm, light, and dry, with a gentle slope towards the south and south-east, having both their flanks defended by strong ramparts of turf or earth thrown up. There the battle seems to have commenced between the two armies.' pp. 33—35.

Art. VI. 1. *An Appeal to the Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the Subject of the Turkish New Testament*, printed at Paris, in 1819. By Ebenezer Henderson, Author of "Journal of a Residence in Ireland." 8vo. pp. 70. London, 1824.

2. *Remarks on Dr. Henderson's Appeal to the Bible Society, on the Subject of the Turkish Version, &c.* By the Rev. S. Lee, A.M. D.D. of the University of Halle, F.R.S.L. F.R.A.S. Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 204. Price 3s. 6d. Cambridge, 1824.

WE should not have suffered Dr. Henderson's Appeal to remain even thus long unnoticed, had we not learned that an effective exposure of its frivolous and vexatious nature was preparing by Professor Lee. Dr. Henderson is an individual for whose talents we have a high respect, and all that we know of his personal character commands our esteem. He is one of the last men whom we should have wished or expected to encounter as an opponent in any good cause. But the best of men are but men. It was at a very early period in the history of the Christian Church, that two brother Missionaries, one of them an Apostle, were obliged to separate, because "the contention was so sharp between them." Barnabas was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith;" but in that affair, he was clearly misled by his partiality for his nephew, and he discovered no little obstinacy. The separation was, however, productive of advantage to the cause of Christianity: each pursued his errand in a different direction. Only the name of Barnabas has come down to our distant age, with this slight flaw attaching to it;—as if to admonish us, that a good man may be nevertheless of a somewhat tetchy and obstinate temper.

Dr. Henderson's own Preface to his Appeal, satisfied us that he was to be blamed. He there anticipates that the enemies of the Institution would be furnished with 'a temporary occasion for triumph.' 'Granted,' he says, but

'Is this for a moment to be compared with the handle that would be given to the most inveterate foes of our holy religion, by putting its records into their hands in a state so derogatory to their high and heavenly character? But it may safely be asserted that not one genuine friend of the Institution will desert its ranks in consequence of these remarks, provided the effect be produced which they are intended to produce: *viz.* the total annihilation of this edition of the Turkish New Testament.'

Here it is distinctly avowed to be the Writer's object, either to compel the Bible Society to do as he, Dr. Henderson, thinks they ought to do, in the case of this particular version, or to induce all whom his remarks may influence, to desert its ranks, and abandon a Society that can be guilty of the wickedness charged upon them. This is the only alternative he can contemplate. And whereas, if the said nefarious version be suppressed, the enemies of the Institution will be furnished with only a *temporary* occasion for triumph, it is implied that, if not annihilated, the triumph, and the cause of triumph, will be permanent.

Now let us for a moment suppose, that Dr. Henderson's critical objections to Ali Bey's Version were well founded; that he is in the right, and that Professor Lee, and Professor Kieffer, and Baron de Sacy, and the other Oriental Scholars consulted by the Committee of the Bible Society, are in the wrong; let us suppose, further, that this 'Mahomedan' Version was obnoxious to twice as many well founded objections as Dr. Henderson has arrayed against it with little or no foundation; we ask, Would cause have been shewn against the Society, sufficient to warrant a single genuine friend or genuine Christian to desert its ranks? What would the crime have amounted to? Out of the *one hundred and thirty* different Versions of the Scriptures, or portions of the Scriptures, distributed by the Bible Society, there is one, the Turkish, which is exceptionable. Therefore, the Society ought to be abandoned! Here is an Institution which has now existed in active operation for twenty years, and has issued in that time more than four millions of Bibles and New Testaments. Up to this period, the Prosecutor gives it the best of characters. But at length, it has blundered on an exceptionable version; and Dr. Henderson denounces it, abandons it, and would persuade others to do likewise, unless it repent. Not satisfied with mourning over its fall in secret, he tells it in Gath, he publishes

it in Askelon; he calmly anticipates the triumph of H. H. Norris and the Christian Remembrancer. And he does all this evil that no other good may come, than the annihilation of this wicked Turkish New Testament!

Would a solitary error of judgement on the part of the Committee have deserved to be thus severely visited? We think not. And therefore, on a mere *prima facie* view of the affair, we were led to suspect, that Dr. Henderson must have been swayed by feelings or considerations which such a circumstance was not of itself adequate to produce or justify, in the part he has taken. The Society must either, we concluded, be more guilty than appears, and Dr. Henderson must be kindly and considerately keeping back the blackest charges of the indictment, content to obtain a verdict against them on the minor count of issuing, &c., or he must have other reasons of his own, with which we have no concern, for quarreling with the Committee, and breaking with the whole Society.

But we should be the last persons to uphold the infallibility or the inviolability of the best-constituted Committees. We hold it to be a very dangerous axiom, that they can do no wrong. While it is due to the established character of our religious Institutions, and due to the meritorious and disinterested labours of the active committees of such societies, not hastily to entertain charges against them, it is at the same time indispensable, that their proceedings should be watched and scrutinized with a friendly but unslumbering jealousy. They are mighty and complicated engines; and every wheel and crank, and valve require a constant inspection, to keep them in order. Now, giving the Bible Society Committee as much credit as they could ask for, we could not give them credit for being Turkish scholars. We imagined that Dr. Henderson must be one,—though it turns out, that in this we were mistaken. The Committee may, we thought, have been misled in this business; they may have been hasty. Dr. Lecombe and the Christian Remembrancer told us long ago, that the Society had too much on its hands; that it ought to contract its sphere, and publish only a few translations, for they had actually issued a French Testament, in which a verse of one of the chapters of one of the Epistles, was rendered differently from the reading of the English Version. It was clear, that, in so important a business as adopting a Turkish Version of the New Testament, the Committee should have listened to Dr. Henderson, and taken the advice of Oriental scholars, and not have driven on the printing and the circulation, in reliance upon even Dr. Pinkerton's recommendation. Dr. Henderson must have cause to be angry, if they have

his objections

with contempt, and over-ruled them by a mere vote of the Committee. We must look into this. Surely Dr. Henderson would not lightly speak evil of his old friends and of the Bible Society.

What is the fact? At the Committee meeting of May 15, 1820, the strictures of Dr. Henderson and Dr. Paterson on the Turkish Testament, were taken into consideration, and referred to Professor Kieffer; the printing of the Bible being suspended till his opinion should arrive. On the receipt of a letter from the Professor, in the following month, a sub-committee was appointed to confer with Dr. Paterson, then in England; and as the result of that conference, the circulation of the Turkish New Testament was suspended, as well as the printing of the Old Testament. A correspondence on the subject was carried on with Dr. Henderson, as appears from the minutes, for nearly *three years*, during which interval, the circulation of the New Testament was still suspended, while the subject underwent a thorough investigation. The opinions of Baron de Sacy, Professor Lee, Mr. Rhazit, and other competent scholars were obtained, and Professor Kieffer was in consequence requested to proceed with the Old Testament, by a minute of Aug. 9, 1821; it being resolved at the same time, to circulate the New Testament, when a table of *errata* should have been prepared, and certain leaves cancelled, in deference to Dr. Henderson's objections. The cancels and the *errata* were fully agreed upon at a meeting of the sub-committee held Sep. 9, 1822; they were then forwarded to Dr. Henderson. On the receipt of his reply, in which he gave his opinion, that the Version could not be so improved as to be rendered fit for distribution, the circulation of the Testament was further suspended, and Professor Lee was directed to prepare a series of questions for the consideration of Turkish scholars. On the receipt of their opinions, the whole subject was fully re-considered at a meeting of the sub-committee, at which Lord Teignmouth presided as Chairman, and Lord Bexley attended as Vice President, held Dec. 15, 1823; and not till then, three years and a half after the receipt of Dr. Henderson's first letter of complaint, the suspension of the circulation was removed. Now, after this brief abstract of the proceedings of the Committee, what will our readers think of the following paragraph which occurs at p. 6. of Dr. Henderson's Appeal?

‘Considering the supreme importance of presenting the Scriptures to mankind in as pure a form as possible, it is apt to excite surprise, that, among other divisions of labour, in the allotment of which so much practical wisdom has been evinced by those who conduct the affairs of the British and Foreign Bible Society, there should not

exist a *Special Committee of Translations*, consisting of men, who, from their acknowledged attainments in general and *biblical* literature, would be competent to decide on all subjects connected with new versions, or the adoption of old ones for circulation by the Society. Of the necessity of a literary body of this description, they must have been convinced, by circumstances of peculiar difficulty which have occurred more than once since the establishment of the Institution. One inconvenience, indeed, there is, which would attend an arrangement of this nature. The time that would be required to make every necessary investigation, and to weigh with due maturity the different grounds that might be adduced for and against the adoption of certain versions, would unquestionably occasion a greater delay than is experienced by the present mode of procedure: but I presume there can be but one opinion among all who are influenced by a sacred reverence for *the very form* of Divine Revelation, as to the eligibility of protracting the impartation of the Heavenly Gift, rather than send it forth in a state totally unworthy of its high and authoritative claims, and calculated, more or less, to counteract the effects it was mercifully designed to produce. If “every word of God be pure”—“pure as silver tried in an earthen crucible, seven time purified,” with what scrupulosity should those who translate or publish these words, exercise the functions of that guardianship with which they are entrusted, that they may be able to adopt, as the motto of all their editions: **THESE ARE THE TRUE SAYINGS OF GOD!** Such holy solicitude is a duty they owe to the great Master whose stewards they are constituted; it is a duty they owe to the Church of God, to which the Divine Testaments have been committed in deposit; it is a duty they owe to unbelievers, of whose conviction and salvation they are the divinely appointed instrument; and it is a duty they owe to posterity, to whom the record of eternal life is to be conveyed through the medium of human agency.’ pp. 6—8.

Towards the end of the Appeal, he adds:

‘To suppose that Great Britain is destitute of scholars capable of taking up the question, and fairly deciding upon its merits, would be to derogate from the honour of my country. One of the primary duties connected with the Oriental professorships at our Universities, I have always conceived to be the application of Eastern learning to promote the illustration, the defence, and the extension of Divine Revelation. But if there exist in Britain learned men whose attainments and habits are most congenial to the task of guiding the literary department of the Bible Society’s operations, why have not their services been secured? Or, if secured, why have they not been engaged to institute a grave and deliberate inquiry into the real state of the Turkish version? From the little I know of the predilections of literary characters, and more especially those in the Oriental career, I am convinced that the publication of a single Gospel, executed as it ought to be, in a style critically correct, would far outweigh in their minds all the clamour of ecclesiastical expediency, or the dark insinuations of political party. But if, on the other hand, they find

that versions have been undertaken or carried through the press by men equally disqualified by their previous habits and their present attainments, for putting so much as their little finger to such a work, must not suspicions be excited in their minds as to the accuracy of the general run of modern versions? They will not be satisfied with emblazoned panegyrics in public or official reports; but will inquire, who is this character? What vouchers have been produced to attest his prerequisites and fitness for the task? Or, are those who have dubbed him, entitled to confidence as it respects their own acquaintance with these peculiarly high and sacred subjects? For my part I cannot help expressing it as my conviction, founded on a knowledge of facts, that a surprising degree of credulity has obtained, and still in part obtains, as to the qualifications of those to whom the overwhelming responsibility has been attached of providing translations and editions of the Sacred Scriptures.' pp. 65—67.

If we understand this reference, which certainly appears to be distinctly personal, Professor Kieffer must be the *ignoramus* alluded to. But, whether he or Professor Lee be meant, both are implicated; and in either case, Dr. Henderson will not escape from the imputation of having let his temper get the better of his courtesy, his modesty, and his regard for truth. If the Bible Society could have committed itself to the guidance of persons so utterly incompetent as Dr. Henderson represents, what good could be expected from a 'Special Committee of Translations?' And if Professor Lee, and Mr. Renouard are bunglers, where, in Britain, are learned Orientalists to be found? Dr. Henderson asks for inquiry and a committee, as if no inquiry, 'grave and deliberate inquiry,' had been instituted, no special committee appointed. What is this but a virtual misrepresentation, and that of the grossest kind? What but the intoxication of spleen or arrogance could lead a man to speak with contempt of the following individuals, to all of whom a series of questions was submitted on the subject of the alleged errors in this Version?

M. le Baron Silvestre de Sacy.

M. Jaubert, second Interpreting Secretary to the King of France for the Oriental Languages. Professor of the Turkish language, Author of a Turkish Grammar, and formerly in the service of the French Government in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia.

M. Garcin de Tassy, Author of several Oriental works.

M. Langlès, Conservator of Oriental MSS. in the Royal Library at Paris.

M. Andréa de Nerciat, late Interpreter at Constantinople.

M. Caussin de Perceval the younger, late Interpreter at Constantinople and in Syria, now Professor of Modern Arabic at the Royal Library.

M. Bianchi, late Interpreter at Smyrna.

M. Desgranges, joint Assistant Interpreting Secretary with **M. Bianchi**, to the King of France for the Oriental languages.

The Rev. H. D. Leeves, Constantinople.

M. Petropolis, late Turkish Secretary to the Greek Patriarch.

M. Erémian, Interpreter to the Danish Legation at Constantinople.

In our own country, as Professor Lee is a party concerned,—as it was he who ventured to give it as his opinion, that Dr. Henderson's criticisms contained nothing of sufficient importance to warrant the suppression of the work, we are precluded from adding his name to this enumeration. But Dr. Henderson *knows*, that, not to mention the obnoxious name of his old colleague *Dr. Pinkerton*, (who may or may not know as much of Turkish as Dr. Henderson does,) the sub-committee had the benefit of the attendance and advice of

The Rev. G. C. Renouard, late Arabic reader at Cambridge, and formerly chaplain at Smyrna; and

The Rev. J. F. Usko, also formerly chaplain at Smyrna.

Yet, the Bible Society is to be deserted, triumphed over, insulted, because, on the strength of a three years' inquiry, and the opinions of the first Orientalists in Europe, its Committee have come to a decision at variance with the demands and criticisms of our very worthy, but very unreasonable friend, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson.

We would now put the question fairly to the Appellant's conscience—Did he seriously expect, that, after this, his Appeal would produce the effect it is professedly intended to produce, the annihilation of this edition of the Turkish New Testament? Either this, or the triumph of the Society's opponents,—either this, or the abandonment of the Society by all whom he could influence, he owns that he contemplated as the alternative. Could he for a moment imagine that the Society would pay the slightest attention to his angry pamphlet? Could he possibly hope to annihilate, not merely Ali Bey, but Professor Lee, and Professor Keiffer, and the whole Asiatic Society of Paris, by his fulminations? If not, what good end could he hope to answer? Would not his conscience have been sufficiently exonerated by his having first protested against the Version, and then withdrawn from his connexion with the Society? If he had not meant and wished to injure the Institution,—if no vindictive feeling had supplied the impulse, would he not have preferred this course, even though personally he had felt aggrieved? Was it conscience that led him to offer

in propitiation to the most malignant enemies of the Cause, the uncalled for and most monstrous declaration, that 'the publication of a single Gospel, executed as it ought to be, in a style critically correct, would far outweigh in the minds of literary men, all the clamour of ecclesiastical expediency, or the dark insinuations of political party?' We must frankly declare, that we consider this as the worst sentence in Dr. Henderson's Appeal. What does it amount to, short of an apology for those idle clamours and dark insinuations, or, at least, an apology for those who listen to them?—an apology built on a twofold calumny; on the Society as not having as yet published a single Gospel executed as it ought to be; on their agents, on Professors Keiffer and Lee more especially, as men disqualified for putting so much as their little finger to the work! And this most unwarrantable aspersion on the Institution, and most criminal apology for its adversaries, proceed from a man lifted into notice by this very Society! After having for so many years eaten of its bread, he thus lifts up his heel against it. We are sorry, very sorry, not for the cause, but for Dr. Henderson.

Hitherto, we have been arguing on the supposition, that Dr. Henderson's criticisms might be well founded. We contend that if they were so, the Bible Society, or its Committee, would still be exculpated by their having taken every possible means of arriving at a wise and competent decision: if they have erred, it has not been through precipitancy, or wilful inconsideration, but under the direction of the most learned men in Europe. Every fresh allegation and calumny thrown upon the Society, have hitherto served only to bring to light, the extreme caution and unwearied assiduity exercised by its Committee in every department and minute ramification of its vast and varied operations. It did not, however, require Professor Lee's Remarks to convince us, that Dr. Henderson's Criticisms were many of them frivolous, and his alarms exaggerated. When, for instance, we found him gravely adducing as an unwarrantable mistranslation of the Scriptures, the designation of Jerusalem by its present geographical name, *Kudsi sheriff*, the "noble, holy place;" contending, that Jerusalem can no longer be called a 'holy city,' although every traveller in Syria knows that it is so called by Jew, Frank, and Mussulman, and although it is distinguished by this very name in the New Testament; nay, when the word Jerusalem has a similar import; what could we think of the competence of the critic, of the spirit of the objector? Again, when we found it insisted on as a decisive objection to Ali Bey's Version, that he had varied the mode of expression in rendering the same word of the

original, and recollected how King James's Translators have used a similar liberty to an equal, not to say, a greater extent;—when we found it indignantly complained of, that the word God or *Elohim* is not in every case rendered *Allah*, but by the Tartar (that is, we presume, Turkish) word *Tengri*, or by a periphrase, and recalled to mind the far greater and more important deviation from the Hebrew, which our Translators have adopted from the Septuagint, in substituting **THE LORD** for *Jehovah*;—when, once more, we found the charge of *addition* to the text, supported by such specimens as amount to the mere supplying of an ellipsis†, and reflected to what extent the sense is supplied by interpolations of this kind in our Authorized Version, as marked by the numberless words in italics;—we felt that, without pretending to know much of the Turkish language, we were not rash in deciding, that neither good faith, nor competent Biblical knowledge, nor good sense was displayed by the criticisms of Dr. Henderson.

But there were, certainly, some criticisms and objections brought forward in the Appeal, which required an explanation on the part of those who had pronounced them to be immaterial or futile. We felt confident that such explanation could be supplied, and we have not been mistaken. Professor Lee has not left Dr. H. a foot of ground or an inch to stand upon. He has proved, that the Appellant was utterly incompetent to pronounce on the merits of any Turkish version;—that he has blundered in his translation of the objectionable phrases, blundered in his philological criticisms, blundered in his assertions; that Ali Bey's Version is *not* a Mohammedan one; that Professor Kieffer is not an *ignoramus*; and that the Committee have been competently and discreetly advised not to suppress the Version in question, although it has occasioned the withdrawal of Dr. Henderson.

We should now dismiss the subject, it not being our intention to enter minutely into the able criticisms of Professor Lee.

* e. g. *προϋποτιθεμεν* is rendered by our Translators, "determined before," "predestinated," "ordained before." *Σκάνδαλα* (one of the very words mentioned by Dr. H. as variously translated by Ali Bey) is rendered, "offence," "stumbling-block," "occasion of stumbling," (pl.) "things that do offend." *ἔργον* is "work," "deed." There are innumerable instances of the same kind.

† Among Dr. Henderson's examples are, Rom. iii. 21. "*the book of the prophets.*" Rom. xi. 26. "*Sons of Jacob.*" Rev. iii. 12. "*like a pillar.*" Let the English reader compare these additions with those in the authorized version at Rom. v. 18. vii. 10. ix. 32.

rich to the Biblical scholar, however, will prove extremely interesting. But we must take this opportunity of adding a few words on the general subject of Oriental Translations.

Dr. Henderson seems to think, that missionaries like himself, are the only proper persons to prepare modern translations of the Scriptures. He refers to the Serampore missionaries, whose meritorious labours he cannot think more highly than do, as 'first-rate Biblical translators;' and he cites from Bishop Marsh, the remark, that 'should any attempt be made to translate the New Testament into any modern language or dialect of Africa, no men can be better qualified for the task, than the missionaries employed by the London Missionary Society.' The immense aids afforded to the Biblical scholar, the labours of Kennicott, De Rossi, Wetstein, Griesbach, Matthæi, &c., place him on 'a vantage-ground formerly unoccupied;' and hence, he is 'prepared for giving to the nations of the world, translations of the Sacred Text, more nearly approximating to the form and purity in which it emanated from its Divine Author, than could possibly be at any period since the first ages of the Christian dispensation.'

If Dr. Henderson had been pleading for the necessity of a revision of the English Authorized Version, this argument would have had some weight. The advanced state of Biblical criticism must be admitted to afford strong reasons for having a received Text submitted to a fresh examination. But the present question relates to new translations of the Bible, and translations into Oriental dialects. Bishop Marsh's remark is true enough; but one can hardly forbear a smile at the admission, that the London Society's missionaries might be the best qualified to translate the New Testament into the classic dialects of the Bachapins and Bichuanas, the Jaloofs, and the Mandingoes, and the Hottentots. And the researches of Griesbach and Rosenmuller would prodigiously facilitate the labours of the Translator, in giving to the African literati a pure and accurate version of the sacred volume in their respective languages, that might neither offend their taste by its baldness and literalness, nor displease Dr. Henderson by its too flowery style! But our present question relates to a Turkish Version, and to Oriental Translations generally; and here a practical difficulty occurs.

Our readers are aware how repeatedly the objection has been urged against the modern Oriental translations circulated by the Bible Society, that, though literally faithful and accurate, they fail, for the most part, in point of idiomatic spirit and the requisite attractions of an elegant native style. Passing

over the ignorant objections of the Abbé Dub , who would have us both mutilate and falsify the sacred text, in accommodation to the vilest prejudices of the Hindoo, we find Burckhardt, the traveller, objecting on this ground to the Arabic version circulated by the Society. It has, he complains in 1816, ' chosen a version which is not current in the East, where the Roman translation only is acknowledged by the clergy, who easily make their flocks believe that the Scriptures have been interpolated by the Protestants.....Upon Mahommedans, it is vain to expect that the reading of the present Arabic version of the Bible should make the slightest impression. If any of them were brought to conquer their inherent aversion to the book, they could not read a page in it without being tired and disgusted with its style. In the Koran, they possess the purest and most elegant composition in their language, the rhythmical prose of which, exclusive of the sacred light in which they hold it, is alone sufficient to make a strong impression upon them. The Arabic of the greater part of the Bible, on the contrary, and especially that of the Gospels, is in the very worst style; the books of Moses and the Psalms are somewhat better. Grammatical rules, it is true, are observed, and chosen terms are sometimes employed; but the phraseology and whole construction are generally contrary to the spirit of the language, and so uncouth, harsh, affected, and full of foreign idioms, that no Mussulman scholar would be tempted to prosecute the study of it, and a few only would thoroughly understand it. In style and phraseology, it differs from the Koran, more than the monkish Latin does from the Orations of Cicero. For Arab Christians, the Roman translation will not easily be superseded; and if Mussulmans are to be tempted to study the Scriptures, they must be clothed in more agreeable language than that which has lately been presented to them; for they are the last people upon whom precepts conveyed in rude language will have any effect.'

There is, perhaps, a little exaggeration here, both of the defects of the Version and of the refinement attributed to the Mussulman. Burckhardt's own knowledge of the Arabic was, we suspect, rather superficial; but that there is some foundation for his remarks, there can be no doubt. We find the Rev. Mr. Connor concurring with him on the subject of the Roman edition. ' All that I have seen and heard during my travels in Syria,' he says, ' has led me to the firm conviction.

* Burckhardt's " Travels in Syria." pp. 565, 6.

that no edition whatever of the Arabic Bible which differs, in any respect, from the text sanctioned at Rome, will be accepted in these countries. I have been assured by many who admire the Bible Society, that it will never attain its object in Syria, till it sends out a simple reprint of the Arabic of the Propaganda edition. This text is universally intelligible.* Accordingly, the Bible Society had determined on issuing a reprint of this edition under the superintendence of Professors Macbride of Oxford and Lee of Cambridge. But this Roman version would be doubtless stigmatised by Dr. Henderson as a corrupt, impure, Papistical performance, comprising 'a mass of unholy matter,' and deriving no advantage from the aids afforded by Kennicott, De Rossi, Griesbach, &c. Judging from the Vulgate and the Rhemish Testament, it must be far more obnoxious to his criticisms than Ali Bey's Turkish New Testament. Yet what is to be done? Would a 'special committee of translations' remove the difficulty? Here is a version, confessedly faulty, but perfectly adequate to the conveyance of saving truth to the thousands who are holding out their hands to receive it; and they will accept no other. Would the Society have been justified in rejecting it?

But even this version, it seems, is not acceptable to learned Mussulmans, owing to the rudeness and inelegance of the style. One can easily believe this. Let us only imagine an English version of the Scriptures executed by a Frenchman; and how free soever it might be from palpable blunders or grammatical inaccuracies, it could scarcely be otherwise than a very uncouth and displeasing performance. And yet, he might have availed himself of the whole apparatus of Biblical criticism, and might have adhered more closely to the original than our own Translators have done. In respect to the English Bible, style appears to be deemed a matter of far greater importance than even textual correctness. There is a prejudice, and we respect it, in favour of our venerable Version, which will scarcely admit that it can be altered for the better, even where the necessity for emendation is most cogent; and the idea of superseding it would be resented as a species of sacrilege. There is a solemn march in the periods, that fills the ear; a sort of gothic grandeur in the language, which lifts it above every other composition, and gives to the translation the character of an original. And no one likes to have this disturbed by the critic. There is the same fondness discovered on the part of Churchmen, for the phraseology of the

Prayer-book, carried sometimes to the height of superstition. Nor is the influence inconsiderable, which our English Version, together with the Liturgy, have exerted on the national taste, by inspiring a love of the simple grandeur and sublimity which characterise the inspired model, and which are reflected in the almost primitive compositions adopted by our Reformers from the Latin service-book. Now it is with similar predilections, and perhaps with a still deeper reverence, that the Mussulman regards the Koran, which, with all its revolting absurdities,—revolting to us as Christians,—is invested with the same majesty of antiquity, the same captivation of style, the same hallowed associations in his eyes, that the English Bible wears in ours. Add to which, that it contains borrowed truths, but truths not the less sublime because they are borrowed, adapted to take a certain hold on his heart and conscience also. With this book he will compare all others that make pretensions to a sacred character; and it becomes, therefore, of the first importance, that the Scriptures should sustain that comparison, by an adequate representation of all the beauties of the inspired original. It is likely enough, that the severe simplicity of the Evangelists may not immediately please the childish passion of the Orientals for the florid and the marvellous. But the preceptive parts of the New Testament are in a style perfectly consonant with their taste and habits of thought, while the poetical parts of the Old Testament can perhaps be adequately felt and relished only by a native of the East. The whole Bible is an Oriental work, the production of Arabians, Syrians, and Asiatic Jews; and to suppose that it would not be acceptable to the same people, if restored to its native character, is absurd. But this can be achieved, we are persuaded, only by a native, or by one who, like Ali Bey, has been, from his youth, naturalized among the natives, and who will be able to avail himself of all those delicacies of expression and niceties of arrangement, which, in every language, denote taste and breeding, and on which the charm of poetry itself essentially depends. Dr. Henderson complains that the version of Ali Bey is truly Mahomedan; that it ‘exhibits the Mahomedan God, Mahomedan *genii*, Mahomedan *saints*, Mahomedan *conversion*, the Mahomedan Scriptures, the Mahomedan Sabbath, the Mahomedan *Antichrist*, and the Mahomedan Paradise.’ And might not Dr. H. have added, remarks Professor Lee, ‘which would have accounted for almost all that had preceded. It is written in a Mahomedan language!’ The imbecility of this objection is marvellous in a man of Dr. Henderson’s attainments. Could he have borne a stronger testimony to the excellence of Ali Bey’s

performance? Where did Mahommed get his phraseology? Were not those very words previously familiar to the natives? Was not Allah, the 'Mahommedan God,' the God of the Arabs before the son of Abdallah claimed to be his prophet? Did he not borrow many of these words from the Jewish Scriptures? With equal wisdom it might have been urged against the first Latin translators, that they had exhibited the Roman *Deus*, the Roman *pontifex*, the Roman *cælum*. When our Lord himself said to the penitent robber, "This day shalt thou be with me in *Paradise*," did he use a new word, or one which had previously implied the Christian heaven? The objection, had it any force, would extend further than the Critic thought of. According to his reasoning, we must adopt no word, of the import of which the Mahommedans have formed an inadequate notion. He objects to every word in use among the Moslems, because, strange to say, they connect with them Mahommedan ideas.

'Heaven,' remarks Professor Lee, 'according to the creed of the orthodox Turk, is a place replete with every sensual gratification; would it not then, according to our Reviewer's principle, be an *unholy* thing to introduce such a word into the Christian Scriptures? I suppose it would; and that the consequence would be, we should be compelled to form a new vocabulary of religious phraseology, which, after all, no one would understand.'

It is obvious to any man of common understanding, that new ideas can be conveyed only through the medium of phrases in previous use, employed in a new sense. Whether '*synagogue*' means an assembly of Jews or of Christians (as James ii. 2); whether '*the day of assembly*,'* means the Mahommedan, the Jewish, or the Christian Sabbath—Friday, Saturday, or Sunday; whether '*ghost*' means breath, disembodied spirit, phantom, or the Divine Being; whether '*lord*' (*dominus*, *seigneur*, *effendi*) means a nobleman, or Jesus Christ, or Jehovah; whether '*the word*' means speech, the Bible, or the Son of God; can be determined neither by their etymological origin, nor by their use in secular literature or common *parlance*, but only by the connexion in which they occur. But Dr. Henderson, like the Abbé Dubois and other sagacious critics of his stamp, requires that a Biblical Translator should find Christian words, abstract terms, metaphysical phrases, ready coined to his use, in languages which have never before been made the vehicle of a single Christian or philosophical idea. This is tolerable in a Papist, who would lock up the Scriptures

* *Jumaa*, the word objected to as meaning the Mahommedan Sabbath, literally, 'the day of assembly,' is in use among the Eastern Christians.

and Biblical criticism, we may anticipate, as one great advantage, that, as the text becomes purified and settled, and its obscurities are removed, it will be less and less necessary to adhere to a literal rendering. Dr. Henderson seems to think otherwise; as if the labours of Griesbach, Kennicott, &c. had no better object than to enable us to adhere the more closely to the identical words of the original, any deviation from which he stigmatises as 'a daring attempt to improve on the language of the Holy Spirit.' To this strange remark, Professor Lee replies:

What will Dr. Henderson say, when I tell him, that, upon his principle, the sacred writers themselves are chargeable with all the iniquity which he has here heaped upon Ali Bey? That the Evangelists and Apostles, in making citations from the Old Testament, have never observed any thing like the uniformity which this new canon of his would make universal? What must be his surprise to find, that Luke, and Paul, and others have made this daring attempt to improve on the language of the Holy Spirit; and that no translation has hitherto been made, not chargeable with this crime?

If verbal correctness were of this fundamental importance, what must we think of the varied language in which the same circumstance or address is recorded by the several Evangelists! How must the foundations of faith be shaken by the different readings! How pernicious must be the marginal variations in the English Bible! But the sacred writers appear to have attached no such importance to the mere letter of what was written. Even our Lord, in enumerating the precepts of the Decalogue, pays no attention to their precise order. It is only the spirit of modern controversy that has rendered the exact reading of the original, a matter of essential importance; and in such cases, the appeal lies from all translations to the sacred text. But so different are the provinces of the Biblical critic and the translator, that some of our most learned scholars and annotators have proved themselves quite unable to present, even in their own language, a pleasing or unexceptionable version. There is reason to doubt whether a translator would not be disqualified for his task by minute critical habits and a scrupulous verbal accuracy. The scope and the spirit of Scripture are continually overlooked and obscured by our verbal critics. Scholars have their different places and offices in the Church of Christ. Luther was not a Griesbach, nor Griesbach a Luther. The best translations have not been the production of a critical age, nor of the first-rate critics.

The practical importance of this view of the subject will be placed in a still stronger light, if we consider that a correct

translation of the sacred Scriptures, or even a genuine, unexceptionable text, *does not exist*. With regard to the Hebrew Scriptures, it is now generally admitted, that the received text, is very defective, and that a further collation of Hebrew MSS. is highly desirable. The discrepancies between that text and the Septuagint Version, prove, either that the variations in the original *codices* must have been considerable, or that the Greek Translators felt themselves at much greater liberty than would now be deemed allowable, in rendering the general sense of the original. But the Septuagint itself is supposed to have come down to us in a mutilated or incorrect state. The Vulgate is notoriously obnoxious to criticism. All the modern versions executed by members of the Church of Rome, partake of its imperfections. The English Psalter is a translation from a still more imperfect Latin Version. The labours of Griesbach have put us in possession of a far more unexceptionable Greek text than King James's Translators had access to; but objections have been urged against his canons of collation. In the mean time, our Authorized Version is confessedly chargeable with interpolations, omissions, mistranslations, latinisms, obsolete expressions, ellipses improperly supplied, and a long catalogue of verbal inaccuracies. Nay, the Improved Version of the Socinians is, in some passages, more favourable to orthodoxy, than the received Translation!

Now let us see in what a situation the Bible Society are placed! Ought they not at once to suspend all further proceedings, and wait till a special committee of translators and learned critics can agree upon a genuine text and a few faultless versions? Why, they have never yet given away a single correct copy of the Scriptures! No, nor the Bartlett's Buildings Society either. Wicked men! the Bible Committee are sending the *Propaganda* edition of the Arabic Bible, all over the East, though modelled on the Romish Vulgate. They are aiding and abetting a Romish priest, a certain Leander Von Ess, in circulating a version of his own, formed on the same model. 'I confess,' says a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, (Dr. Henderson's new ally,) 'with my feelings as a Protestant, I see no cause for rejoicing in this.' No! not rejoice in the circulation of that very version from which the Protestant Reformers drank in their light, from which they derived their weapons! Can that Version be inefficient, which produced the Reformation? Or are our Protestant Versions so immaculate as to authorize us to stickle for their exclusive adoption? What can we think of this holy concern for the purity of the sacred text, united to such indifference respecting its circulation? It is as if a man should say, he saw no

cause for rejoicing that a famishing population were supplied with bread, for the bread was made of American flour!

The Bible Society have shewn themselves neither indifferent nor negligent as to the character of the Versions which they circulate; and the present instance affords only a fresh illustration of the singular prudence, sound discretion, and excellent spirit by which their proceedings have uniformly been characterised. All this caution is necessary for the sake of the cause, especially that they may afford no handle to their enemies. But let them not be deterred from giving the Word of God to all nations, and peoples, and tongues, in the best form that the case at present admits of, by all the petty cavils or sweeping calumnies of Romish or Protestant assailants. There never yet has been produced, we believe, a version of the Scriptures in any language, how imperfect soever the execution, that was not an available vehicle of saving truth; none by which any serious error, affecting the fundamentals of Christianity, could be conveyed. What do all the textual variations, the mistranslations, the additions or omissions, known or suspected, in all the various Versions of the Sacred Scriptures, amount to? They do not affect in the slightest degree, any single fact, or doctrine, or precept, or promise in the sacred volume. We need no other Version to confute the Papist, than that which is sanctioned by his own Church. We can take our stand, in contending with the Socinian, on his own 'improved version.' We can give up every disputed text, every doubtful passage, and yet feel entrenched behind irrefragable evidence, in our maintenance of every essential doctrine. The most homely and barbarous rendering of its sacred contents, cannot so deprive them of their force, as to take off the edge, if we may so express it, of the "sword of the Spirit." They may be rendered unacceptable to the scholar, when they are neither unintelligible nor unwelcome to the "poor." On the other hand, all the graces of correct diction cannot secure the moral results in which its perusal is designed to terminate. Our reason for wishing the Scriptures to be presented to the nations of the East, in a form attractive to the learned, as well as intelligible to the unlearned, is, that they may not wear the air of a foreigner in their native land, and that no part of that inherent majesty may be veiled or disfigured, which constitutes one evidence of their Divine original.

Art. VII. *Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy.* By the Author of *Sketches of India, and Recollections of the Peninsula.* 8vo. pp. 452. Price 12s.. London. 1824.

I heartily wish that the Turks were driven out of Europe; aye, even though it should make the Emperor Alexander master of Constantinople. He would find it a hot birth, I fancy.* So says this very agreeable and lively Writer, whom we are glad again to fall in with. But where should they be driven to? They are as well in Europe as any where else. The Turkish government ought to exist no where; neither at Constantinople, nor at Smyrna, nor at Damascus, nor at Cairo, nor at Algiers. It is a dark, treacherous, dastardly, rapacious, cruel despotism, which is consigning some of the finest countries of the world to depopulation, destroying more than it feeds upon,—which owes its security to its meanness and systematic duplicity,—which makes wealth in a subject the greatest of crimes, and lays a bounty on perfidy,—itself the partner of petty robbers and the patron of assassins. Such a government, if government it deserves to be called, is a blot upon human nature; a moral nuisance which it would not satisfy us to remove into central Africa. The bottomless pit from which it issued, is its only place. But the Turks, once rescued from their Sublime Tyrant and his rascally pashas, might be endured, whether in Europe or out of it. They are as quiet, sedate, civil, sober, well-disposed a people as any of their neighbours. More cleanly than the Greeks, more tolerant than the Papists, more sincere than the Persians, more civilized than the Arabs, more devout than the Franks, Tartars as they are, we have a sort of respect for them, and should not despair of their becoming, under a wise government, good subjects and good Protestants. They would never assimilate with the Greeks and Muscovites, because they could never be brought to embrace the idolatrous creed and ritual of the Eastern Church, and unite in the worship of the *Panagia* and of painted *anvra*. But give them their mosques, and they would go on very quietly, were the “Yellow King,”* or any other Infidel power, master of Constantinople. Of the two, assuredly, that is to say, the Czar and the Sultan, the former were much to be preferred as proprietor of that country. And such is the propensity of all Tartars, Muscovites, and other tribes of that family to travel.

* The name given to the Emperor of Russia in Syria, according to Burckhardt.

southward, that nothing seems less improbable than that the Mahommedan prophecy which foretels the overthrow of the Turkish empire by a Frankish power, should be fulfilled in the person of the Russian Emperor. But whether the lord of Constantinople would long remain the lord of the Northern Rome also, may be doubted. The metropolis of an empire stretching from the Bosphorus to the Pole, could not continue to be on the banks of the Neva. The consequence would probably be, that there would be a schism in the empire, and we should have realised, the portent of the twin giants Gog and Magog. But we check ourselves. There is nothing so prolific as a wish, and it was a wish that gave rise to this train of speculations,—one in which we very heartily concur, so far as relates to the power of the Turks; but we are reminded by the very terms of it, that, at present, the Turks are *not* driven out of Europe, and the Greeks are still engaged in the noblest of earthly causes—the struggle for liberty.

We cannot refer to the cause of the Greeks, without advertising to the public loss which they have sustained by the untimely death of Lord Byron. Most melancholy are the reflections which that event inspires. It seemed as if that most gifted and most guilty man was about to make a noble effort to retrieve his character, and to indemnify society for the moral injuries he has inflicted upon it,—to shake off his worthless parasites and boon companions, and to devote the wane of his faculties and the remnant of his energies to some worthy purpose. His hair, they say, was already changing to a premature grey, and at seven and thirty, he was beginning to decline from the meridian. But, had he lived, the Author of *Don Juan* might have been forgiven in the friend of Christian Greece. The opportunity of realizing these hopes, it has not pleased the Almighty Disposer to allow him. It is rarely safe for blind and fallible mortals to interpret the judgements of Heaven, especially in the case of individuals; but it does seem as if a man who had so prostituted his noble powers, was not to have the honour of taking the lead in such a cause. Of Lord Byron, while living, we have always spoken as we must now speak of the dead. Our admiration of his poetical genius has been frankly and warmly tendered; and we happen to know that his Lordship acknowledged the fairness and competence of our criticisms. With his domestic concerns we have never inter-meddled, nor invaded the province of the Newspapers. His *Don Juan* and his “*Liberal*,” we have abstained from noticing, on the principle that to criticise and abuse such works, is only to advertise them, and that their Author would never be the

better for our homilies. But in our review of "*Cain*,"* we endeavoured to point out the malignity of the offence committed against God and man in that publication; yet, that that was not his most criminal work, for blasphemy itself is less to be dreaded than witty or elegant lasciviousness. And now that he has gone to his account, we can retract none of our censures; we cannot forget his crimes; nor can we join in the act of posthumous canonization which the press is celebrating in the fervour of its adulation. But we mourn for Greece; and as to his Lordship, we take refuge from more painful thoughts in the hope, that he did not pass out of this world before he had sought and found mercy of an insulted Saviour.

We take for our first extract, the sketch of a Greek schooner.

'The schooner made sail, and stood towards us in pretty style; when nearly up with us, down came the topsail and up ran the Greek independent flag; and she fired a gun and brought us to. Our captain, whose great fault, in my eye, had been a constant and indiscriminate abuse of the Greek, of whom he could know little, and praise of the Turk, of whom he knew nothing beyond what two voyages to the Levant had enabled him to pick up in the port of Smyrna, was alarmed lest they should overhaul, seize him, or do worse, and immediately said, "Now you will see what these rascals will do." Nothing could be more orderly or respectful than their bearing. Their captain, a grave, dark, erect man of about forty, stood at his gang-way and hailed us through his speaking trumpet; his costume, that of the Asiatic Greek, which is very similar to the Turk, but he wore a large broad straw hat overshadowing his face. As he stood, his person exposed at his gang-way, he had a manly commanding look, and still more so as he stepped down into his boat, and again, when he stood up in it as it pulled under our stern, and rose, sunk, and swayed to the high and buoyant waves. He asked a few questions about the sailing of the Egyptian squadron, our lading, time out, and whither bound; communicated to us intelligence of the capture of some castle on the northern coast of Candia, and the blockading of a port on that side; and warned our captain not to attempt carrying his cargo of grain in to the Turks, as, if he did, he should seize upon and detain his vessel. He saluted, as he came alongside, and as he pulled off; and his boat shot handsomely athwart our bows and away. The boat's crew were handsome, bold-looking young men, turbaned; among them was a youth who pulled at the bow oar, of a very fair complexion, with a remarkably fine and fearless expression of countenance.

'On board the vessel, which was a fine sea-boat, and well armed, every thing was done smartly, well, and in seaman-like style,—you heard but the whistle, and she made sail and away.

* E. R. May, 1822.

‘ May the God of battles prosper them ! say I. The open, honest Turk, and the cunning, deceitful Greek, as I have too often heard Englishmen designate them ! Who makes the Grecian what he is ? As noble thoughts find a place in his bosom, they will swell and expand, and force out all the weaker weeds, which would choke their growth. But “ the Greek is cruel,” say many ;—the revenge of a beaten slave is always cruel : he is deceitful,—the cunning of a slave is his defence. The balance of power is upheld by the crescent,—it is our interest that the Ottoman should reign in strength,—perish the thought !’

Now for the character of the Turk.

‘ Rustan Aga himself was a fine-looking, haughty, martial man, with mustachios, but no beard ; he wore a robe of scarlet cloth. Hussein Aga, who sat on his left, had a good profile, a long grizzled beard, with a black ribbon bound over one eye, to conceal its loss. He wore a robe of pale blue. The other person, Araby Jellauny, was an aged and a very plain man. The attendants for the most part wore large, dark-brown dresses, fashioned into the short Turkish vest or jacket, and the large, full, Turkish trowsers ; their sashes were crimson, and the heavy ornamented butts of their pistols protruded from them ; their crooked scimitars hung in silken cords before them ; they had white turbans, large mustachios, but the cheek and chin clearly shaven. Their complexions were in general very pale, as of men who pass their lives in confinement. They stood with their arms folded, and their eyes fixed on us. I shall never forget them ; there were a dozen or more. I saw nothing like this after, not even in Egypt, for Djidda is an excellent government, both on account of its port and its vicinity to Mecca ; and Rustan Aga had a large establishment, and was something of a magnifico. He has the power of life and death. A word, a sign from him, and these men who stand before you in attitude so respectful, with an aspect so calm, so pale, would smile and slay you. We know that the name of Englishman is a tower of strength,—that he may sit among these despotic lords, fearless, proud, and cheertful. So indeed may all Europeans whose countries are strong enough to protect their subjects. But we have to do with the manners of these people ; and we know that not fourteen years have passed, since Ali Pasha, whom I have heard *laugh*, as the assembled beys of the Mamelukes passed from the hall of audience, whither he had invited them, gave the signal for a general massacre of them and their brave followers, Such is the Turk.’

‘ What most gratified me was the sight of the Turkish soldiery. There was a large body in garrison here—a division of that army which had been sent from Egypt against the Hedjaz, two or three years before. Scattered in groupes through the bazaar, and reclining or squatted on the benches of the coffee-houses, these men were every where to be seen ; some in turbans and vests covered with tarnished embroidery ; others only in waistcoats, with the small red cap, the red stocking, the bare knee, the white kilt, the loose shirt sleeve, which, with many, was tucked up to the very shoulder, and shewed a nervous, hairy arm ; all had pistols in their red girdles

Their complexions and features various; but very many among them had eyes of the lightest colours, and the hair on their upper lips, of a sun-scorched brown, or of a dirty yellow. They have a look at once indolent and ferocious, such as the tiger would have basking in the sun; and they are not less savage. The Turkish soldier would sit, smoke, and sleep for a year or years together: he hates exertion, scorns discipline, but has within him a capability of great efforts and an undaunted spirit. He will rise from his long rest to give the "wild halloo," and rush fearless to the battle. Such are the men who shed the blood of the peaceful Greek families in the gardens of Scio; and such are the men (let it not be forgotten) who, a short century ago, encamped under the walls of Vienna.'

Sir Frederick Henniker, speaking of the Red Sea, affirms that, 'as to the coral, it is all *white*.' Its colour seems to have *changed* since he was there. Our Officer says:

'We were thirteen days running to Djidda. The navigation is intricate, the shoals of coral numerous, but the waters smooth, and clear as pilot could desire. 'Twas beautiful to look down into this brightly transparent sea, and mark the coral here in large masses of honey-combed rock; there in light branches of a *pale red* hue, and the beds of green sea-weed, and the golden sand, and the shells, and the fish sporting round your vessel, and making colour, of a beauty to your eye, which is not their own.'

This is not a book of travels: it is a gallery of pictures, a 'cosmorama' of pen and ink drawings, and admirably are they executed. Here is a view of the Desert.

'Who passes the desert, and says, all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your very feet, and come upon the beaten camel-paths for food. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear, or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel driver would not lift a stone to them; and the sportsman could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert: the deer might tempt him; I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel tramp, and paused, and raised and threw back his head to listen, then away to the road instead of from it; but far a-head he crossed it, and then away up a long slope he fleetly stole, and off to some solitary spring which wells, perhaps, where no traveller, no human being has ever trod. Here and there you meet with something of green,—a tree alone, or two, nay, in one vale you may see some eight or ten; these are the acacias; small-leaved and thorny, yet kind, in that "they forsake not these forsaken places." You have affections in the desert too; your patient and docile camel is sometimes vainly urged if his fellow or his driver be behind; he will stop and turn, and give that deep hoarse gurgling sound, by which he expresses uneasiness and displeasure. It is something to have rode, though but for a few days, the camel of the desert. We always associate the horse with the Arab warrior, and the horse alone; also the crooked scimitar. Now these belong

to the Syrian, and the Persian, the Mamehuke, and the Turk as well. The camel is peculiar to the Arab alone. It was on the camel that Mahomet performed his flight to Medina. It was on a white she camel that he made his entry into that city. Seventy camels were arrayed by his side in the Vale of Beder. And it was on his own red camel that the Caliph Omar, with his wooden dish, and leathern water-bottle, and bag of dates, came to receive the keys of the holy city of Jerusalem and the submission and homage of the patriarch Sophronius. Moreover, it is on a winged white camel, in a golden saddle, that the Moslem, who is faithful to the end, believes that he shall ride hereafter.

‘ As we stopped for a while to-day, to alight, one of my companions asking a driver how far we were from the wells, he replied to him, I observed, by pointing to the shadow as it then lay, then raised his hand, and following the sun’s course, pointed again to where it would be at the hour of our arrival. His dial is the rock, the solitary thorn, or the tall camel which he leads.

‘ They are a patient and hardy race of men, not so cheerful as the muleteer, yet have they a song. It is a rude prolonged cry : when very loud, barbarous and unharmonious ; when lower and deeper (as in the heat of noon, or towards the close of a long march), it is sad, not unpleasing to the ear, in perfect unison with the dull scene around, and the slow toil of journeying in the desert.

To describe Thebes, is a harder essay. We cannot say that the Author has succeeded in doing it, for it cannot be done ; but he has made an impressive picture out of the subject.

‘ With a quick-beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passing over loose sand, and among a few scattered date-trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway, which has been called triumphal ; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or, to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice, a globe coloured, as of fire, stretches forth long overshadowing wings of the very brightest azure.

‘ This wondrous and giant portal stands well ; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on either side of a broad road, (once paved,) as they were marshalled by him who planned these princely structures, we know not when. They are of a stone less durable than granite : their general forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution is, in most of them, worn away.

‘ In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them, and the sacred tau grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err ; you are on a highway to a heathen temple. One that the Roman

came, as you come, to visit and admire; and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festival throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do: and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards their sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king, among them, all on this silent spot. And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins:—the stones which formed walls and square temple-towers, thrown down in vast heaps; or still, in large masses, erect as the builder placed them, and where their material has been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey nor blackened; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wall-flower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No:—all is the nakedness of desolation—the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence; a silence broken only by the approach of the stranger, for then the wild and houseless dogs, which own no master, pick their scanty food in nightly prowlings round the village, and bask in the sand-heaps near throughout the day, start up, and howl at him as he passes, and with yell, and bark, and grin, pursue his path, and mock his meditations. Old men and boys come out of the village, to chase and still them, and supply their place; bringing with them little relics and ornaments for sale, and they talk and trouble you. I soon got rid of them, attaching to myself one *silent* old Arab, who followed me throughout that day, and also when I visited the temple again: carrying a cruse of water, and a few dried dates. I was fortunate in him. He had learned the ways of the traveller, understood your frown, your glance, your beckon, and that motion of the hand, by which you show your wish that he should leave you to gaze alone and unobserved.

‘ There are no ruins like these ruins: in the first court you pass into, you find one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonnade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause awhile, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns, on which I defy any man, sage or savage, to look unmoved. Their vast proportions the better taste of after days rejected and disused; but the still astonishment, the serious gaze, the thickening breath of the awed traveller, are tributes of an admiration, not to be checked or frozen by the chilling *rules* of taste. The “*des masses informes*” of Voltaire would have been exchanged, I think, for a very different expression, if he had ever wandered to the site of ancient Thebes.

‘ As I passed out of the ruin, I saw my companions at a distance, and joined them. Monsieur R had conducted them to his favourite spot for catching a first and general view of the ruins; a lofty heap of sand and rubbish, lying between the eastern and northern gates:

certainly from hence you command the ruins well. A forest of columns, massive propylæa, lofty gates, tall obelisks, a noble assemblage of objects. Yet was I glad that I had first approached by the avenue of the sphinxes.'

* * * * *

'But away, reader, away! come with me; step over that fallen capital; put your foot on that fragment of a cornice; clamber over those masses of enormous stones; now stoop, and enter this obscure and darker part of the ruin. The roof here has never fallen in; and here are two rows of pillars, with faded colours on them—the columns are, but the colours evidently not, the ancient Egyptian; you may distinctly trace the outline, on two of them, of such heads as are still to be seen in the rude paintings in Coptic churches: on one, too, you may see an inscription in red paint, of a like colour: it records the names and meeting of some humble, persecuted Coptic bishops, who once held their unostentatious council here, in a secluded spot, which served as a shelter and retreat for the worship and service of the true God, and the instruction of their flocks. Yes, in the solitude of these ruins, a weak small sect, who, having little strength, yet kept His word, have read the gospel of Christ, have bowed and wept before the throne of grace, and have sung the song of Moses to the ancient accompaniment of the loud cymbal! Here, even here, where the priests of Pharaoh have sacrificed, and where Babylonian revellers may have stalled their foaming horses, spread their silken carpets, and drank from their golden wine-cups, after fulfilling what they knew not to be the will of the Most High!'

Siout, the ancient Lycopolis, is the holy city of the Copts. Tradition assigns it as the spot where the Virgin Mother and the infant Saviour fled for shelter from the Jewish tyrant; and there are many Copts, who, believing this tale, come here in their old age to die, as the Jews repair to Jerusalem. At Memphis, the Author found M. Caviglia pursuing his excavations and his researches with an enthusiasm and self-complacency not a little stimulated by the laudation of his labours in a Number of the Quarterly Review, which he exhibited to his visiter. He has taken up the opinion, it seems, that 'none of the pyramids were sepulchres.' What were they then?—Temples?—Granaries?—Fire Altars?—Observatories? We are not told what M. Caviglia supposes them to have been, if they were not sepulchres. But the fact is, that their number and their juxta-position forbid the idea of their having any other design. At Cairo, the Author drank coffee with Mahommed Ali. During almost the whole of the interview, his Highness was carrying on an animated, laughing conversation with Mr. Salt. The 'graver part' concerned the Emir of the Druses, who was then at Cairo, and 'had lately received pardon, (that is life,) and permission to return to his government at Mount

‘Lebanon.’ We do not understand this, and regret that our Author has not explained what business the Emir had in Egypt. The government of Mount Lebanon is under the pashalic of Akka, and Mahommed Ali, we should have imagined, would not have power either to dislodge or to restore the lord of the mountains.

‘The pasha, every now and then, addressed some questions to us; two or three about the Persians, and their adoption of our discipline; but all inconsequent. I sat on the divan with my eyes fixed upon him; I wanted to examine the countenance of a man, who had realized in our day one of those scenes in history, which, when we have perused it, always compels us to lay down the book, and recover ourselves. There he sat—a quick eye, features common, nose bad, a grizzled beard, looking much more than fifty, the worn complexion of that period of life, and there seemed to be creeping upon him that aspect which belongs to and betrays the “grey decrepitude of lust.” Mahommed Ali Pasha is a Turk, a very Turk: he is surrounded, flattered, and cajoled by a set of foreign adventurers, who put notions into his head, and words into his mouth, which pass for, and, in truth, become his own: the race between him and them, is who shall get the most out of the other, and what between force and fraud, I believe the pasha has the best of it. His idea of political economy is pretty much like that of the countryman, who killed the goose, and was astonished not to find more eggs of gold.

‘So far from improving, as far as we could hear and see, he is ruining and impoverishing his country. He has got rid of his Turks and Albanians, and flatters himself his new levy is a master-stroke of policy. He does not *pay*, and will never attach them; and if they do not (which I think probable) desert with their arms, and disturb his conquests and possessions above the cataracts, they will die away as a body, and fall to pieces in a very short period of time.

‘The protection which he affords to the European traveller is to be acknowledged, but not at the expense of truth. He knows, if his country was not safe, the European would not come there: he encourages the intercourse, because he avows his wish to receive and employ Franks, and it is necessary, therefore, to let them see and know that protection is afforded to them, and to accustom his subjects to their presence. As far as a pasha can be independent of the Porte, he is, and he knows it is only by cultivating his European relations that he can effectually continue so to the end. They might now send him the howstring in vain. They tell you that he is not sanguinary; men grow tired of shedding blood, as well as of other pleasures; but if the cutting off a head would drop gold into his coffers, he would not be slow to give the signal. His laugh has nothing in it of nature: how can it have? I can hear it now,—a hard sharp laugh, such as that with which strong heartless men would divide booty torn from the feeble. I leave him to his admirers. At one thing I heartily rejoice; it is said that our consul-general has great influence with him, and it is known that that is always exerted freely and amiably for

Franks of all nations in distress or difficulty, and often for natives also.' pp. 171—174.

The Author left Egypt so recently as March 1823. From Alexandria, he proceeded to Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Paris. Our Author is not quite so interesting a fellow-traveller when he reaches Europe. He was hastening to England, homesick and weary. We must, however, give his visit to St. Peter's.

' St. Peter's, however, must be visited and revisited alone. I have been in it at morning, noon, and as the shades of evening dimmed, without obscuring, every object. The confessional of St. Peter, with the lamps which burn around it, placed, as it is, in the centre of the crossing naves of this mighty temple, belongs, in its aspect, so entirely to all that is grand and solemn in the general and most majestic character of the idolatries of all ages and nations, that could you place here the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman of ancient times, the Parsee and the Brahmin of this, they would fall down and worship; and you feel, as you offer thanks for instruction in that revealed word which gives a spiritual freedom to your thought, which permits you, in towns or deserts, in tumultuous occupation or the stillness of the night, to erect an altar in your mind, and raise a temple "not made with hands" above it, a gratitude which is, perhaps, the sweetest and most satisfying feeling our spiritual nature is capable of indulging. We should all—all of us have been idolaters, but for that light which no man could now have the mental strength to ridicule, had it never shone to give him an illumination of mind for which, in the fulness of his pride, he is not willing to confess himself, as he is, under a vast and increasing weight of obligation.' pp. 389—40.

We recognise in these "Scenes and Impressions," the Author of the very interesting Sketches of India: the "Recollections of the Peninsula," are the recollections, if not the production of a much earlier period. Our Traveller has evidently learned, since then, as he himself tells us,

' To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth.'

He has our thanks for the vivid gratification which his graphical descriptions of distant scenes have afforded us. He will now think, perhaps, that he has seen enough of the world. But should he again become a wanderer, Greece, Syria, Palestine remain; and as we are not likely to look upon those countries with our own eyes, we should like to see them with his. We could tell him what to look for, and what to look at, which half our travellers do not know—till they return.

Art. VIII. *The Chimney-Sweeper's Friend, and Climbing-Boy's Album.* Dedicated, by the most gracious Permission, to his Majesty. Arranged by James Montgomery. With illustrative Designs by Cruickshank. 12mo. pp. 428. Price 9s. London. 1824.

WE willingly lend our utmost aid to promote, through the medium of this interesting and affecting collection of documents, the cause which Mr. Montgomery has done himself so much honour by taking up with all his energy. The volume is divided into two parts; the first, comprising miscellaneous tracts and documents, chiefly republications, which contain the facts of the case as substantiated by both private and parliamentary evidence; the second part consisting of pieces in prose and verse, furnished for the 'Climbing Boy's Album.' As the attraction of the volume will greatly depend on this part of the work, we subjoin a list of the Contributors: James Montgomery. Bernard Barton. Henry Neele. Allan Cunningham. P. M. James. J. Bowring. J. H. Wiffen. John Holland. Ann Gilbert. Mrs. Hofland. J. Cobbin. W. L. Bowles. J. Everett. W. B. Clarke. And six others, whose initials only are given.

The following lines would have formed no inappropriate introduction to the work.

‘ THE CLIMBING BOY’S ALBUM.

‘ Gentle reader ! if to thee
 Mercy’s dictates sacred be,
 If thy breast with Pity glow,
 For the meanest sufferer’s woe,
 Let our Album’s humble page
 For *their* sake thy heart engage ;
 For *thine own* despise us not,
 While we plead the outcast’s lot.
 Mercy’s votaries here below
 Shall, hereafter, Mercy know.

‘ In this age of Albums, we
 Fain would offer ours to thee :
 If it be not fraught with lays
 Worthy of a critic’s praise,
 If no richly tinted flowers
 Decorate this tome of ours,
 If it fail in rich array,
 Splendid clasp or binding gay ;
 Turn not from our page as one
 Which the feeling heart would shun.

‘ Beauty’s Album may present
 More of tasteful compliment,

Flowers, and shells, and landscapes fair,
May unite to charm thee there ;
Here a cheek's vermilion dye,
There the lustre of an eye ;
Here a cottage in a grove,
There a fountain or alcove ;
All, in truth, that can invite
Passing glance of brief delight.
Toys like these we may not show,
For our theme is fraught with woe :
And the graver's mimic skill
Finds it—leaves it—wretched still :
Never could the painter's art
To the eye its griefs impart ;
Nor can artful prose or verse
Half its miseries rehearse ;—
Heads that think and hearts that feel
Only can our book unseal.

‘ Fathers ! unto you we speak ;
Mothers ! your support we seek ;
Britons ! holding freedom dear,
Abject slavery greets you here ;
Home-bred slavery !—dire disgrace !
Borne by childhood's helpless race ;
Friendless outcasts of our laws,
Having none to plead their cause,
Save the people, struggling few,
Who solicit aid from you.

‘ Christians ! of each sect and name,
You who feel the awful claim
Of our high and holy creed,
Suffer us with you to plead.
May we not, in truth, *command*
Your assistance, heart and hand ?
Join, then, in this work of love,
For His sake who reigns above,
Nor be sympathy denied
Unto those for whom He died.’

Bernard Barton.

We know not how to characterize the song given from Blake's "Songs of Innocence." It is wild and strange, like the singing of a "maid in Bedlam in the spring;" but it is the madness of genius.

‘ THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

‘ When my Mother died, I was very young,
And my Father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, Weep ! weep ! weep !
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.

‘ There’s little Tom Toddy, who cried when his head,
That curl’d like a lamb’s back was shaved; so, I said,
“ Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head’s bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.”

‘ And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was asleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock’d up in coffins of black,

‘ And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he open’d the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

‘ Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he’d be a good boy,
He’d have God for his Father, and never want joy.

‘ And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.’

The pen of the Editor has supplied the following touching little poem.

‘ A WORD WITH MYSELF.

‘ I know they scorn the Climbling-Boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villanous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

‘ So be it;—brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art,
But let his *Country* bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

‘ I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half-dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men’s gates, imploring bread.

‘ A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

‘ He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

- ‘ My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.
- ‘ My equal in the judgement day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.
- ‘ And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall’n from God and truth,
Though “Wretch” be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?
- ‘ If holy Nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I’ll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.
- ‘ Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course,
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake.’

J. Montgomery.

As it is not our wish to exhaust by our extracts the interest novelty of the work, we refrain from making any other citations, but cordially recommend the purchase of the volume, profits of which will go in aid of a small fund for bettering condition of Climbing Boys.

Philanthropy is sometimes not a little capricious. People are in the right, and it seems reasonable, to be benevolent and charitable in their own way. And never had they so many and various ways afforded them, from which to choose the least objectionable, most reputable, or most pleasing method of doing good. Schools, prisons, Bible societies, missionary societies, hospitals, asylums, the Greeks, the Irish, the Jews, the Gipsies, Negroes, the Hindoos—how, it may be said, can a man attend to them all? A feeling of this kind has sometimes, we are afraid, led persons to shut their hearts and their purses against the claims of bounden duty. And they have almost been afraid to listen to any fresh appeal, lest it should force its way to their sympathy. But, with regard to that long neglected and injured class of infant bondsmen for whom this volume so frequently pleads, these English negroes, we were going to call them, there is no possibility of remaining neutral. Every man must take part, practically, either for them or against them. Every housekeeper, at least, has a chimney or chimneys which require to be swept. By what means are they swept? There are machines by which the employment of these poor little

children may be superseded in nine cases out of ten: are they in such cases employed? Is it made an object, to discourage as far as possible the inhuman degradation of children? We put the question to the conscience of every reader. If any one has any specious argument to urge in defence or extenuation of his connivance at the evil, short of absolute necessity, it is at least *his* duty to read this volume, if not for the poetry, for the *facts*.

Art. IX. *Conversations on the Bible.* By a Lady. 12mo. pp. 438. London. 1824.

‘**T**O talk of Scripture doctrines in our social circles now,’ we are told in the Preface to these “Conversations,” is just as fashionable as it is to be a member of a Bible Society; *for* in our age of wonders, we are all philosophers and philanthropists.’ From this we are to infer, we presume, that to talk of Scripture doctrines, is to affect to be a philosopher; to be a member of a Bible Society, is to be a philanthropist. But this Writer disclaims being either. ‘The flippancy and temerity,’ it is added, ‘with which the most abstruse questions of Scripture are introduced into familiar conversation, is as irreverent as it is absurd, and ought to be discouraged.’ Our readers will learn with surprise, that too large an infusion of theology into familiar conversation, is one of the crying sins of the day; but the Author must be allowed to have hit upon a curious antidote, in composing *Conversations on the Bible*!

This work is, we doubt not, well meant, and we regret that we cannot commend the execution. The style is very deficient in simplicity, and the young ladies converse in a language which sounds much too lofty for their years. ‘What I want,’ says Miss Fanny to her Mother, ‘is a *synoptical elucidation* of the story, with its *general relation* to the several parts of the Bible.’ A young lady who could understand the use of these terms, ought to have read her Bible. Her Mamma replies:

‘I will endeavour to give you such a view, though I may not accomplish it as well as I could desire. The subject is exceedingly interesting, for the Bible is not only the oldest book in existence, but it contains an account of the creation of all things, and a history of mankind from the beginning.’

It is but just to add, that other and better reasons for studying the Bible, are afterwards intimated. But Mrs. M. is evidently not at home on the subject of religion. The design

seems to have been, to present the Old Testament history in a connected and unexceptionable form. Mrs. Trimmer and Miss Neale have anticipated the idea; but, had the present work been competently executed, we should not the less have given it our cordial approbation. In a work for young persons, we look at least for correct and intelligible composition; yet, what can we say for such sentences as the following?

‘Prophecy is unquestionably the most obscure portion of the Scriptures; yet is it sufficiently plain to form the *great palladium of their origin*, the chief argument of their divinity. Its predictions are so far beyond the penetration of human intellect, and the accomplishment of these predictions *are* so multiplied and exact, *as* no art of man or combinations of men could achieve. The most hardened infidelity is compelled to refer both the prescience and the power to something more than human.’

Art. X. *The Star in the East*; with other Poems. By Josiah Conder. 12mo. pp. 195. Price 6s. London. 1824.

CIRCUMSTANCES probably well known to the majority of our readers, embarrass us exceedingly in the criticism of this publication. Conscious that our warm admiration is the result of impartial and even of severe examination, we feel that there is something almost unmanly in shrinking from the full responsibility of avowing and sustaining it; nor should we suffer, in such a case, any thing short of a specific injunction to interfere between our feelings and their entire expression. Happily, there is an alternative, far more satisfactory in the present instance, than in others more doubtful: if we are forbidden to praise, we can at least produce examples, and we may venture on these somewhat the more largely, since we shall, though most reluctantly, abstain from every thing in the shape of eulogy, and confine ourselves to simple analysis and extract.

The first and principal poem ‘*The Star in the East*,’ commemorates the progress of the Gospel, and anticipates its final triumph. It opens with the Song of the Angels at the Messiah’s advent.

‘O to have heard the unearthly symphonies,
Which o’er the starlight peace of Syrian skies
Came floating like a dream, that blessed night
When angel songs were heard by sinful men,
Hymning Messiah’s Advent! O to have watch’d
That night with those poor shepherds, whom, when first:
The glory of the Lord shed sudden day,—
Day without dawn, starting from midnight, day.
Brighter than morning,—on those lonely hills,
Strange fear surprised—fear lost in wondering joy,

When from the angelic multitude swell'd forth
 The many-voiced consonance of praise :—
 Glory in the highest to God, and upon earth
 Peace: towards men good-will. But once before
 In such glad strains of joyous fellowship,
 The silent earth was greeted by the heavens,
 When at its first foundation they look'd down
 From their bright orbs, those heavenly ministries,
 Hailing the new-born world with bursts of joy.' pp. 3, 4.

The poem then passes to the massacre of the Innocents, the destruction of Jerusalem, and its modern state, the predicted restoration of the Jews, and, after an animated apostrophe to England as the chosen 'Evangelist of nations,' breaks forth in the following indignant strain :

'There was a nation—whisper not its name—
 Lords of the realm through which old Ganges rolls
 Her guilty stream, land populous with gods,
 Olympus of the East: those Christian lords,
 Great Juggernaut's copartners, shared the gains
 Of his lewd triumphs, winking at the cheat.
 Yea, and at Doorga feasts, the Christian fair
 Did graceful homage to the mis-shaped gods,
 And pledged the cup of demons. Then we heard,
 To veil their shame, of Hindoo innocence :—
 Meek, simple, virtuous, mild idolaters,
 They needed not to learn the Christians' faith.
 Witness the dire *suttee*, the corse-strewn plain,
 Where vultures track the abominable car
 Of blood-stain'd lewdness. Bear thou witness too,
 River of hell, whose deadly baptism stains
 E'en to the soul its victim. Witness ye
 Dark sanctuaries, whence shrieks, with laugh obscene
 Commingling, speak the worship and the god.
 O righteous sword of Mahomed, which gave
 The shaven crowns of those infernal priests
 To their own goddess, a meet sacrifice,—
 Fresh beads for Kali's necklace. Not with sword
 Or spear of earthly temper, sainted WARD,
 Didst thou, with thy heroic compeers, take
 The field, and patiently sit down before
 The thrice-entrenched Pandemonium
 Of central Ind. Slowly, by sap and mine,
 The painful siege proceeds; and many an arm
 Must fail, and many a martyr wreath be won,
 Until at length the powers of hell shall yield;
 And He whose right it is, shall enter in
 To reign. Lift up your heads, ye fortress gates!
 Ye long-closed barriers of the East, give way!' pp. 9, 10.

Persia, China, and Taheite, presented objects too decidedly retical to be neglected.

' Land of the Sun, once thy fond idol ! Land
Of rose gardens, where aye the bulbul sings
His most voluptuous song ! Thou mother land
And cradle of the nations ! Land of Cyrus !
(Shall e'er a second Cyrus spring from thee ?)
Thy palaces have heard a heavenly voice :
A prophet's feet have trod thy burning soil :
A " man of God " has left his name with thee.
Thy sage Mollahs, say, have they yet resolv'd
The Christian's knotty interrogatives ?
Go, send for aid to Mecca. Ha ! the Arab !
The Wahabite is there ! The Caliphate,
Shrunk to the shadow of a name, survives
But in thy Othman rixal, who e'en now
Sees Egypt lost, and quails before the Greek.
Rouse thee ! shake off the trammels of a creed
Forged to enslave thee. From thy Soofish dreams
Awake to manlier life ; and, if thou canst,
Call up thy ancient Magi from their rest,
To lead the to His rising, who returns
To gladden thee with healing in his beams,—
The SUN whom thou mayst worship. Thy Euphrates
Shall flee his ancient channel, to prepare
A passage for the monarchs of the East.

' And thou, " Celestial Empire ! " teeming hive
Of millions ! vast impenetrable realm !
The hour is writ in heaven, thy yellow sons
Shall bow at the holy name, and woman there
Relent into the mother. Human loves
And softest charities shall in the train
Of heavenly faith attend. Thy wondrous wall
Is scaled, thy mystic tongue decipher'd now.

' Where, in the furthest deserts of the deep,
The coral-worm its architecture vast
Upstairs, and new-made islands have their birth,
The Paphian Venus, driven from the West,
In Polynesian groves long undisturb'd
Her shameful rites and orgies foul maintain'd.
The wandering voyager at Taheite found
Another Daphne. On his startled ear,
What unaccustom'd sounds come from those shores,
Charming the lone Pacific ? Not the shouts
Of war, nor maddening songs of Bacchanals ;
But, from the rude Moral, the full-toned psalm
Of Christian praise. A moral miracle !
Taheite now enjoys the gladdening smile
Of sabbaths. Savage dialects, unheard
At Babel, or at Jewish Pentecost,
Now first articulate divinest sounds.' pp. 10—13.

Greenland, the Indians of North America, Africa, then pass along the field of this poetical magic-lantern, and are followed by an apostrophe to the Star of Bethlehem, that will not be overlooked.

‘ O Star ! the most august of all that clasp
The star-girt heav’n, which erst in eastern skies
Didst herald, like the light of prophecy,
The Sun of Righteousness,—the harbinger
Of more than natural day ; whether thou track
The circuit of the universe, or thrid,
As with a golden clew, the labyrinth
Of suns and systems, still from age to age
Auguring to distant spheres some glorious doom ;
Sure thou thy blessed circle hast well nigh
Described, and in the majesty of light,
Bending on thy return, wilt soon announce
His second advent. Yes, even now thy beams
Suffuse the twilight of the nations. Light
Wakes in the region where gross darkness veil’d
The people. They who in death’s shadow sat,
Shall hail that glorious rising ; for the shade
Prophetic shrinks before the dawning ray
That cast it : forms of earth that interposed,
Shall vanish, scatter’d like the dusky clouds
Before the exultant morn : and central day
All shadowless, even to the poles shall reign.’ pp. 16, 17.

The Scriptures and the progress of knowledge claim an emphatic notice, and the signs of the present times afford an appropriate subject for the conclusion.

The ‘ Sacred Poems’ consist chiefly of versions of the Psalms, and of stanzas suggested by different passages of Scripture. There are a few of a more general cast, among which we were well pleased to recognise ‘ the Reverie,’ from the addition to the second edition of the ‘ Associate Minstrels.’ The 14th Psalm is versified in a measure of which we do not, at the present moment, recollect a previous instance, and which, we think, produces a very impressive effect. It is the heroic rhyme-animated. We shall give a part.

• I will extol thy name, O God, my king :
For ever will I bless Thee. Day by day
Shall my glad lips Thy daily goodness sing :
To Thee an everlasting tribute pay.

• Great is the Lord, unspeakably great :
Exalted as his greatness by his praise.
Oh, teach it to your children, and relate
His deeds of might, the goodness of his ways.

- ‘ Tell of Jehovah’s glorious majesty ;
Tell of his power that spread the heavens abroad ;
Tell of the flaming mount, the parting sea,—
How earth, and sea, and heaven obeyed their God.
- ‘ Tell of the bread from heaven that daily fell ;
The new born spring that made the desert glad ;
The mystic guide, that constant miracle,
A cloud by day, by night with glory clad.
- ‘ Gracious and merciful is God : how slow
To anger, and how ready to forgive !
The Lord is good : how free his mercies flow !
His bounty is the life of all that live.
- ‘ Thee, all thy works, Maker omnipotent,
Throughout the various realms of nature praise :
Thee, all thy saints, with voice intelligent
Adoring, sing the wonders of thy ways.
- ‘ Oh, let them to an impious world proclaim
That glory, power, and government are Thine :
Till earth confess the terrors of thy name,
And kings to Thee their shadowy crowns resign.’

pp. 45—47.

The 148th Psalm is of more convenient length, and we shall cite it without mutilation.

- ‘ PRAISE Jehovah, all on high—
Saints and angels fix’d in bliss,
All ye countless hosts of his ;
Sun by day, and moon by night,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light ;
Highest heavens, and all things there,
Waters poised in purest air,
And all ye realms of sky !
Praise His name, at whose command,
All things were, and all things stand :
Still their ancient course they hold,
By th’ Almighty word controll’d !
- ‘ Praise Jehovah, all below—
Watery depths, and all that be
In the wonder-teeming sea ;
Central fire and icy hail,
Dews, and snow, and stormy gale,
Blowing only as He wills ;
Ancient mountains, wood-clad hills,
Palm and olive, oak and pine,
Waving corn and clustering vine ;
Forest beasts, and bleating herds,
Creeping things, and soaring birds,
And rivers as ye flow :

Monarchs, with your people all,
 Princes, peasants, great and small ;
 Manly youth and virgins shy,
 Age and lisping infancy ;
 Praise Jehovah's glorious name :
 He alone doth worship claim.
 But His glory, vast, sublime,
 Passes earth, and heaven, and time.
 He His chosen seed hath blest :
 They should praise their Maker best.
 O ye saints, His love record :
 Praise, for ever praise the Lord !' pp. 48—50.

We shall close our extracts from this division with the following.

‘ A THOUGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

- ‘ BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet, dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, my God, art nigh :—
- ‘ Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain,
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to Thy seat attain.
 Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
 Thy path, the trackless main—
- ‘ These speak of Thee with loud acclaim ;
 They thunder forth thy praise,
 The glorious honour of Thy name,
 The wonders of Thy ways :
 But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- ‘ We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air.
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
 Yet still Thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is every where ?
- ‘ Oh, not in circling depth, or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veil'd from sight,
 There does His Spirit rest.
 O come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest.’ pp. 74, 75.

The 'Domestic Poems' are introduced by a brief 'Proëm,' of which, mindful of our pledge, we shall say nothing. It will, however, speak sufficiently for itself.

PRÖEM.

'As through the ~~mazy~~ path of life I stray,
While Youth and Hope as yet my steps attend,
I love at times to pause, and strew the way
With the wild blossoms that luxuriant pend
From Spring's gay branches; that whene'er I send
My Memory to retrace my pilgrimage,
She by those flowers her winding course may bend
Back through each twilight path and weary stage,
And with those early flowers wreath the white brow of Age.'

p. 96.

But we are yielding rather too freely to temptation, and we shall go on to some of the shorter poems in the 'miscellaneous' division. There are twelve sonnets to Spring, Summer, and Autumn,—Winter, as will be seen by the following, is set down as a blank—which invite transcription; we shall take three.

'Spring, Summer, Autumn! Priestesses that hold
Alternate watch at Nature's altar! Deep
And full of mystery the course ye keep,
In hidden sympathy. First, chastely cold,
Thou, Vestal Spring, most gently dost unfold
The oracles of Nature, and from sleep
Enchanted, bid her infant beauties peep.
Thou, Summer, dost inscribe in living gold
The fullness of each promise sibylline,
And mak'st in part the bright fruition thine,
Murmuring soft music from her leafy fane:
Till Autumn's stores reveal in corn and wine
The meaning shut in every bud and grain.
Then comes the solemn pause which calls Spring back again.'

pp. 175—176.

Of the two with which we shall follow up this, the first opens the series on spring; and of the second, we must be permitted to say, that the closing idea is as beautiful, both in fancy, feeling, and expression, as any thing we ever met with of the kind.

'There is a stir abroad in earth and sky.
The busy clouds, now huddling, now dispersing,
Seem with the windy messengers conversing.
The landscape is alive: the shadows fly,
Coursed o'er the uplands by the hunter breeze.
The shifting lights are colour to the eye,
Clothing with warmth the sober scenery,
The russet corn-lands and the crisp, bare trees.

A dotting scarce perceptible, thrown out
 In tints of livelier brown, on hedge and bough,
 Gives mystic signs. A spirit is about,
 Felt through all Nature's veins ; and all things now,
 Swelling with vernal hope, are ready quite,
 Waiting His word, who said, Let there be light.'

' Summer is come ; he with the eye of flame
 And lordly brow, whence, in his angry mood,
 Flash the blue lightnings : he is come to claim
 His bride, the gentle Spring, whom late he woo'd
 With softest airs. See how his fervid breath
 Has call'd the roses up on her chaste cheek !
 And now to him the sceptre she with meek
 And tender smile resigns. Her woodland wreath
 Is faded, but the garden's gay parterre
 Is rich with gorgeous hues ; and glorious things
 Haunt the cool stream, and flutter in the air,
 Resplendent forms : the flowers have taken wings.
 They do not die—there's nothing in Creation,
 That dies ; succession all, and wondrous transmigration.'

pp. 167, 8.

There is a Poem addressed to the Nightingale, of which we shall only say, that we think it the most original and delightful of the collection. We shall extract a part, not by any means as superior to the rest, but as the most tractable for citation.

' O wondrous bird ! thy varied measure,
 The very soul of pleasure,
 Who but an unblest lover could
 Have fancied set in minor mood ?
 Who but the votary of folly
 Have call'd it melancholy ?

' To me that song denotes no less
 Than mirth and inborn happiness,
 That dreams the peaceful night away
 In living o'er the joys of day.
 To me it a long tale unravels
 Of airy voyages, Persian travels,
 Gay pranks in summer's fairest bowers,
 And broken hearts among the flowers ;
 And then of England's landscape mild,
 Spring's virgin beauties undefiled,
 Her violet-banks, her blue-bell glades,
 Her daisied meads, her greenwood shades,
 The hedge-rows where the may is blooming,
 With tenderest scent the air perfuming,

The stream through richest pastures winding,
 And tender corn,—of these reminding,
 It seems to speak of all to me
 In vocal poetry.

‘ And but that mortal men must sleep,
 Pleased I my station here could keep
 The live-long night, a listening to thy tale.
 But, ever-wakeful nightingale,
 When dost thou suspend thy numbers,
 And yield to quiet slumbers?
 The lark, beyond his usual hours,
 Contending with thee from the sky,
 Seems exerting all his powers,
 Singing of corn, and thou of flowers—
 Thou beneath, and he on high,
 A fugue of wondrous melody.
 Thou’lt sing him down, and he so quiet
 Under the wheat, in lowly nest,
 Will marvel at thy tuneful riot,
 Breaking his gentle partner’s rest.
 But when his matin-bell he springs
 At earliest dawn, untired thy skill,
 While his loud orisons he sings,
 He’ll hear thee at thy vespers still.’ pp. 162—165.

The volume is excellently printed.

Art. XI. Some Account of the present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa. By Thomas Pringle. f. cap 8vo. pp. 126. London. 1814.

WE have heard much of the disappointment and misery of British emigrants to the United States; and some of our Journalists are never tired of abusing Brother Jonathan and laughing at Birkbeck. It would have been a happy circumstance, if the Illinois paradise had proved the only *mirage* of the fancy, that had seduced many a poor wanderer into desert and inhospitable regions. Mr. Pringle is secretary to the Society for the Relief of distressed Settlers, established in Cape Town; and he has sent forth this plain and affecting detail of facts, in the hope of its awakening the active sympathy of their countrymen in more fortunate regions. ‘The truth is,’ he says,

‘the emigration to Algoa Bay was altogether too rashly and hurriedly concerted. A sort of Utopian delirium was somehow excited at that time in the public mind about South Africa, and the flowery descriptions of superficial observers seem to have intoxicated with their Circean blandishments, not merely the gullible herd of un-

formed emigrants, but many sober men both in and out of Parliament. The parliamentary grant of 50,000*l.* was voted. Five thousand emigrants were selected from the incredible multitudes* of all ranks, characters, and professions, who besieged Earl Bathurst's office with their eager applications. The motley and ill-assorted bands were collected and crowded on board a fleet of transports provided (and certainly well fitted out) by government; and after a favourable voyage, and a fortunate debarkation at Algoa Bay, they proceeded, in long trains or caravans of bullock-waggons, towards their land of promise†. At length they found themselves in Albany, with a serene sky above, and verdant plains and bowery groves around them. They pitched their tents under the shade of fragrant acacias, and groves of the gorgeous-blossomed caffer-boom, and believed, for a brief space, that all those Arcadian dreams and romantic anticipations were about to be actually realized. Alas! one might smile at the absurd delusion, were not the result too calamitous for mirth or levity.'

Mr. Pringle seems disposed to attribute the delusion respecting this African fairy-land, in some measure at least, to the poetical description of the *Zuureveld*, given by the 'sober missionaries, Latrobe and Campbell;' and he is very anxious to have it understood, that he does not mean to inculpate Mr. Barrow, notwithstanding that his 'able work' contains opinions that the Author finds reason widely to differ from, and remarks that are not just! The fact is, we believe, that the poetical representations of the Quarterly Reviewer had far more influence, than all the accounts of the Missionaries. That writer affirmed, among other things, that there were not in the whole range of the colony, fifty elephants remaining, and that the tallest is not nine feet high. He has been 'misinformed,' says Mr. Pringle.

'From my own observations in travelling through the forests of the Reitberg and Sunday River, as well as from direct information, obtained from the Moravian missionaries at Witte River, and other authentic sources, I am well assured that many hundred elephants

* 'Upwards of 90,000 souls, as I was informed on good authority in London, before I embarked.

† 'While encamped at Algoa Bay, waiting for waggons to convey us into the interior, I met one day with a party of *ladies and gentlemen* searching for *apricots and oranges* in the thorny jungles near the Zwartkop's river, where they rather simply expected to find them growing, "wild in the woods," like hips and haws in England! About five hundred emigrants, of various parties, were then lodged in tents along the beach where Port Elizabeth has been since built, and many of them appeared to have been allured from home by hopes not less extravagant than those of the orange gatherers.'

still exist in the numerous extensive jungles on this side the Fish River, and, moreover, that some of them occasionally do attain the prodigious height of sixteen and even eighteen feet. I have never had an opportunity of personally ascertaining the dimensions of a full grown elephant by actual measurement; but I once rode through a numerous herd of these animals on the Kounap River, in company with some engineer officers, and passed within about fifty paces of one large male, whose height we estimated at fourteen feet *at least* '.

Since the arrival of the settlers, the elephant has retreated to the more impenetrable and solitary forests that adjoin the Fish and Bosjeman's rivers; but the forest, or jungle, which clothes the steep ravines that border the rivers of Albany, is still inhabited by herds of buffaloes, and some species of the antelope and hyena. The lion also has almost entirely disappeared, though he is 'far from being such a poltroon as Mr. Barrow 'supposes.'

But these are trivial matters. Far more to be dreaded than lions and elephants, is the minute enemy by which the colony was infested the very first year of the new settlement. The vegetable distemper called *rust*, first began to prevail extensively and virulently throughout the colony in 1820. It is the same as the mildew known in this country by the name of *red robin*, which is supposed to be produced by a minute insect.

'Whatever be its nature, it has appeared in South Africa, as a scourge much more formidable and relentless than any of the *other natural plagues of drought, locusts, or hurricanes*, to which we are occasionally exposed.'

Many settlers had their first crops totally destroyed by it. But there was for some time no appearance of great or general distress, 'though even the most sanguine were now fully 'awakened from the delusive dreams of wealth and ease with 'which many had emigrated,' and 'though many were destitute 'of money, and of all their accustomed comforts.'

'Two years and a half,' adds Mr. Pringle, 'of continued disappointment and disaster to the settlers have passed since I visited Albany, and they have seen two more successive crops perish from their eager grasp, as they ripened. A third has likewise partially failed; and what of it has escaped the rust and the hurricane, is scarcely yet secure from the vicissitudes of the climate.'

The Government having at length seen the necessity of allowing all who chose, to leave their locations, a very large proportion have dispersed themselves throughout the Colony. But a 'helpless residue' remain behind, 'chained to their location

by their interest in the soil, and by inability to better themselves.' On their behalf this Appeal is made. They consist chiefly of the heads of parties and of independent families who expected to establish themselves on their several allotments, by the aid of their own funds, or the exertion of their own industry. These two classes are stated to have been by far the most unfortunate, if not the exclusive sufferers, by the result of the emigration; as the mechanics and labourers found sufficient and profitable employment on the locations, so long as the funds of the superior settlers lasted, and then gradually abandoned the settlement. These remaining settlers

were men of some property and of adventurous spirit, who came out under an agreement with their mother country to colonize an important position in the Cape settlement. They have made zealous and persevering exertions to effect that object, but have been depressed by unforeseen obstacles, and overwhelmed by a continued series of unsurmountable disasters. They were mistaken, many of them, doubtless, in giving credit to too flattering accounts of the character and capabilities of the country; but not more culpably mistaken than the Government, that partly countenanced these accounts, and sent them to colonize it upon an injudicious and ill-concerted plan. They have exhausted their strength and resources in prosecuting the impracticable task assigned them, of rendering the Zuurveld exclusively an agricultural settlement with a dense English population. And though the meagre soil and precarious climate of Albany were amply sufficient to baffle that attempt, yet they might possibly, with the support of a liberal government, have retrieved, in some measure, their prosperity, by turning their attention more to pasturage, upon some system of extended allotments, had not Providence seen it meet to afflict them with four successive seasons of unprecedented failure in the crops, and crowned their calamities by the late destructive storm or hurricane. Their means are now utterly wasted, and their spirits quite depressed and broken. Their lands, hitherto almost unproductive and altogether inefficient as culture, are nevertheless well adapted to the colonial government for the sheep and cattle raising system, and more fertile, in some cases, as I mentioned, than any advanced to relieve their extreme necessities.

Mr. Pringle recommends that if the Government and the public would consider it worth their while to send a helping hand to this distressed people, that a small number of men and women, properly equipped, be sent to the colony. For a more extensive view of the state of the colony, and the state of the colony, see the volume next.

. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

in the press, *The Three Brothers, or Travels and Adventures of the Three Brothers, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, &c.* Printed from original MSS. Additions and illustrations from the contemporaneous Works, and the Lives of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir John Sherley, in 1 vol. 8vo.

In the press, *Directions for Studying the History of England*, by Roger North, eldest Brother to Lord Keeper Guilford. Now first printed from the original MSS. in the Hargrave Collection, with notes and illustrations by a Lawyer. A small 8vo. volume.

Rev. Henry Moore has in the press, *The Life of the Rev. John Wesley*, including that of his Brother Charles; compiled from authentic documents, many of which have never been published.

It will be comprised in two volumes, the first of which is expected to be ready by the first of June. Mr. Moore was for many years a confidential Friend of Mr. Wesley, and the only surviving Trustee of his papers.

In the press, *Italy, in Octavo*, a new edition of *Life of Florence*; a Play, in Five Acts, illustrative of the Manners of the 16th and 17th Ages; with Historical Notes, and Poems. By Randolph Fitz-

roy. In the press, *the Sacred Trophy, Unparalelled Operations of Episcopacy*, with a Preface by the Rev. S. H. Carlisle.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Eleazar*; an interesting story of one of the Jewish Converts. By Thomas Bingham, author of "William Churchman,"

In the press, *The Third Part of the Teacher's Manual*. By Mrs. D. Author of *Little Henry* and *Verity*, &c.

Soon will be published, *Ella*, a poem, to which will be added, *Elegiac Poems on Lord Byron*. By Henry

In the press, *The Slave*, a poem.

In the press, to be published in the course of June, the Fourth Volume of the New Series of *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*.

In the press, *The Odes of Anacreon*, in English verse, with notes biographical and critical. By W. Richardson.

In a few days will be published, *Poetic Vigils*. By Bernard Barton, one vol. fcap 8vo.

Preparing for the press, *The Oratory, or Devotional Anthology*.

Preparing for the press, *Saint Patrick's Mission, or Ecclesiastical Retrospect of Hibernia*.

In the press, *Five Year's Residence in the Canadas*, including a Tour through the United States, in 1823. By E. A. Talbot, Esq. of the Talbot Settlement, Upper Canada, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Conrad Cooke will publish in June, a new and complete *System of Cookery and Confectionary*, adapted to all capacities, and containing many Plates. This work is the result of thirty years' experience in Families of distinction, and contains important improvements in the Art.

In the press, *A Key to the Science of Botany*, in the form of conversations. By Mrs. Selwyn, with plates.

Mr. J. H. Sprague has in the press, an Appendix to the *Pharmacopœias*, containing a critical examination of the London Pharmacopœia of 1824, with an extensive Supplement of approved Formulæ, &c. To which is added, a correct Translation of the last edition of the London Pharmacopœia, with explanatory notes.

The Ashantees. We understand that Mr. Dupuis, late his Britannic Majesty's Envoy and Consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a Journal of his residence in that kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and causes of the present war. It will comprise also his notes and researches relative to the Gold Coast, and the interior of Western Africa, chiefly collected from Arabic MSS. and information communicated by the Moslems of Guinea.

ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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The Historical Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence, with correlative Details of the Literature and Manners of Italy and Provence in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. 2 vols. 8vo. with portraits, vignettes, &c. 11. 5s.

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A Practical German Grammar, being a New and Easy Method of acquiring a thorough Knowledge of the German Language; for the Use of Schools and Private Students. By John Rowbotham, Master of the Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy, Walworth. 6s. 6d.

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